

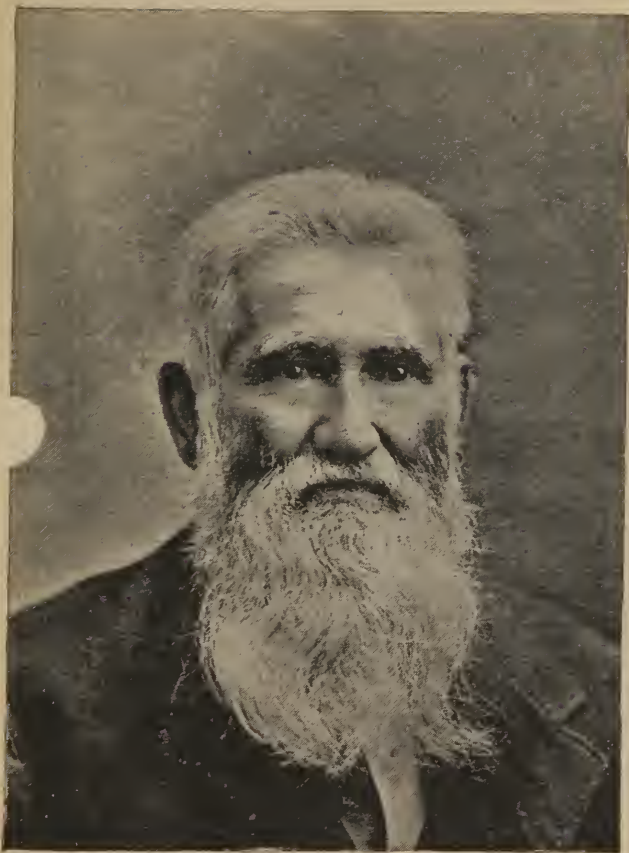
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THE AUTHOR.

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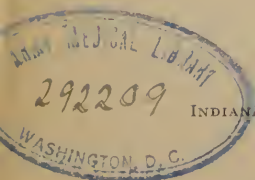
A BOLD ARRAIGNMENT
—OF THE—
Medical Profession,
—FOR—
The Practice of False Theories,

*False Pretenses, Fraudulent Claims for a False
Science, and for Their Determined
Purpose to Oppose*

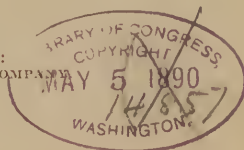
THE COLD BATH IN ALL FEVERS,
*And for Publishing to the People That It is Not
Beneficial, but Hurtful, All for the Purpose of
Deluding the People Into Employing Them
to Treat the Sick With Their Fraud-
ulent Science, and to Let Them Die.*

WITH THE PAPERS ATTACHED OF
DRS. SIMON BARUCH AND G. C. SMYTHE,
Read Before Their Respective Medical Societies, on the Treat-
ment of Typhoid Fever With Cold Water.

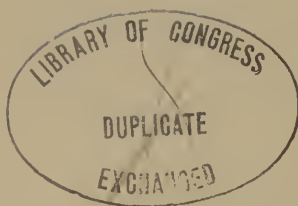
By ADRIEL S. KINGSLEY,
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PREFACE.

While offering these pages to the public, I am aware that it is a hazardous undertaking—to arraign before it for discrimination, as to its right or wrong doing, of the supposed to be so important medical profession. I ask a careful, and may I not say, a prayerful consideration of all I have written. It concerns every living being the same as it concerns me, because the destiny of every one is largely determined by the relationship which community sustains with that profession, which is everywhere present—omnipresent, in influence, if not in person. It is weal or woe to come in contact with it, and, hence, it is of the greatest importance that every person in the community should study and consider the claims it makes, as to its importance to the people of that community.

The seeds of disease are planted in the physical frame of every one that it touches, from the time the child enters into the world—or they are not; and then, to the contrary, it eradicates disease, and infuses into that frame, health and vigor for youth

and for manhood, and while that manhood would naturally go on to a vigorous and grand old age. It is for that "discriminating public"—that, which the reader will see further along, Dr. Smythe refers to—to weigh the facts, arguments, deductions and conclusions which I have recorded in the following pages, in my arraignment of the medical profession before the bar of that discriminating public's opinion. I have arraigned it for failing to do what it professes its ability to do—for allowing people to suffer long and die, while all the time claiming to know just what their disease is, and just what medicine is necessary to cure them, for, in spite of that pretended knowledge, often mistaking one disease for another; for experimenting upon its patients with various drugs, while pretending to know just what drug would cure them, and then, in the face of all this pretended knowledge and ability to save, letting them die. I have arraigned those professionals under the charge of deceiving the people by all that pretended medical knowledge, and alluring them into trusting their sick in their hands for the purpose of great gain in cash, and to obtain a high social standing in society.

I have arraigned them under the charge of refusing to treat their sick in the way to cure them the easiest and quickest, determining to let them linger and to die, often, while and for the purpose of

piling up a big fee bill. In a word, practicing their profession for money, regardless of life or health. I have arraigned them for publishing a false statement in the public prints, to the effect that cold water is not beneficial but hurtful in scarlet fever, after I had stated in the same papers that I had treated two of my children successfully with cold pack, and charging them with the intention of preventing the people, in a time of an epidemic of scarlet fever, from believing me, so that they might still continue their dangerous and cruel practice upon children, for the money there was in it.

I have charged them with parading their knowledge of anatomy, with their pretended knowledge of the science of medicine, as a guarantee that they know just how to apply that pretended science to the people, so as to keep them in health, or restore them to health, while, all the time, it is only a confidence game they play, in order to extort from them exorbitant fees while practicing that pretended healing art upon them. And, while, too, they know that there is no certainty in that science, and which they acknowledge when they resort to experimenting, as they do continually upon their patients. While, also, they know that many of the most profound, but honest, of their number have declared that there is no certainty, but much uncertainty in their "science" theory.

To that "discriminating public," to which Dr Smythe so emphatically appeals, do I appeal to consider well the arraignments and charges which I make against those professionals, and then, as they proceed to read the first and second parts, to also consider well the authority I have for making them—my quotations from Drs. Baruch and Smythe, and if my deductions are not warranted by their arraignments and charges. I ask that same public to candidly consider, and then answer whether my language is stronger or arraignment more emphatic than is Dr. Smythe's when he charges those same professionals, when they refuse to use the same means which I advocate in all these pages, and which I so successfully used to save my children, with "signing the death warrant" of their patients who die under their treatment, and that which I have so earnestly condemned.

I wish the discriminating public to consider whether or not Dr. Smythe charges those physicians who, he says, sign the death warrant of their patients, with practicing a confidence game upon them, and for what purpose? Does he not, virtually, charge them with causing their death? And, then, for what purpose—what motive inspires them to that deed? Is it not the meaning of his words that they do it by determining to treat them with their dangerous and long-suffering-producing code, rather

than by the "certain-cure mode" of cold bath? He certainly has in his mind their motive for that treatment. Will the public consider well, and inquire, according to the nature of man in his pursuit of business, what is the Doctor's idea of their motive?

Dr. Smythe is within telephone call of our city physicians, and, too, he read his paper, detailing his treatment with cold bath, before them, in our city, within the last few months, at their State Medical Society meeting, so they are not ignorant of how he saved two hundred, and more, patients by it. Yet, do they accept his advice gladly, when some poor human being is in their hands to be treated, and treat him accordingly? No, but they treat his advice with "adverse criticism"—scout it, while the patient dies. How many of the "discriminating public" of our city have lost friends in the hands of these adverse criticizers of his saving method? Is it not a daily occurrence that some dear friend has fallen a victim to their stubbornly persistent treatment, with their death-dealing code?

Then, will not that bereaved part of our "discriminating public" consider well the reason for that stubborn persistence, that caused those dear one's deaths? Will they not hold those doctors responsible, as Dr. S. declares that the "public will hold them responsible"? And his words "can not

be whistled down with a breath of wind." If doctors, in their relations with that "public," as healers of the sick, are to be considered in the same light as traders in horse flesh or produce—striking for the advantage, and most money and largest profits—then must humanity, and human life and blood be considered on a par with horse flesh, potatoes and oats; and they may then be justifiable in their present long-drawn-out healing relations with, and practices on that humanity—God's creatures.

Are not these points made, food for thought by our discriminating public? Are our sick to be treated by the physician in a way for him to realize the most money out of their sufferings? Is he to be allowed to say they shall linger on a bed of anguish for weeks, and with a strong probability of their going to their graves, when he can use the simple remedy—cold water—and restore them to health in a day? And for the only possible reason conceivable, that there is more money in a case of weeks than of a day. I most earnestly ask, in behalf of the suffering and languishing upon sick beds, of our people, the earnest attention of the reader to these queries. Then, another point, strictly germane to all the points made in this preface, I make: While Drs. Baruch and Smythe are so considerate of their professional brethren's feelings, in their appeal to them to use cold bath for fevers,

can it be doubted that they, in their own minds, allow any other reason than that for a fat fee, which impels the doctor to refuse to use it? And, while I have, in all these pages, charged them with a desire to realize those fat fees in their lingering treatment for fevers, I have also charged the same doctors with a determination to pursue the same dallying course in their treatment of other diseases, and also to stick to their "theory" of treatment, and refuse to vary from it, notwithstanding their failure to cure by it, and while seeing their patients lingering in terrible suffering. For instance, diphtheria, as they call it; and, undoubtedly, to befog the minds of the people with the idea that it is something terrible, when, in reality, sore throat, or a swelling of the glands of the throat; would be all the definition necessary; while, too, instead of their torturing the patient with their useless treatment, would they blister the outside and treat the inside as I have stated that our grandchildren had been treated, and so easily relieved, they would lose no patients. But, then, that dallying course brings them the same fat fee as in the case of fever, while it befogs the minds of the people, leading them to suppose there is great intricacy in the treatment of the disease.

Just here are two instances, just reported, for Dr. Smythe's "discriminating public" to consider, and render its judgment upon: "There are several

cases of typhoid fever at Crawfordsville, supposed to be the result of drinking out of a well. Dr. Taylor, of the State Board of Health, advises the discontinuance of the use of the water." Now, I submit to that "public": Were not Dr. Taylor one of Dr. Smythe's adverse criticizers, or contrary in his feelings and practice to his methods of cold bath, would he not advise the use of that well water to cure those cases of typhoid fever? Suppose they do discontinue its use, will that restore those people to health? Does locking the stable after the horse is stolen bring him back? But, on the principle that "the hair of the dog will cure his bites," Dr. Smythe would use that water to cure its "bite." Will that public excuse Dr. Taylor, or any other physician there, if they allow their contrary feelings to Dr. S.'s method of saving those patients—feelings inspired by no other possible motive than that prompted by a selfish, sordid desire to make the most cash out of their long sufferings—deter them from resorting to that method, but, rather, should it not "hold them responsible," as Dr. S. will? Should those patients die, he will charge those doctors with "signing their death warrants."

"*Supposed to be the result of drinking out of a well.*" Well, we have the same right to "suppose" that Dr. Taylor, if he refuses to use that water to save those patients, is a fraud, while our supposition

is just as correct as his can be—as his conduct, in refusing to use cold bath in those fevers, justifies our supposition.

Here is the other instance: “Two Yale students have died during the last two or three days of typhoid fever. Three others, including Mark Borden, of Chicago, are ill with the same disease.” Now, that “discriminating public” are to judge whether those attending physicians are to be charged by Dr. Smythe with signing the death warrant of those students. And can it not very easily decide, since Dr. Baruch shows that, while forty-one per cent. have died in the New York City hospitals by their code treatment, every one of 2,150 cases treated by cold bath recovered? Then, will not the discriminating public resolve itself into a “criminating public,” and hold those doctors “criminally responsible” for the deaths of those students? If not, why not? And, then, what is a criminal responsibility? Or will that same public allow those doctors of “adverse criticisms,” contrary to the best welfare of their sick, to still hush them up when they even suggest cold bath instead of their cruel and lingering treatment? Will they allow them to “whistle down with a breath of wind” Dr. Smythe’s and Dr. Baruch’s array of figures, that show the beneficent effect of cold bath as against their code treatment? In a word, will the people resolve to protect them-

selves and their families from the fraud perpetrated upon themselves by the most powerful, impudent and arrogant combination of men and women in the world? They are powerful in number, impudent in presenting themselves before the public, and arrogant in their claims of skill, in a pretended science that has not the least foundation of truth to rest upon, as a remedial agency in curing disease. Real science is governed by a law of nature, immutable as God is unchangable, and such a law applied to disease, over which it reaches, would remove it at once, just as cold water is the real science of nature, the law of nature, to expel fever from the physical frame, or hot water to expel a chill from it. The thousands of cases mentioned in these pages, as verified by those who have proved it, show what the true science of cold water will do, while, at the the same time, they expose the fraud of the pretended science practiced by those who repudiate the water, and adhere to their "medical ethics" treatment.

In proportion, as they would fasten their influence upon the people, their arrogance is intensified, in claiming all the knowledge and skill necessary, as conservators of their health and lives; founding it all upon the truth of that pretended medical science, while their continual failures, in their treatment of disease by it, intensifies the falsity of their

pretensions, while also intensifying the evidence of fraudulent intentions ; and, too, while there is no stronger evidence of their fraudulent intentions than they reveal in their persistent opposition to cold bath, as recommended, as well as practiced, by Drs. Baruch, Smythe and others ; and, too, while they are convicted of fraudulent intentions in opposing cold bath, that opposition convicts them of fraudulent intentions in all their practices—defrauding for big fees.

While it must be admitted that all this is plain language, is it any plainer than that used by Dr. Smythe toward those who persist in using their old, but, really, no remedies for fevers ?—only such as Dr. Oliver uses to enable the patient to “battle” with them, that they may live long in dying—or living, no difference which, so they get the big fee. They oppose his theory, which he has reduced to the most successful practice—saving all his patients, while theirs die—when he charges them with “signing their death warrant,” while the mildest definition of that language possible would be, “agreeing to their death, provided they can not be saved,” while they are amassing their large fee bills. His proposition to them to practice his plan, so as to save all their patients, has been met with adverse criticism from them—“contrary criticism”—which means that they will not follow his advice, even

should their patients die in consequence of their refusal to do so. It is a question of life or death with the people's sick—Dr. Smythe's "discriminating public"—while those contrary practitioners rely on the influence they have obtained over that public, by their arrogant claims of medical knowledge and skill, to convince them that they are right; and he, or any one else who may advise his plan, is a fraud, and unsafe to follow. Now, will that public continue under their influence, and lose their sick—see them die—or break away from it, and adopt Dr. Smythe's plan and see them all live—and that, too, while saving themselves from those fat fees? While I appeal to that "discriminating public"—that which Dr. Smythe so emphatically believes will hold those doctors who refuse to treat by his plan, and thereby lose their patients, "responsible" for their deaths—I do it with no other motive than to promote the happiness of all the people, of all that "public," who are to discriminate not only as to who are responsible, and who are not responsible for those deaths, but as to the motive of those who refuse to treat with cold bath, and thus lose their patients.

The fact that the cold bath treatment is right, or that it is wrong, must be considered by the reader, while making up his verdict for or against the doctor who refuses to practice it; and if he finds

that by its use every patient is cured, and by its non-use one-fifth, or any other number, is not cured, but dies, then he must render the same judgment which Dr. Smythe does, *that that doctor is guilty of their death*—"signs their death warrant." And if he finds that Dr. Smythe can save all his patients by cold bath, he must find that any or every other doctor can do the same; and, consequently, there can be no excuse for any one, who fails to save a patient, when not practicing it, but a condemnation for the crime of letting them die. And, while arraigning doctors for that crime, is it not proper to begin at home—right here in our city? Then let the reader, a part of that "discriminating public," arraign Dr. Oliver, Dr. Fletcher, Professor Hays, Dr. Hervey, Dr. (?) A. W. B., and all those whom "we best love," for "singing the death warrant" of those whom they treat with "quinia," "pickled moonshine," or what not—anything to be "contrary" to Dr. Smythe's certain remedy; and let him, Drs. Baruch, Brand, and company, be called, while I will volunteer my testimony—although the Marion County Medical Society may publish that I am unworthy of belief. Then we will convict every one of them of the crime of signing the death warrant of their patients, for big fees—eh?

But will the public, the sufferers from their contrary treatment, dare to arraign them for public

condemnation—that condemnation which Dr. S. pronounces upon them? I confess that my greatest fear is that it will not—at least to any very great extent. Yet it remains to be seen how far Dr. Smythe's influence may reach against the innumerable number of the profession that is arrayed against him. It is said that people love to be humbugged, yet it does seem that they will, when fairly warned of their danger, refuse to be humbugged out of their lives, to say nothing about their money, while the very fact that they refuse to apply a sure and quick remedy, but follow their old and dangerous one, entailing long suffering, and so often death, should condemn them. They *will* follow that which they claim is "science of health," but do not save their patients by it—can not do it; yet are loud in their adverse criticisms of that which does save from death, as well as from long suffering. They evidently count on their ability in the future, as they have in the past, to still humbug the people into quiet acceptance of their fraudulent pretentions, as the best they can do. There is no doubt of a suppressed murmuring among the people, and it may be hoped that the noble stand taken by Drs. Smythe, Baruch, Brand, and others, will increase it to thundering tones; while I humbly trust in a just and beneficent providence to cause these pages to help along those murmurings.

There is this explanation due to the reader : All these pages have been written in my business room, while customers have come and gone, with others to take their place in quick succession, necessitating a continual interruption of not only thought, but often in the completion of a sentence, line, and, even, word. This will explain the often want of form, method and symmetry ; while book-writing is foreign to my habits, ability, or literary acquirements. The object has been to get my thoughts, as well as the facts of every-day history, before the public in a way that would insure their understanding my meaning and purpose. It is a culmination of a half century of thought, perfected by experience with the sick, and the management of the sick by the medical profession as I have witnessed it, or, as that every-day history has given it to the world. I have asked God's help, and believe He has smiled upon my effort to place it before the people, for them to see the fact as I see it ; and I believe, by His guidance, I am enabled to see that the so-called medical science is the greatest curse that ever rested upon the world, physically, financially, as well as mentally. I believe the curse of the science, as largely practiced, permeates every family, every member that it touches, and every neighborhood in the civilized world. Dr. Holmes' words, that, " If the whole *materia medica* were sunk to the bottom of the sea,

it would be all the better for humanity," I believe fully justifies my belief. I would not pretend to deny but that there is some good resulting from an honest practice of the art of medicine, when the pretended science of it is left out, but from the almost whole aim of the great pretended scientists to aggrandize themselves, both in position in society, as well as in the accumulation of great wealth, it becomes an unmitigated curse, resulting only in good to them who are the recipients of that aggrandizement, and the emoluments resulting from it. The very fact is, that the beneficence of their pretended scientific treatment is completely destroyed by Dr. Smythe and company's real science of cold bath, from the fact that they save every patient, while those pretentious scientists, by their code treatment, lose one-fifth to nearly one-half of theirs.

The reader must acknowledge that I am completely fortified in my position by the actions of those scientists who have thrown away that science for cold bath, after a thorough test of the two methods, while being determined to benefit the public by the safe method, rather than injure it while accumulating the great emoluments in the practice of the fraudulent method. He will see that I was a forerunner, in my practice in my family, of more than thirty years, before learning of those grand men who had already thrown away their

clap-trap science for the good of their patients, while urging so earnestly their medical brethren to also adopt the cold bath, and thus save their patients. And, he may imagine, but can not realize, the dilemma in which I felt that I was placed while writing that experience, which he will find in reading the first part of this book. I had only read that some of the profession, in foreign countries, had proved the efficacy of cold bath for fevers, but was not aware that one on this side of the ocean had dared to raise his voice in its favor, only in private conversation with me, a case of which I mention, while I also knew that I was an object for contempt by the medical fraternity of our city, and, also, now opine that that contempt will not be lessened any after they shall get their eyes on these pages ; though I shall feel consoled, when I realize that I am in the company of good Dr. Smythe, who is also under their adverse criticism. The reader will observe that I have referred to many cases of epidemics, and individual cases of sickness and death, and in all of which the medical fraternity has figured in various ways, as physicians, who had pretended to try to heal the sick, or were idle lookers-on, and censuring those who were officiating ; or, in various other ways, making themselves conspicuous in a censorious way ; or, as failures to heal—to save life or health. And he will see that

in meeting all those cases, separately or individually, in a condemnatory or denunciatory manner, I have used much the same language in meeting every case, in my effort to convict the profession, individually or collectively, of false pretenses, and of an utter inability to perform what they profess to be able to perform, in all their various claims as conservators of the health of the people, and, by intuition and education, as a really superior class of God's creation; insinuating, in their lectures to medical graduates, and in their contributions to the public press, that they are of a class who have "done more good in the world than all the twelve Apostles," or all others, "save Christ" Himself; while engrafting into the minds of those young men that such is to be their own opinion of themselves, and which they, in turn, will endeavor to fasten upon the minds of the people by the various ways practiced by their predecessors. While my language may seem an unnecessary repetition, or prosy, my design is to keep the same charge of incompetency, and a fraudulent intention upon the people by the profession, constantly in the mind of the reader as he proceeds. I wish to present the charge and indictments individually in the many cases referred to, that the reader will not lose sight of the fact that I am arraigning that part of the whole profession who adhere to their code of ethics at all hazards,

while, at the same time, they are utterly unable to cure the people of the simplest ailments ; but when, would they deviate from that code and try simple methods outside of it, those same ailments would be healed every time ; and that their great object is to collect a big fee, rather than save the patient from suffering and death. Here is a big field open, in which the profession can work on a defense from all those charges and indictments ; and it remains to be seen just how they will proceed in meeting them. Will they place themselves on their high perch of self-adulatoried importance from their medical attainments and general importance to the people, and then whistle the charges “down by a breath of wind ?” It is very likely that that will be their line of policy, as far as a “layman” is concerned ; but what will they do when they have to meet Dr. Smythe’s charge that they “sign the death warrant” of one-fifth of their patients, by doing just what I charge them with doing ? Meanwhile he says they can not whistle down his arraignment of them “by a breath of wind.” After the reader has devoured the contents of all these pages, and digested them in his mind, he may then be ready to make the inquiry of it : whether the whole medical profession is not one of false pretenses and fraud ? False pretenses—because it *does not* do what it professes to be able to do—in saving life and health.

Fraud—because it *will not* follow safe methods, such as have been proved to be safe, whenever tried, but, instead, will adhere to other methods which have been proved—are proved all the time—to be equally unsafe, and productive of long suffering and death. Do they not virtually say, “We started out to practice by our code, and if that will not save our patients, they must die; and we will not deviate from our code of ethics to practice any other method, no matter how often it has been proved to be a safe one, in the same diseases in which ours fails.” Then, should the reader find that if their general conduct, in their treatment of diseases, or fevers, should show that such is their language, virtually, surely, would he not again query: Does it not all show that their profession is practiced for money, rather than to save health and life—for the biggest fee?

Then, after all these queries and answerings in his mind, the reader may still query once more, this: But is not the writer incurring an immense responsibility in thus assuming to arraign, and place upon the defensive, the innumerable multitude of the medical profession? Is he not assuming a boldness, a bravery that is not compatible with average human nature, when he arraigns that profession before the bar of a “discriminating public”—the public that has been accustomed, in all

time, to hold in reverence the profound ability, attainments, and self-consequential importance of the personnel of that profession to the physical welfare and general needs of all that public?

Yet, nevertheless, he does take the responsibility for all consequences consequent upon that assumption of that bold arraignment of that consequentially consequential, pompously important profession, in its claims of great importance to that general public. He faced the unanimous whisky-drinking world, enduring all manner of ridicule and personal abuse, all at the age of fourteen; but, before he was twenty-one, witnessed such a revolution in public sentiment, that it soon drove three, and all, of the liquor shops—"doggeries"—from the little village of Jacksonville, Switzerland county. And then, in very early manhood, he espoused the cause of the enslaved negro, which brought upon his head all the abuse possible from the pro-slavery class of his neighbors, being often treated with such language as this: "Go over into Kentucky, and they will hang you, d—n you!" and, at one time, was pursued by a mob of infuriates, who threatened, could they catch him, to sink him in the Ohio river. Yet, after witnessing and enduring all manner of abuse from that infuriated pro-slavery element for twenty years, he witnessed the birth, from that anti-slavery sentiment and the element which it gathered and cemented together,

in all those years, of the party which was the instrument, under God, of the negro's emancipation from that slavery.

I counted the costs, upon entering into those conflicts in behalf of suffering humanity, and against those powerful oppressors and destroyers of the people; and now, upon entering into the conflict against the medical profession, I have also counted the costs, and find that I am able to pay the penalty, for all the boldness or bravery necessary to be displayed in thus championing the interests of the people, against the impudent tyranny of that fraudulent profession. The very breath of that profession seems to be loaded with a stupefying drug, which it is blowing upon the people—has blown upon them until they are no longer able to realize the lethargy that has come upon them, while becoming an easy prey to its alluring pretensions. Dr. Fletcher, and kindred great scientists, can, at any time, get themselves interviewed by a reporter for the public journals, as to some important discovery, or what not—anything to get a little free advertising for themselves, as great benefactors of mankind, or for their pretended science, generally, while all the time parading that, and those, which is, and who are, a curse to the health of the people, and while columns are constantly filled with such stuff, and accounts of banquettings of one another, and great meetings of

their mutual admiration societies, by the A. W. B.s and company. But, if even a few lines only, of a just criticism of them, and their practices upon the people, with a presentation of the real benefits of a treatment which they ridicule and denounce as "hurtful," can be got into those same papers, they must be couched in very mild language. I have been favored by some of our journals with a publication of mild criticisms, but, at the same time, assured that an antagonism of the profession would not be allowed—a discussion for the best interests of the sick and suffering people would not be allowed—while anything that the representatives of that profession would write, to gull the people into being deceived, and against their best interests, is, seemingly, admissable—can always find a place with flaming head-lines. Such is the power that profession wields over mankind, in all relations of life and business, while it is all the time antagonizing and denouncing all methods for healing mankind of its ails, that is not included in its code of ethics—such as Drs. Baruch, Smythe and others so strongly recommend, after having proved their efficacy.

I have confined my criticisms and denunciations to the doctors—the pretended healers of disease generally, but here is a case which comes under the head of "surgery," though, of course, by a "doctor,"

all the same, which illustrates to an iota their propensity for greed in big fees. My uncle, Edward Abbott, an old man, fell upon the icy sidewalk and fractured his hip bone. Dr. Comingor visited him five times, putting a plaster of paris band on the injured limb, and then charged him \$100. But, upon receiving an intimation that the bill was believed to be extortionate, and that he might not be able to collect such a fee by law, he graciously consented to accept \$60 in hand; and I have been informed that he, or some "surgeon," was called to Lebanon in consultation, and after an hour or two's talk demanded and received \$200 before leaving for home. He evidently is not in Dr. Shrady's list of impecunious doctors who "obtain a bare subsistence," nor can he be in the list of those lost "medical graduates," who so mysteriously disappear, for he has been heard from, and seen, and felt, while his bank account has, perhaps, of late, been materially increased.

SOME MATTERS PERSONAL.

In all those years of earnest, unselfish work, trying to enlighten the people as to their best interests in the treatment of their sick, and, while my criticisms of the medical profession have been mild, I have not escaped its notice in the public prints. At

one time a doctor, in the absence of a better answer to my advice to use water in fevers, concluded that the reason of my thinking so much of water was that I used it in my business—mixing it with milk, etc., but which is really as strong an argument as they can find against Drs. Baruch's and Smythe's advocacy of its use in fevers, instead of their worthless code, for which the reader will see their pleas and reasons further along.

I trust the reader will appreciate the motive for this allusion to some personal matter. It is a delicate matter for one to present, for public scrutiny, what he has found it his duty to do for the relief of suffering humanity. Yet, when his pen is so prolific writing in behalf of such suffering, and denouncing those who are causing it, or aggravating it, it is reasonable for the reader to query whether his head, heart and hand do work in unison with his pen.

During the last eight years, perhaps, I have felt it a duty, as well as a pleasure, to furnish milk, without charge, to the institution managed by "The Little Sisters of the Poor," and during that time have furnished them many thousands of gallons. In four months of the past spring and summer, they received an average of about fifty gallons every week. I did not stop to consider that I might not agree with them in their religious faith, but did consider and believe that they were doing

a grand work, and in accordance with their and my heavenly Father's will, as taught by His Son to His followers; and believing that these women, who had sacrificed all social relations with family, friends and society, to devote their lives in doing good to their old, infirm fellow-beings, deserved my humble aid in their noble work. Nor did I stop to think that that "home" for old people belonged to either the Republican or Democratic party. And hereof hangs a tale, in which will appear the venom that rests in one doctor's heart, at least, toward me, and for what other reason than that I had criticised the medical profession generally, and possibly the Board of Health, when, perhaps, he was a member of it, does not appear; and, too, in the face of the fact that I did, one season, furnish the hospital under his control with fourteen gallons of milk per week, gratis, sent for by a wagon separate from the one that came from the Home. The immediate occasion for that venom to be spit out was this: It was announced, two years ago, in the *News*, that Dr. Brennan intended to have all the old men at the Home vote the Democratic ticket at the coming city election. I protested, for the reason which appears in the accompanying note, which was published in the *News*, and which he caused to be copied into the *New Record*, with his venomous comments along with it. Just how much, by my language used, I

deserve the venom spit out in Dr. Brennan's language, I leave a discriminating public to decide. I was informed at the time, by one who had conferred with the editor, that the Doctor was the author of the article. The sisters came to my house to assure me that they all regretted, very much, its language and spirit.

DR. BRENNAN AND THE OLD MEN.

The following letter appeared recently in the *Evening News* :

According to the information of the *News*, Dr. Brennan proposes to attend to the voting of the inmates of the institution over which the Little Sisters of the Poor preside, and to see that they vote the Democratic ticket. Should the Doctor attempt to control those votes as he proposes, would he not be liable to prosecution under the election laws of the State? Besides, is that institution a Democratic one, that its inmates can be marched to the polls, like so many cattle, and told to vote as Dr. Brennan directs? If so, have not some of its supporters been deceived when they supposed that they were contributing to a non-partisan, charitable institution? I am sure that one has contributed several hundred dollars' worth of milk toward the support of those old and helpless people, under the impression that politics had no part in its management; and with a due appreciation of the devotion and self-sacrifice of those women in the choice of their life's work, and which I claim is worthy of imitation and commendation by Christians of every name. If it be a fact that those devoted women allow Dr. Brennan to turn their institution into one for increasing Democratic voters, the sooner Republicans, at least, are

convinced of it, the better it will suit, and may cause them to divert their charitable contributions into another channel.

A. S. KINGSLEY.

We are not acquainted with Mr. Kingsley, but, notwithstanding his efforts to conceal his bigotry, we judge him to be a member of the canine family, with leanings to the yellow. Dr. Brennan is continually, week in and week out, by the month and year, contributing of his means and his professional time to lighten the burdens of these poor, unfortunate people, and because he chooses to use the influence, to which he is well entitled, in the interest of a friend, some unwhipped cur like this Kingsley must use the occasion to cast his bigoted slurs at one of the noblest institutions of charity in the world, simply and solely because that institution bears the mark of Catholicity.

This man Kingsley will be afforded every opportunity given Dr. Brennan or any one else for visiting the institution of the Little Sisters of the Poor, and if they can not offset the influence of the Doctor, they would bring less odium upon themselves if they would give him credit for the influence which he has won by honest compassion and generous recognition of these unfortunates, than by casting insinuating slurs upon the good women who are devoting their lives to the relief of suffering humanity.

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A very pleasant incident in my life dates back more than thirty years ; and the joy I felt, in all my effort to save that one man, though one among

many for whom I had worked to save from a drunkard's life, and drunkard's grave, was great indeed ; while the great result, from its accomplishment, was cause for still greater joy, as it effected the return to him of his family, who had been reduced to want and suffering, and then taken by the wife's father to his home in New London, Conn. I was at that time a stranger in the city, but had already become known as a friend of the drunkard. The late John E. Foudrey, at that time Sheriff, came with him to my house, and introduced to me "Mr. David A. Redfield," and said: "He has been on a spree and wishes to sober up. I wish you to take care of him for one week, at my expense." I found him to be in a very nervous and prostrated condition, but he gradually rallied, and by the end of the week I became much interested in him, and, with a keen desire to see him reform, I offered him a home with me, and induced him to allow me to propose him for membership in our Division of Sons of Temperance. But at the time he was to be initiated, he was again in liquor, nor could I find him sober enough on any night of our meeting, for six months, to be initiated. Yet I determined that he should be initiated, so, when I was ready to start, I said to a young man who was going with me: "I am determined to have Mr. Redfield go to the Division to be initiated, drunk or sober, and I want you to take

him by one arm, while I take the other, and we'll make him go." He was standing out in front of the door; we walked out, took him by the arms, and I said: "Come, Redfield, you've got to go to the Division to-night." "O no, Mr. Kingsley," he said, "let me wait until next night, and I will sober up, and then go with you." "No, I'll not wait; come along." We pulled, pushed and coaxed until we got him to the Division room—the present *News* editorial rooms—when I said to the brethren that I had a drunken man in the ante-room, to be initiated. They laughed, but knowing that I meant business, prepared to initiate him. which we did, and by the time we were through with him he was sober. We gave him an office, which he filled to perfect satisfaction. This was November, and in the following spring he, with the young man who had helped me to get him to the Division, rented a field over the river to raise a crop of broom-corn. He began corresponding with his son soon after his reformation, when, finally, his family and friends became so anxious to know just his exact condition, that they sent a gentleman, an old acquaintance of his, to ascertain the facts. He came to Little's Hotel, Redfield's old home, where he was directed to me, with the information that I knew more about him than any other person. After learning all he could from me, he procured a carriage and we went out to

his temporary home—a shanty in his field. Their great gratification at meeting was mutual, and Mr. Benjamin was so favorably impressed, from Mr. Redfield's talk and from what he had heard about him, that he went home to make such a favorable report to his family and friends, that their final conclusion was to return to him, which they did the following year. Eleven months after Mr. R. was initiated, and soon after Mr. B.'s visit to him, he relapsed from his pledge, and dissipated one week before I learned of it. During the State fair, he met some old cronies, whose persuasion to take one drink with them was stronger than his resolution to keep his pledge.*

An old friend of his, who knew of my efforts to reform him, came to my house with the information, and said he thought I would find him at Tom Dunn's saloon. I started immediately to find him, and after coming in sight of the saloon, being fearful that, should the keeper see me coming, he would secrete him, I sent a young man whom I met, and could trust, to reconnoitre and report to me, while I remained out of sight. He reported that Redfield was sitting in the back part of the saloon, reading a paper, and that if I would go into the alley to a side door I would find him. I did so, stepping into the door and right up to him, when he dropped the paper, and looking at me, said:

“Well, I suppose you will scold me for this?”
“No,” I said, “I want to save you. Come along with me.” “No, I’ll not go home with you.” I pulled him out and led him toward my house, while he was all the time resisting, and until we reached the door, when he said: “I’ll go in with you if you will let me have a little whisky to sober up on.” I answered, “I will not give you any whisky, but I will have Dr. Abbett come and see you, and whatever he says, I will do.” The Doctor had taken much interest in his reformation, and was much grieved at his back-set. He prescribed ginger-water, which he drank for a whole week, without leaving his room, and was so nervous that he could not carry more than a half-glassful to his mouth without spilling the water. After that, he remained at my house the most of the time until his family came; was reinstated in the Division, and was active in the work for a long time. Soon after his second reformation he was employed to manage the directory business of G. W. Hawes, where he did much valuable work for several years. His wife’s father was so well pleased with the prospects of a happy reunion of the family, that he bought and presented to her a good house for a home, in which they lived comfortably and pleasantly for about seven years, when he again tampered with his deadly enemy—strong drink; then went deeper

and deeper into degradation, became idle and dependent upon his family for support, when his wife and family again determined to return to friends in the East. He followed them, but soon returned, and soon drifted into the Poor House, where death ended his miserable life. Yet old friends stuck to his body, and gave it a respectable burial, and since then his Eastern friends have removed his bones to his early home. All this sad ending, after so much work of friends to get him to reform; and while that did seem to be accomplished, the fond hopes and joys of his family, and other dear friends, that the reunion would be a happy one, and life-long joy to all.

Occasionally, during his stay with me, he would get a little money, which he would share with me; but, had I presented a bill for board, at the end of his stay with me, his indebtedness to me would have exceeded \$150; yet that, with me, was not a consideration. My object was to save him. While I had much brotherly affection for him, it was accompanied by the sad thought that he was a scoffer in religious matters; which feeling, I think, had much to do with his final downfall from that which he apparently never possessed—a conscientiously-religious, moral character.

About the same time of my experience with Redfield, I had many boarders, in all grades of

hard drink—stone cutters, who cut and laid the stone in our post office building. My kind and indulgent manner with them, while all the time trying to induce them to quit drinking, brought others, until their presence, and often repulsive conduct, drove the other boarders from my house—to my great loss financially. While trying to reform them, I was also indulgent with respect to their board money, so that I lost much, and, too, while my paying boarders had left on their account. This, too, while all my worldly means were my receipts from my boarders ; and the result of it all was that, in less than two years, I was compelled to quit business, with less than \$50 worth of all I possessed. I again rallied, and become possessed of considerable property, but, by my over-generous nature in trying to aid people, or too much confidence in them, lost all again. In the last dozen years I have been engaged in my present business, and, while my profits have been liberal, the most of the time I have shared them with such needy people as have come to my knowledge, or were presented to me by those who are devoting their time in relieving suffering, while I have hunted out and furnished milk and cream to invalids, or needy poor, and have also contributed aid to the noble efforts of the ladies of the Flower Mission, for which I have received their written ac-

knowledge and thanks for that aid. Among others whom I have gladly aided, was a poor invalid war widow, who had struggled for fifteen years to provide for four daughters in their childhood; and while furnishing her several hundred dollars' worth of that which she needed to keep from suffering, also aided her in obtaining a pension, from which she is now enjoying a comfortable and pleasant home.

All this time, while extending an open hand to the needy and suffering, I have not closed my hand on riches, but all the time, until to-day, had not, nor have I now, as much of this world's goods as the law would exempt from execution, nor do I expect to increase my present possessions. But should I fail, from advancing years, to be any longer able to provide for myself, I have faith that He who said: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy," will bless me with a home and sustenance for a living, until He calls me hence. Those dear "Little Sisters of the Poor," in their profusion of thanks to me, have said, when I said to them that I might want to live with them some day, "We hope not, but if you do, you will be welcome." With that, also, I have their assurance that, "We pray for you every day," and whose prayers, I doubt not, are heard at the mercy seat. I had a father and mother who knew what it was to suffer, and also to

receive aid from kind hearts and hands ; and then, after God had blessed them with a sufficiency to enable them to extend the same helping hands, they reached out freely to the aid of others, needy and suffering, while they taught me; by precept as well as example, to extend the same aid to my suffering fellow-beings. And when I see those same fellow-beings suffering from various causes, I am led to investigate those sufferings, to see how they can be averted. I was led, at the age of fourteen, to see the terrible suffering, as well as the sins, from strong drink. Our home, at that time, was almost within sight of the home of ten years before, when we depended upon kind neighbors to keep us from starving, while father and mother were unable to rise from a sick bed, and we children sick, and a dead one in his coffin. I have a vivid recollection of that scene, although too young to realize our suffering and want. The names of those kind neighbors were instilled into my memory by my grateful parents. The Schoonovers, Peabodys, Wilsons, Stows, Lesters, Jacksons, Dugans, with others, were engrafted into their memories and hearts in the grandest love and veneration, in all their lifetime ; while they were, ever after, ready to extend the same help to others, as had been extended to them. In those ten years, by dint of a hard struggle, my father was able to live in a cabin on a lease

of ground, with enough to eat, and an extra bed in the garret, when he felt it his duty to take into our house a young man addicted to strong drink, with the vain hope—as it proved to be—of reforming him; the same as it was with me when I followed his example, in Redfield's case, thirty years later.

That young man had come to our village—Jacksonville, Switzerland county—a few years before, religiously inclined and esteemed by all; but, by the treachery of his employer, who was also a member with him in the church, in cheating him of his just dues, he was driven to drink again—as it was then ascertained that he had been a hard drinker before he came to our place, but had reformed and joined the church. Before his unhappy downfall, he was only known to all the people as a worthy member of the church, but after that he became a wandering outcast, with no home or friends, only to cast a sorrowing look at him, with the remark, perhaps, that “he is going to the dogs,” or worse. While a member of our family, and in his intoxicated spells, he would attempt to make love to my mother's sister, but she spurned him, and often entreated my father to send him away, and threatened to leave herself unless he did. But father would plead that if he sent him away there would be no hope for him; and, while my father was a perfectly sober man and a pro-

fessed Christian, his mode of reforming that young man was to threaten to send him away if he did not quit getting drunk ; and then, at breakfast time, give him a drink of whisky, along with the rest of the family. That was the custom of nine-tenths of the people then. Finally, after my aunt had began to receive the attention of the young man whom she married, he went to her room, where she was weaving, and picking up a knife threatened to kill her unless she would promise, then and there, to marry him. He had set down on the end of her seat, so that she could not get away ; but, with a remarkable presence of mind, she reached over her lathe, and, under pretense of fixing the woof, broke some threads of the warp, which fell to the floor, and then, pointing to them, asked him to let her out to mend them, which he did ; when she ran out and toward the house. I saw her running, and called my mother, who came out on the porch, just as Mary reached it and fell unconscious at mother's feet. After she had returned to consciousness she told how Hood had threatened her life. Yet he, while she was running, stood in the door, calling her to come back, that he was only in fun, and that he would not hurt her.

The tragic end of young Hood may be written in a few words : After that assault upon my aunt, he never darkened our door, but, by father's request,

he was given a home by our neighbor. The following year, 1833, he was employed by various farmers in harvesting, where he got all the whisky he wanted in the field, until he came to Deacon Chamberlin's, who had progressed so far toward abolishing it as to confine his hands to one dram at each meal time. This was too much of a sudden abstinence for him who had literally lived on it through the hot weather; and, in the excessive strain required of a man so replete with it, to make a hand in the field, he was inevitably bound to fail, without that stimulus to keep him up. After he left our house, and especially when in liquor, he would prate about his love for my aunt, and that he could not live after she was married to another. Her wedding occurred on the 23d of July, which was a very hot day. The ceremony was performed at 2 o'clock, at which time Hood was breathing his last, with his head on a sheaf of oats, under a shade tree in the field. After going out from dinner, he complained of feeling badly, when he was advised to lay down under that tree. The other men worked around, and came back just in time to see him breathe his last. Whatever his premonitions were, such was his fate. The news came to the wedding guests just as they were in their greatest enjoyment; but then all hilarity ceased, while "Poor Hood" was on every lip, and many eyes in tears.

After seeing my aunt run for her life from that young man, whom I had learned to love as an elder brother, the conviction that I should stop, instantly, the drinking of that which was the cause of that threatened assault upon her, and the fact which was so well fastened into every one's mind, that it was destroying that hitherto religious and much respected young man, was fastened into my mind and heart so emphatically that I could not, nor did I try, to resist it. The first thought was of his condition, and the cause of it, while the next was my own future condition should I continue to use that which was the cause of his awful condition, and that murderous attempt. Then came the silent, secret resolution known only to my God, that I would drink no more of it. I did not stop to count the cost of such a resolution in the face of almost every one in the neighborhood; and, very especially, of my own mates. It was not necessary for me to declare my purpose to not drink, for my refusal to do so, when the bottle was passed around at a gathering on any occasion, was enough for a beginning of deviltry toward me that lasted for years; while the boys were backed by the men of all grades, from drunkard to church deacon.

Thus was my life's work begun—first for my own safety, but which educated my mind to reach after the safety and best interests of others; while

that education of mind in the interest of others' happiness caused me to engage enthusiastically in the cause of anti-slavery, just as soon as it had begun to be discussed by those who saw the evil of slavery. All this education of my mind in the interest of humanity caused it to sympathize with suffering, from whatever cause, and led me, often, to the bedside of the sick. And then, once there, it naturally led me to scrutinize the treatment they were receiving from their doctors, and, also, often led me to suggest a change of doctors, even were the change against my best friends among them. I must confess that I was more friendly toward the general profession then than I am now, while the reason for my change is, that I began to study their method, and the effect it had upon the sick, and the more I studied, the more convinced was I that they were doing much harm, until I have become convinced that the practice is doing vastly more harm to the people than good—destroying more lives than it is saving.

During all those years of investigation and study we lost three children, under the treatment of these same professionals, while I was scrutinizing their methods, and all the time doubting them as being the best, but with too little courage to attempt to do without them in case of sickness. Yet the time came when I became courageous enough to discard their aid, and try the remedies which they de-

nounced, and do now denounce, as unsafe and dangerous, but with which I have since repeatedly cured my children of the same diseases which they could not cure with their treatment. Then, what more natural than for me, after investigating and finding their practice unsafe and dangerous, as it proved to be in my own family, to turn my mind toward my neighbors, and warn them of their danger while trusting to that same profession which had so utterly failed in saving our children, and to advise them to adopt my treatment, and save their children, family or friends?

With a mind educated as mine was in my youth, to look after and try to ameliorate or relieve sufferings in others, from whatever cause, is it not proper, and the duty I owe to my God, to do all the good I can to His creatures, my fellow-beings, by warning them of the danger that is lurking around them in the pretended medical profession, which so utterly failed in my family, and, moreover, which is so utterly failing all the time, and every day, to save the people from suffering and death? It is not only failing in its own methods, but crying out against the methods which saved my family, publishing to the people that they are not safe, but dangerous. And, too, while I, an insignificant person compared to this learned profession, am not alone, but am backed by those of the same profes-

sion who have resolved to do the best for suffering humanity, regardless of their vaunted code, and are thus practicing my own methods and recommending them to the profession as the only safe methods, and fortifying their position by statistics and figures, showing that, in the same diseases with which those who are refusing to practice their methods are losing one-fifth of their patients, besides entailing long suffering upon all, *they* are curing every one, and, too, immediately and without suffering.

Here are a few words of encouragement for me, in my work of arraignment of the medical profession for its imbecility and fraudulent practice upon the people, from a lady of Vincennes: "Mr. A. S. Kingsley—I have noticed several communications in the Indianapolis *News* from your pen, on the subject of disease. I like the articles very much, and think they are very timely, for I really believe God is dishonoring our school of physicians. They are godless, as a class, and resort to inhuman methods; are covetous; and dollars and cents they put in the balance with human life. I honor you for your bravery, and believe you are agitating a subject which God would have you agitate. May He bless you, and give you courage to write the thoughts and impressions He gives you. Last winter I was called to see one of my Sabbath-school class, who was dying of pneumonia. She was a little girl, ten years old. Her father and mother and little brothers were standing around weeping. I read a chapter and prayed with them. She could not talk. I asked them if they would care to put an onion poultice on her lungs, and her mother said: 'Oh, no! The doctor has said, let her die in peace, that he had tried every remedy to open the passage to the lung, that all had failed. She had been poulticed and blistered, and nothing more could be done.' But I begged them to try this one remedy, as I had never known it to fail in pneumonia. The father sided with me; they fried the onions in bacon grease, and put them on hot over the lungs. It was not long until she could breathe freer, and could speak. The next day the doctor pronounced her better, and in a few days she was out of danger. And now, when I see her on the street, she runs to me, as though I had saved her from death. I believe God will bless you for your fearless course." Here, I think the reader will

agree with me, is a clear case where "Christian science" succeeded in saving a life that medical science failed in doing—after the same vaunted medical doctor had said that: all has been done for her that can be done, and let her die in peace. Then, one of the "weaker vessels," of God's creatures prayed for her—not preyed on her, as the doctor had done—and placed an onion poultice—only think, such a semblance of quackery—over her lungs, when she soon recovered. Here are some extracts from another letter from the same lady. "I was very much surprised when I received your letter, but glad to hear from you, as I have thought of you and prayed for you so often. God has so much work to be done in this world, and He sends His holy spirit to suggest to us the lines of work He would have us do. I realize yours is a wonderful undertaking, (this book), but I believe there is a great reform needed now, and I believe the people are ready for it if there is one brave enough to sound the alarm. O, how I shall pray to God to lead you by His holy spirit, and direct you in every word you write. I shall try to enlist others in your favor, have spoken to several, and they seemed to rejoice that there was one brave enough to expose the cold-hearted, avaricious tendency of the medical profession. God bless you, brother. How my heart so goes out to one divinely appointed to lead in a needed reform."

I have noted the Philadelphia *Record's* account of Dr. Baruch's pamphlet on cold bath for typhoid fever: Now this bit of history: John H. Holliday, proprietor of the *News*, allowed me to publish in its columns, many years ago, during an epidemic of scarlet fever, my first statement as to how I treated our little girl, with that fever, with cold pack. Now, this little episode fits right here: A few days after that embryotic effort of my "medical

mind" (?) (shades of Rumford, take notice) to enlighten the people as to how to save their children from suffering and death; I met John at his office door, when he exclaimed: "Mr. Kingsley, about twenty doctors,"—more or less, of course—"rushed here to answer that little article of yours."

Now, the noise that just one of the Fletcher and company kind of medical minds, in an intensely medical mind, guttural way, would make, connected with the rattling noise of the lower extremities, when trembling in his boots while viewing the prospect of losing a good fee bill in a wet sheet, altogether would very likely cause a young man, just assuming the responsibilities of setting on the editorial tripod, to think that at least a half dozen impecunious disciples of Rumford and company were breaking into his sanctum. But, as that young editor has, since, grown liberally—physically, mentally, and most grandly News-y—there can be no reason to suppose that that scare, occasioned by the "busting" of that medically-minded bubble, was more than temporary.

In mentioning the receipt of his pamphlet, I said it seemed as though it came by an order from heaven, as a justification for me in my theory and practice. I was struggling in my mind, and trying to write for the public eye a vindication of my theory as confirmed by my own, and long practice in my family. The struggle of mind and heart that it had cost me, is not in the power of type to express. Nor, can they express the joy of a conscious heart, as my eyes devoured the contents of that little clipping, while it was more than intensified in the perusal of his pamphlet, written in Dr Baruch's earnest and impressive language, so completely vindicating me in all those years of struggling, and anguish of soul, for the right.

In calling Mr. Holliday's attention to Dr. Ba-

ruch's pamphlet, he voluntarily said: "It is a complete vindication for you."

Then, a few weeks later, while sitting at my desk, struggling with redoubled vigor from the inspiration received from the grandly good Baruch, Dr. Smythe's pamphlet was thrown down before me by the postal carrier. The same which he had so recently read before the State Medical Society. And then, after casting my eye over the pages, and seeing the same sentiment, clothed in impressive, earnest language, and eloquent appeals in behalf of cold bath, as he had proved its efficacy in hundreds of cases, in his practice, all around and among those doctors, to whom he was making his appeal for its use, in their practice, how could I otherwise than have my faith confirmed, as in Dr. Baruch's pamphlet, and reconfirmed in the same faith that that one, also, came by behest of Him who commanded that we should do unto others as we would have them do unto us?—and who also promised a blessing upon the merciful. I was not aware that our State was blessed by the presence of so grand a man as Dr. Smythe shows himself to be—grand in all that goes to make a benefactor of his race. Yet that grand mind is radiating and shedding its light from within forty miles of our city, and, too, while in our same city we are cursed by minds the exact opposite of his in all that goes to confer blessings upon the sick.

The reader will notice that the seemingly harsh terms or epithets used in these pages, against the medical profession, is simply a repetition of the same terms and epithets used by that profession against others in the same profession—those of another school. Yet, also, often against those of the same school, with whom they have come in conflict, in striving for precedence in the treatment of some particular case, where notoriety, or a big fee would be

the objective, culminating point. For instance : Dr. Jordan's address, which I have reviewed, and in which he was pleased to, so very liberally, unload those offensive terms and epithets from a righteous soul (?) and sunken heart, upon others of his same profession, whom he is pleased to term "ignorants, quacks, fools and frauds," etc., which, while every word fitted his own, he intended for those of other schools—the Kendrick, for instance. No other school equals his own dear allopathic, in its effort and success, in parading the people to be gazed at by the young doctors ; the same as the butcher gazes upon the brute—to see how much money he may realize from his carcass. Put human life in the balance with money.

I have stated that Part First of this book was written before I was aware of the existence of Dr. Baruch ; nor, while I was writing the Second Part, with that grand man's paper on cold bath for a text, did I know of such a grand man, right within telephone call, as is Dr. Smythe ; with his earnest and bold language, in behalf of the same method to save suffering humanity. Then, will not the candid reader, after a careful reading, with an unprejudiced mind, admit that, in all my arguments and theories in favor of cold baths, and denunciations of the doctors for refusing to use it, as well as for their constant determination in denying its utility, and for discouraging the people from listening to me, in my advice to them to use it, I am justified by their appeals, in those papers, to the doctors, for its general use? Then, as those doctors' papers are a conclusive proof that the doctors, who refuse to use cold baths, are practicing a fraud upon the people, are not my points and claims, made against the profession, generally, in all that First Part, as well as in the other parts—that their object is to allure the people into trusting them, that they may "treat" them, not

for disease, but for money; regardless of life or suffering—fully sustained by that proof, adduced in those papers?—so ably written, and earnestly presented to all those doctors, for their consideration, with appeal to adopt it. While entirely ignorant of their theory, and practice, how could I have adopted it more thoroughly than I did, for thirty years; and placed it more energetically before the people, for their adoption, than I have, in the First Part? And, how could I have done less, while doing a painful duty, than I did, in those same pages, in denouncing the doctors for dishonest and fraudulent intentions, and practices upon the people?—for the money they get from them, in that fraudulent practice.

And, how could I, more truly than I did, describe the imbecility of the profession, in its real knowledge of diseased humanity, and dishonesty, by prescribing for such; than that which was demonstrated in their pretended knowledge of it, in that Boston *Globe* reporter's anatomy, and prescriptions for a dozen different diseases, by as many doctors? Each one pretending to a discovery of disease, yet each *did see* a different one, and, prescribing accordingly. Does not that all prove a justification, in all those charges, which I had so often made?—before any such *corroborating* testimony was presented before my eyes. All those charges are self-evident facts in the minds of very many people; yet, they only murmur a protest, and then allow that practice to go on—always resulting in long suffering, and often death.

Here, parenthetically: As I have elsewhere stated, I believe there are some who are honest in their effort to heal the sick, yet are afraid to deviate from their code, to try outside remedies, for fear of social and professional ostracism. And, which fact shows the strength of the bond that binds that fraudulent brotherhood together. Those who

would be honest doctors are the "Poor Trays," of the profession—caught in bad company.

Here are some extracts from a late letter from my Vincennes lady correspondent: "I do admire the living heroes of this world. The spirit of the world is to oppress and afflict suffering humanity. I shall be very glad to receive a copy of your book, for I know how brave a man must be to write such a book. I send you a message from God. I opened my Bible and asked God to direct me to a passage to send to you, and these are the words my eyes turned to: 'The living—the living, he shall praise thee, as I do this day; the father to the children shall make known thy truth.' I do believe God is using you to make known His truth to a younger generation. God bless you."

I have felt, in all that I have written, in this book, that I was writing God's will: that it shall benefit the present, old and young, as well as all future generations, alike. I quote this as the sentiment and experience of my own heart. "One of the sweetest joys in life is to feel that we are doing something for some one other than ourselves."

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

Health is the great desire of the whole human family ; and the pretentious claims of the medical scientists that they understand all needs of physical man, in case any disease attacks him, lead the people to trust them, implicitly, to cure them of any sickness, and save them from death. Do they do it ? My object will be to show in the following pages, from their own admissions, as well as from every-day history, that they are powerless to save the people from disease and death, while all the time parading their knowledge of medical science, which, they claim, is the secret of their ability to cure disease. And while I shall use the facts of every-day history to show that they fail to perform cures, even in the simplest and mildest cases of disease, by their medical science treatment, I shall also present the same facts in history—that the simplest modes of treatment outside of their so-called scientific treatment, have accomplished cures of the same desperate diseases in which they so signally failed. I have said “outside treatment,” but should say, also, that some doctors, while they may have profound ideas of the importance of so-called medical science, have

so far deviated from its exclusive use in their treatment as to resort to that outside treatment, and with complete success, while all the time their scientific treatment had been as completely a failure.

From time immemorial it has been the practice of the professional doctor to ignore salt, in all forms, in case of small-pox, until, perhaps, a score of years ago, only to have it announced, by those of the profession, too, that in France they had discovered that a salt bath was a sure remedy for small-pox, or any other cutaneous disease. Yet, has that become the treatment for that disease here, in this city, or any where else on this side of the Atlantic? It is not in the *materia medica*, of course, but those physicians over the water, while they may have all due respect for that *medica*, undoubtedly felt that, as it was a great failure in saving patients with that disease, some outside remedy should be tried, and then, while having a general knowledge of the curative powers of salt in diseases of the skin and blood, concluded to experiment with it in small-pox—the same as the most intense scientist experiments with medicine in all diseases that he tries to cure—and found it to be such a complete success that, in the goodness of their hearts, they determined to make it known to all the world. And then, later, and only a few years ago, Providence, seemingly to confirm the truthfulness of those French doctors, allowed the watery elements to prove it by the upsetting of a boat in San Francisco bay, containing fifteen small-pox patients, who, after being rescued, all immediately recovered; and, too, in spite of the prediction of

the San Francisco doctors that they would all die. Those doctors there, are, perhaps, equally as faithless in Providence as in salt.

Then, again, it remains for French physicians to make another important discovery—nothing less than the fact that the cold bath will cure cases of typhoid fever. Sixty to ninety per cent. of the number that was fatal under the common treatment—treated according to the code of medical ethics, by the scientific doctor—were cured. That was the result of experiment, in their own hospitals, where cold bath was, and is, outside of professedly scientific treatment; for, should the doctor, clothed with that scientific knowledge, condescend to resort to water, it would be only with a sponge; as Dr. Oliver said, in describing the treatment of typhoid in the city hospital, "The patients are often cooled by sponging." Dr. Fletcher said he "would sponge them often." Dr. Oliver said, "We do not recognize typhoid as a fever that can be broken up or headed off, like malaria;" and "High fevers are controlled by quinine and antipyrine; but, on the whole, little medicine is given." Dr. Fletcher, in a lecture to the college class at the hospital, said he "did not think there was any more typhoid in the city than common;" and "typhoid was a disease of adults—at least very rare in children, and the doctors who had fifteen to thirty cases in all ages, from embryos to adolescence, do not recognize or know true typhoid." He did not think the drought had anything to do with the fever, and thought the water from the surface

wells just as good as any to use. He would give little medicine, as the kinds he had tried had as little effect as pickled moonshine in typhoid. While Dr. Oliver says: "It takes its time, and all our care is, by proper treatment, to support the patient in his battle with it."

All this is twattle, by men who claim that they have the healing art, and that the people should trust them—twattle about typhoid not being a fever to be broken up, all the medicine they have tried being worthless. Of course, when the facetious Fletcher compared it to no better than pickled moonshine, he meant that all medicine is worthless; and those guardians of the public health, and the public's life, will stand by the bedside and see the patient "battle" and die, before they will apply the remedy of those French doctors who break it up by the cold bath, and save thereby six to nine-tenths of the number who died, and do die, of it, under the treatment of the Olivers and Fletchers; while they know, down in the recesses of their hearts, that those French physicians are right, which they virtually admit when they cool their patients by sponging. In those French hospitals their patient's "battle" with it would last a few hours, while in our hospitals the patients battle on any time from three to six weeks, and then, as likely as any other way, find themselves *hors de combat* in the arms of "Old Death." The one is common sense treatment, outside of professional practice, which cures in a few hours; while the other treatment—inside, professional—means long suffering and often death. Is

this not true as regards the treatment of typhoid, or any other fever, by the physicians of our city, as well as the country over? By their own confession they allow the patient to linger while he is battling with it, only making an effort to keep him comfortable while in that "battle."

Now, in view of the fact that other physicians, not so bound to the "code," have found that typhoid *can be broken up* by the cold bath, while Dr. Oliver and his fellow professionals are not trying to do that, but are letting the patient linger for weeks, or months, is not this query admissible?: "Is it not a matter of fee? A fee proportionately greater for weeks than for a few hours attendance. Would they risk their patients' lives, hoping their physical natures would outlive that fever, while they are accumulating that fee?" I will here mention one case which seems to justify the answer "Yes:"

Mr. Charles E. Kregelo, the undertaker, said to me: "I had typhoid fever, and after the doctor had exhausted his effort to save me by his treatment, he said the only chance for my life was to put me in a cold bath. They then put me in a tub of cold water, and I began to feel better right away. And while I was in the water, the stench was so offensive that my attendants could not stay in the room." Did not that doctor, while knowing the efficacy of the cold bath in typhoid, willingly risk his patient's life all that time, for the fee, while first exhausting his skill with Dr. Fletcher's pickled moonshine? And do not the Fletchers, Olivers, Jamesons, Hayeses, Herveys, etc., knowingly, will-

ingly risk their patients' lives while twaddling about their scientific knowledge of what can't be done with typhoid, when they know that the cold bath is all-saving? The reader can form his own conclusions, and answer in his heart.

It is only a few years ago since it was published that a woman in Louisville, who was given up to die by her doctors, was saved by a cold bath. Thirty-four years ago last summer, while scarlet fever was prevailing in Aurora, a Mrs. Williams, now of Seymour, saved her adopted daughter by a cold bath, while the doctors' patients were dying all around her. Then, about four years later, in this city, during the prevalence of that disease, W. C. Lupton's children were treated by Drs. Thompson and Woodburn, and one or two died, while another—or others—lingered in great suffering. I had the account of their sufferings and death from Mrs. Gause, Mr. L's sister, who was boarding with me, and who visited them daily. Then, a few months later, our ten-year old daughter had an attack of scarlet fever, about midnight. She was suffering intensely when I was called to her bedside by an older daughter. Fifteen years before that, our first-born, a four-year-old girl, died of the same fever, after a week's intense suffering, while under the treatment of our family physician, as well as a very personal friend. She was treated, undoubtedly, by the "code," but gradually sunk, without one favorable symptom, until she drew her last breath. After witnessing that dear child's suffering, and, in those later years, knowing and hearing of so many other

parents' heartaches, in loss of children by the same disease, and all under the treatment of the same code, by the Thompsons, Woodburns, Bullards, Mears, etc., then I fully determined that none of them should treat another child of mine in that fever, and so said to my wife. Then, after we had placed that other dear little sufferer in her bed, and while we were meditating in solemn silence, with aching hearts, and, too, as our minds flew back over those long years, to the bedside of that other little one, my wife broke that silence in a sad and beseeching voice by inquiring, "What will you do?" My mind had not been idle, and was ready to answer, "We will put her in a cold, wet sheet." Then she again, beseechingly and mournfully, inquired, "Won't you be afraid to?" I answered, "It will be only death, and it will be that if we trust her in a doctor's hands. You get me a sheet, and I will go to the well and wet it, while you prepare the bed." She did so, by doubling a comfort, laying it on the bed, then a blanket, doubled, laid on that. The sheet, also doubled, and, all dripping, was laid on that, while the child was divested of all her clothes, laid on the sheet, and quickly wrapped with sheet, blanket and comfort, all but her head. She struggled a moment, and then was quiet, and in less than a half-hour was in an easy slumber. She remained so for several hours, while her whole person was enveloped in a sheet of water, issuing from every pore, and the skin a deep scarlet. Then, after several hours of sweet sleep, she awoke. She was free from all pain, though quite

weak after the sudden reaction from a burning fever to such a flow of perspiration. She was too weak to leave the bed the first day, but enjoyed her doll and other playthings; but the second day she sat up in the rocking chair, and on the third was playing around as usual. About nine hours after we put her in the sheet I called my then, and now, old friend, Dr. L. Abbett, to see her, telling him that she had scarlet fever; but did not say anything about our treatment of her. He examined her closely—body, pulse and mouth. Then, looking up to me, said: "Why, she is convalescent. How long since she was taken?" "About midnight," I answered, when he exclaimed: "Is it possible? Why, what have you done for her?" I then detailed our treatment, and its effect upon her, when he again exclaimed: "Is it possible!" saying, "Well, you have done all that is necessary." He left some powders in case she should complain of her mouth, but there was not a particle of irritation of mouth or throat.

I have been particular in detailing this case, that the reader may fully understand the efficacy of the treatment, and with the hope, and firm belief, that should parents determine to break away from the spell the medical profession has surrounded them with, to try it, they will save their loved little ones from much suffering, and often, very often, from the death that awaits them in the hands of that professional practice.

Since that successful treatment of our little girl by that wet sheet process, hundreds of dear little

children in this city alone, as well as untold thousands all over the country, have suffered and died from that disease—all, all under the treatment of that class of professional men and women who arrogate to themselves all the knowledge of disease, and their ability to cure it, while all the time treating with scorn those persons who have questioned that vaunted knowledge, and demonstrating their utter inability to do so, and seeing their patients suffer and sink into their graves.

Five years later we cured another child of scarlet fever by the same "cold pack," while repeatedly, during the prevalence of scarlet fever, by the kindness of the *Daily Journal and News*, I published the account of my treatment of our child, and until, perhaps, the doctors began to realize that I was having some influence with the people. Then they thought best to consider the matter in their society meetings, when, and after which, they published in the same daily papers that "cold water is not beneficial, but hurtful, in scarlet fever," undoubtedly presuming that the influence and control which they have over the minds of the same people would forestall anything which I, or any other person under the same circumstances, would say. Then, can it be at all strange that that one sentence, promulgated by that medical society of doctors, that "cold water is not beneficial, but hurtful, in scarlet fever," should have more influence to determine the people to still allow them to treat a case of scarlet fever in their family, than the actual fact that that same cold water did cure my child?

I have no hesitation in believing, that should ten parents witness the quick and complete cure of a case of scarlet fever—just as I cured our little girl—nine of that ten, should their children be attacked by it, would prefer to risk the doctor than the cold pack. But how would it do for those doctors who elevate the spinal column of their professional dignity, and arise to assert that water is hurtful in scarlet fever, to also let the same suffering people know just what it is that is so “hurtful” in their treatment of that fever, which allows so much suffering and so many deaths? And, also, let them say, which I have no doubt is the sentiment of their hearts, that they would rather see them die, by their treatment, than to have them saved by cold water. Perhaps, though, they did only mean that it was hurtful to their “feelin’s,” when feeling in their pockets for the fee which was not there. It had been lost in that “water.” Besides, was it the fee, that which they had so often realized after treating the little children—even to their death—and which they still hoped to realize, if such sufferings in future cases were to continue, that induced them to publish to the world that statement which was so void of truth?

They are not impregnable to the charge of working for a fee. The *Journal*, of our city, says, in quoting the remarks of a Floridian: “He adds, significantly, that the doctors of Jacksonville get \$12.00 from the United States Government for every case of yellow fever they attend, and that, curiously enough, they can not find a patient who

is suffering from any other disease than that fever," and then adds: "Doctors are human, and with a fee in sight, it is not impossible that they may detect the fatal yellow in the face of a man who would, under other circumstances, be given a dose of quinine and sent about his business." Then, this from the *New York Graphic*: "It would appear from reports gathered by Surgeon General Harrison, that the power of fear and utter panic which accompanies an outbreak of yellow fever are the most fatal elements in the disease. It is the opinion of most experienced physicians, that if the outbreak of the disease could be met coolly and the authorities were in a position to afford the best known means to counteract its spread, its death rates could be reduced to one-tenth its present proportions."

It was conceded by all who were cognizant of the ravages of cholera fifty-six years ago in Eastern cities, that a large portion of the fatal cases were those who succumbed through fear, while many such were buried alive. Then, is it not pertinent to query: "How much did those physicians of Jacksonville, Fla., contribute toward the death of those nine-tenths that might have been saved there, could the outbreak of the yellow fever have been met coolly?" Or, in other words, had they not contributed to that "utter panic which accompanies an outbreak of yellow fever," in that magnifying of the outbreak, by calling every case of every ailment in sight, yellow fever—so as to insure that \$12 fee from the government? But we do not need to go away from home to learn of

greed for fame and fees by the average physician. "Dr. Metcalf, of the State Board of Health, does not regard reports of diphtheria and scarlet fever from this city"—(note "this city," our own immaculate physicians, the same who saw the hurtfulness of cold water in scarlet fever)—"and other Indiana cities as entirely reliable. When the developments of a few days disprove their judgments, they do not find it necessary to explain their mistake, *especially since* their credit for curing so dangerous a disease so quickly, is much greater than it would be were the truth known." And, he might have added, "and more certain of another fee in the near future." He adds: "It is much the same with scarlet fever." And farther: "When it came to establishing quarantine, and shutting up schools and making minutely detailed reports of cases, the physicians found they were not dealing with scarlet fever at all, but some simpler and non-fatal disease." O, how cruel for Dr. Metcalf to thus expose his fellow humbugs! But, all the same, they would pose before the people as experts in the knowledge of disease, creating a "panic," that they may profit thereby—in fame and fees.

Just now a report came from Springfield, Mass., where "the city is excited over a diphtheria epidemic," and in which report is illustrated the disagreement of the doctors as to its cause, Dr. Rice attributing it to the "unnaturalness of the weather." He refuses to be convinced that the danger lies in the unclean sewers and garbage piles, while "Agent

Kimball, of the Board of Health, says the sewerage of the city is wretched, but says his voice is too feeble to be raised against the other members of the Board." As bad sewerage and garbage are, generally, charged with being the cause of that and other diseases, will it be in order to intimate that that Board of Health sees in that bad sewerage and garbage a chance for fat fees, even should a Dr. Metcalf, or any other secretary of the State Board of Health, find that there was little else in it but a chance for them to obtain "credit for curing so dangerous a disease," when, in fact, there was nothing "but some simpler and non-fatal disease."

At all the various times when yellow fever has scouraged the Southern cities, bad sewerage, filthy streets and alleys, were the alleged cause, as well as in all the cities of our country, have they been considered dangerous, and liable to breed pestilences in all their varied forms ; yet, it remains for a bright luminary of the medical profession to charge an epidemic of diphtheria to the "unnaturalness of the weather ;" but just what that kind of weather is, he does not inform a waiting public. He should, so as to give our bright, but impecunious, luminaries a chance to raise the alarm here, before they are brought to suffer for want of bread and butter. They now seem to be lost for a pretense, since our Dr. Metcalf has been throwing cold water upon them. He seems to be reckless with cold water, since it is so "hurtful" to our doctors' feelings.

These disagreeing doctors illustrate the unreliability of their medical science pretentions, in any

opinion or information they may think proper to give to the public; for, while arrogating to themselves all knowledge as to what we should eat or drink, or do to preserve or regain health, no two of them agree, only in one thing—to hoodwink the people; then to quarrel again while practicing their confidence game upon them. Nor need we go to Springfield, or any other foreign field, to find men profoundly learned in that profession who agree to disagree on all and the many theories advanced, individually or collectively, by them. About a twelve months ago the readers of the *Journal* were treated to a very learned opinion, in the garb of an interview with the learned Dr. Collett, in regard to the water we drink, and the sum of it all was, that it must be boiled before drunk, or the direst calamity would come upon us. After recovering from the shock of that thunderbolt, as it were, the simple and confiding part of the readers—those whom the doctors had hoodwinked the worst—began to cogitate how to escape the impending calamity, while the profane and unbelieving—in their wickedness, perhaps—conceived the thought, and too, while they had never attempted to penetrate into the bowels of the earth themselves, that the doctor had been down there after gas, and while not successful in finding that which would be necessary to boil his water, did succeed, immensely, in obtaining the kind which did flow from his pen, and which he so learnedly spread out in the columns of the *Journal*. But, then, and in keeping with all the history of the past, and while his—

“dupes” shall I call them? No, no—“thunder-struck victims” were still trembling, in view of their expected fate, the Doctor’s envious compeers, in all that science, came forward to cast a shadow o’er the sunshine of all his glory, Doctors Hurty, Jameson, Fletcher, etc., intimating that his theory is all moonshine, so to speak—even no more reliable than Dr. Fletcher’s kind, while here is the result, the natural effect of all that wild theory, as told by Dr. Hadley to a *Journal* reporter: “The statement in the newspapers, a few weeks ago, that all surface wells are prolific sources of typhoid and other fevers, frightened many people unnecessarily, and caused them to go to great expense in making connections with the water company’s mains, or in sinking deep driven wells. During the past month I have had fifteen or twenty cases under my care, and of these fully one-half were in families that used either hydrant water, or were supplied from deep wells. My own opinion is that there is more sickness in the street dust we breathe, than there is in the water we drink.” In addition to Dr. H.’s statement, I can say that I was informed by a well driver, that he had had considerable work in driving and deepening wells in consequence of Dr. Collett’s infamous effort to ventilate his pretended knowledge of something which he really did not know anything about, only that he did know that he wanted a little cheap fame, and was willing to strike for it, even should it be at the expense of the people’s time, money and happiness.

Right here, again, in regard to Dr. Hadley’s

opinion about "the dust we breathe:" A few years ago there was published in the *Journal* an interview with a Dr. Compton—"ex-president of the State Board of Health," I believe it was announced—in which he labored hard to show that the streets should not be sprinkled; that, should they be, the sun would warm the disease germs into life, and an epidemic would surely follow. But the dust should be allowed to "blow away to some distant place." As a matter of course he was brim full of science, and must ventilate it out upon the people, if they did have to swallow the dust while he was blowing it away. And he, too, was probably one of those doctors who resolved that cold water is hurtful in scarlet fever. At all events, he needed a little cheap fame, too, and he got it..

CHAPTER II.

The medical scientist is able and prolific in discovering disease, and the cause of it, and they pretend to be equally able to understand just what will cure it. Yet, in the application of those remedies that appear so liberally in their *materia medica*, they fail, by making a serious case out of a trivial one, by the neglect of proper remedies—not found in their code, such as a cold bath in fevers—by using drugs that are pernicious under any circumstances, until the patient becomes hopelessly ill and dies. Dies, because they shut their eyes and hearts

against the proper remedies ; because they had sworn fealty to that code. Then, with a falsehood on the tongue, they turn to the bereaved friends, to declare that the case was beyond the reach of medicine, or the skill of the most eminent physicians. Just so. Such is the fact in nine-tenths of all the deaths throughout the civilized world. Then the sympathetic (?) doctor, after charging up fees for his visits and prescriptions in the round sums of twenties, fifties, or into the hundreds of dollars, turns, with solemn countenance and feigned feelings of sorrow, to those bereaved friends, and announces to them : "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh." But fails to say, "And the doctor killeth." Yet, in all those cases, had the doctor thrown his code to the dogs, and used the cold bath in those fevers—it makes no difference what they call the fever—all those patients would have recovered, and cause no bereaved friends to mourn the loss of loved ones.

To refer again to the New York *Graphic's* most experienced physician's opinion, that "Had the outbreak of the yellow fever been met coolly, and were the authorities in a position to afford the best known relief, etc., the death rate could have been reduced to one-tenth the present proportions." So is it with all, and every disease, of every grade. They are not "met coolly," at all by people, for the doctor has learned them to be alarmed at the approach of every feeling of indisposition, and that their only safety is in a drug, which they can obtain at the drug store upon his prescription, but which

will take from their pocket, probably, from one dollar to many. While under such influences the patient can not take it coolly, though, while the doctor may be taking it very coolly in counting the cash receipts, he affects to feel much concern about the outcome of his patient's case, which further and constantly demoralizes the patient's feelings, and renders him incompetent to take it "coolly."

But the regrets which the *Graphic's* best physicians manifested were unnecessary, for the authorities, as well as the people generally, were in a position to afford the best known means of counteracting the spread of yellow fever, and the death rate would have been reduced to one-tenth of what it was, had it not been for the determination of the *Graphic's* best physicians, with all others in the country, including the very wise ones of Indianapolis, who resolved that water is hurtful in scarlet fever. The Jacksonville doctors were afforded the very best means of counteracting its spread, in the water in common use by its citizens. Those French physicians, in the hospitals of France, found that water was the very best means for counteracting the spread of typhoid, and it did reduce the death rate to one-tenth in some of the hospitals; but the trouble with them, perhaps, was that they did not have "science" and "fee" on the brain as badly as our doctors have, which materially interferes with the use of water as a remedial agent in the treatment of fevers by them.

One instance may be mentioned of the efficacy of cold bath in yellow fever: During the last epi-

demic of that fever in Memphis, Tenn., a few years ago, the *Journal* published the letter of a man who detailed how he cured himself of that fever, at a previous time, when it raged in that city before the rebellion. He stated that the particular friend who offered to treat him was Dr. Ward, who, as he stated, was afterward Surgeon General in the rebel army. The substance of his statement was that he felt the disease coming upon him, and so informed Dr. Ward, who said to him that he would commence to treat him whenever he wished, and finally, when he felt that the disease was upon him, he so informed the doctor, but when he proffered his services, said to him, "No, I will treat myself." Then, by the aid of his servant, he placed himself in cold, wet blankets. He was soon enveloped in a profuse perspiration—the same as our daughter was in, while laying in the wet sheets, after the attack of scarlet fever—and while still in that perspiration, his servant called his attention to the blankets, in these words: "Lawsy-massa, see how yaller the blankets is." His recovery was rapid, but, as his business required him to go up the river before becoming entirely well, he had a relapse, when, by the same treatment, he was restored to perfect health. His statement was made perhaps 25 years after that event, but he was so impressed with the importance of it to those then suffering from the same fever—his old neighbors, perhaps—that he felt impelled, from a sense of duty, to make it public. But does anyone suppose that even one doctor then treating those people in Mem-

phism came down from his high position—in his own estimation, of course—to try its efficacy on even one sufferer?

Dr. Ward must have known that those wet blankets cured his friend, but if he tried their efficacy on one single patient, that friend did not mention it, which he would have been likely to do, had it been a fact. At the same time that this man's statement was published, a doctor in St. Louis advised the same treatment, but if it was followed, it was not made public, which would undoubtedly have been the case had one silly doctor attempted it and failed. But, more than likely, the doctor who advised that treatment was ostracised and relegated into obscurity by his professional brethren.

Now, suppose the reader should query in his mind something like this: Suppose the doctors in charge of those yellow fever patients in Memphis, Jacksonville, and other places where that dread epidemic has raged so often, had tried those French doctors' plan of "cold bath in typhoid," and Dr. Ward's friend's plan, as well as mine in our little girl's case, and later, our little boy's case, what would have been the natural result, taking those successful cases to judge by? What could be expected, reasoning from natural cause to effect? How much suffering, and how many thousand lives would have been saved? But, as those treatments have been universally ignored, and frowned upon—the doctors publicly denouncing it, as in the case of our little girl—by the profession everywhere, does not this fact prove, beyond a doubt, that that same

profession do not honestly treat their patients with an eye single to saving them the quickest way possible, but as a matter of business merely—to make the most money possible by that profession's medical practice? And had those doctors really desired to relieve as much suffering as possible, would they not, when they found that their remedies so signally failed, as a last resort have tried the treatment which Dr. Ward's friend so successfully tried upon himself? And just as Charley Kregelo's doctor did upon him, which, he said, was the last resort to save his life; and which relieved our children so quickly? No, but very likely, had that friend published in the papers that it cured him, Dr. Ward and his fellow doctors would have resolved, at their very next society meeting, and had it published, that "Cold water is not beneficial, but hurtful, in yellow fever."

CHAPTER III.

I have already shown that the doctors of our city differ, materially, in regard to Dr. Collett's pronouncement on our water supply; also as to the diagnosis of diseases so common in our midst. And while such differences of opinion—all among the same class of medical scientists, and who know all about the cause and cure of disease, all having learned it from the same book—result in treating the same disease, by different doctors, with different medicines, and exactly opposite to each other while

treating that same disease, the reader will please note that I am describing the same class of medical practitioners who have learned all about that practice—know it all, and *know it right*. That is, according to their own pretentious claims. Here is one case in point, which illustrates their pretentious claims in any way but in an enviable light: It was published, a few years ago, of Congressman Haskell, of Kansas, after his death, that he was treated by three sets of physicians, and by each one for a different disease, thus illustrating, in his case, the utter fallacy of the pretentious claims of those doctors, as well as the great folly of the people in trusting their health and lives to persons of such fallacious claims. One other case of which I was cognizant, as I visited him almost daily, while for those visits, and the little attentions I gave him, he expressed great thankfulness, often taking my hand in those expressions of gratitude, until, and while life was fast ebbing away, when he signified a wish to again take it, and, in the fullness of his heart and his last mutterings of gratitude, he continued to hold it, until, in the last throes of death, it fell from his grasp. John Loyd was his name. Less than three years ago, Dr. Sharp began to treat him for a lame knee. He had been treated by several doctors in Ripley county before he came to this city. Dr. S. began to treat him with electricity, and assured him that he would have him at work in six weeks. He required \$25 in advance for a month's treatment. And when the first month was past, and he much worse, yet insisted upon another

\$25, still repeating the declaration : " I know I can cure you." Then, upon his friends insisting that he should cure him before exacting more money, he quickly answered : " I am not running an insurance office." The doctor got his money, and continued his visits until into the next month, but did not demand more money, and finally said to the family that he should not take it amiss if they should prefer to call another doctor.

Mr. Loyd was at first able to go to the doctor's office to receive the electric treatment, but gradually failed under the medical treatment, which consisted of sixteen doses of seven kinds of medicines in each twenty-four hours, besides a liberal rowelling and stabbing of the knee joint. The stabbing, as Mr. L. described it to me, was this : He was braced up in bed with a chair behind him, when the doctor, who was examining the knee, said to him that he was fatigued and had better be laid back in his bed ; and then, while Mrs. L. was removing the chair and Mr. L.'s attention drawn from him, the doctor stabbed his knee with a sharp instrument, causing the patient to scream, and to inquire : " Why, what did you do that for ? " with the answer : " I thought it was necessary." The hole in that poor man's knee was there, while he suffered on, but just what relief it ever gave him was not apparent. Another doctor was called, but he could not, or did not, give him any relief. I met Dr. Sharp at Mr. Loyd's bed-side several times, and took occasion to scan his face while talking to the patient and his wife, and I was sure, for he showed

it unmistakably in his countenance, that he was completely at sea as to what to do or say. My conclusions were then, and are now, that he had all the time been practicing a game of intense quackery on Mr. Loyd, who had often intimated to me that such was his own feelings, as well as the fears of the family. Mr. L. repeatedly said to me, in effect, "He is doing me no good, but is killing me." The doctor got his \$50 under the positive promise that he would have his patient able to go to work in six weeks, but at the end of that time he was on his back in his bed, and only able to be lifted from it. Now, is it unfair to ask: Did not that man know that he was imposing upon those people's confidence? He had first published to the world that he could cure disease; then reaffirmed his declaration to them, and took their money under that solemn affirmation, and repeated, that he would have him able to work in six weeks.

Not all cases of medical treatment may appear, at first thought, as aggravated as that one; yet a very large proportion of failures to cure are equally so in fact. Nine-tenths of all cases of fevers that prove fatal, become so in consequence of the doctor's refusal to lay aside his code—the code of the profession—for the common-sense one, the real science of meeting the fever with its opposite—cold water. The physical frame is on fire. Impure air, or impure matter, coming in contact with the vitals, creates that fire, which must be put out, and can only be put out by enveloping that frame in water, which opens the pores of the skin, while the perspiration

that immediately follows that application brings out the poison which creates that fire—fever—such as that which was found by the servant on those blankets which enveloped his master. In his case, the “yaller,” as the servant called it, but in the case of our little girl, the extreme scarlet, indicated the character of the disease which the flood of perspiration from their bodies had brought out. The medical fraternity might as well attempt to deny the laws of nature that send the electric blaze from the cloud, as to deny the same laws of nature which bring out, by the aid of the cold bath, that poison which produces the fever, of whatever manner, in the human body. But how do they attempt to nullify those laws in their operation upon the human family, or to prevent their operation? Why, by sending forth from their associated capacity, as though they had just been in communication with the father of liars, a message through the public prints to the people, and while suffering from those fevers—that “water is not beneficial, but hurtful, in scarlet fevers”—and they would have included typhoid, had Charley Kregelo published that he was saved by a cold bath, and included yellow, had that man in Memphis also so published, at that time, that the same cold bath saved him from death by that fever. The reader may think I use harsh language; but let me reason with him. Suppose one of those medical pretenders should tell me that I am endangering my child’s life by putting it into a cold bath to break a fever, while I know by experience that it is a perfectly safe way, and while I also know that his object is

to treat my child for the money which he would naturally expect to collect from me for his services ; and while I knew that he knew he was losing patients all the time, whom he was treating according to his code, and the code of all others like him, and who would and do join with him in declaring my treatment unsafe—believing his whole object to be to blind my eyes, and the people's eyes, so that he could make the more money, and keep himself up socially, far above the common people whom he has duped, and seeks to dupe, in making them believe, or trying to make them believe, that my theory and practice is unsafe for them to follow. Would I not, under such circumstances, be justified in saying to him : “ You lie, when you tell me or the people that water is not beneficial, but hurtful, in scarlet fever or any other fever ? You lie, for the gain there is in your practice ; nor do you care if your patients do die, so you can succeed in discrediting me, so as to make all the more money out of your health and life-destroying business ? ”

I am pained to be impelled, from a sense of duty to the public, to thus write of a class of my fellow beings, and of a class, too, who are held in high estimation by a very large class of the people. But of that class it can be well said, that it has not allowed itself to investigate into the merits of their claim upon the confidence of the people ; that it has accepted as true all of their professional claims of being the conservators of the health of all the people, and as also true, that when patients die under their treatment they could not be saved under

any other; that they were beyond the reach of medicine and medical skill. I say a very large portion of our people are thus blinded by the false pretenses of the medical pretenders, nor will they allow their eyes to be opened.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Loyd's case suggests a similar one in my own family, twenty-four years ago. During that summer, my whole family were having chills, while two doctors, first, and then patent nostrums, were called into requisition to cure them—all for about three months. Then, disgusted and discouraged by such a signal failure, I determined to try the virtue of a hot bath. By its application to each one, as the chill came on, in one week's time every one was well, save our boy Charley, about six years of age. He lingered in a feeble and prostrate condition for about six weeks, when inflammation of the hip joint developed. Then came another struggle in my mind, in my disgust at the failure of medical treatment in the case of our chills, as well as a general disgust that had been growing in my mind for years, on account of its failure in other cases of sickness, not only in my own family, but, under my observation, in others. So particularly had I noticed so many persons permanently crippled by hip disease, that I felt to place him under medical treatment was only to make him a cripple for life. Long before coal oil was used for an illuminator, it

was represented on the druggist's shelf as "Petroleum, or Rock Oil," while its virtue as a liniment was claimed to be very great. This fact presented itself to my mind so strongly, that I at once determined to try its efficacy on my boy's hip. He was suffering intense pain, so much so that he could not be moved only in a sheet. I applied the simple oil, such as we were then burning, persistently for about four weeks, and at the end of that time he was so far relieved as to be able to set up in a chair. Then, while so sitting, and while the family were all out of the room, a hired woman advised him to slip out of the chair and try to walk, which he did, but the instant his foot touched the floor he fell, and on his lame hip. She had placed him on the bed before any one returned to the room, while he was screaming from pain.

It was then evident that all the treatment must be repeated, as all his former sufferings were, more intensely, upon him. The next day, perhaps, and by the earnest advice of my mother, I called Dr. J. T. Boyd to see him, who advised a particular plaster which he would prepare. I had detailed to him my treatment with the coal-oil, and expressed a disposition to follow it up; but, on his assurance that it would require but a few days at most, to prove whether the plaster would have the desired effect, I assented to his wishes. The time expired in which he wanted to prove its efficacy, and then, upon removing it, there was nothing but small pimples, where he claimed there would be abscesses from the hip-joint. I then expressed my determination to

return to the oil, and he proposed to add a little croton oil, claiming that it would make the treatment still more effective, to which I readily assented, and again began its application.

The dear boy was suffering intense pain, and if we would even go toward him, would scream and beg us not to touch him. In a few days lumps like boils appeared on his leg, from the hip to the knee, while under the front of the knee a very large swelling appeared. The doctor continued his visits, and expressed himself pleased as to the effect of the treatment; and when the swelling was ripe, lanced it, a large amount of matter running from it. After that the boy improved rapidly; also before, as the swellings ripened, the pain in the hip became correspondingly less. Then again, in about four weeks after the fall, he was able to sit in a chair, and with care and help he was soon able to walk, his hip being perfectly restored to its natural condition.

Now, I present a parallel case to my boy's: A few weeks before he was taken, M. S. Huey's boy, about the same age, began to suffer from the same disease. Dr. Boyd was treating him, and perhaps in the usual way that results in a permanent cripple, but after seeing the good effect of my treatment of our boy—or, "our treatment," as I give him the credit so far as the croton oil is concerned, for while the coal oil had all the desired effect possible before the boy's fall, and while I have no doubt that it would have had the same effect after that, I am willing to believe that the croton oil was a valuable

addition—he adopted the same for Mr. Huey's boy. This information I have had from the Doctor since that event. But the parents soon became dissatisfied with the treatment, and consulted Drs. Thompson and Woodburn, who condemned it as unsafe and insufficient, and then took charge of the case themselves. They, in turn, failed to give satisfaction and were discharged, when the parents applied to the surgical institute, but they suggested such a cruel treatment that the mother revolted from it. Then an "Indian doctor" was consulted and tried, and the parents thought he did the boy more good than all the rest. But where that good was—only, perhaps, in relieving pain—is not perceivable, as the young man now walks with a cane, and a brace under his foot, while my son's hip is as perfect as the other, though it was five or six years before it was free from pain from a sudden jar or an unusual move of the joint, which, I think, was in consequence of not following up the treatment longer with the liniment.

Now, in all this, is there not food for thought? While the first thought that occurs to me is in reference to a little item in the *Journal* the day after Thanksgiving, headed: "The Dreaded Diphtheria," and reporting these remarks of Dr. Hodges: "Not all the people could give themselves up to pleasure yesterday. I visited the most grief-stricken family this afternoon I ever saw. The man's name is John Basse, and he resides in a little house on Dakota street, near the Starck Works. He and his wife, a week ago, had three beautiful little children.

Since then two have died, and when I stopped last evening the third one was dying. Diphtheria is the cause." This item caused me to publish in the *Journal*, as I had in the *News*, how two of my grand-children, in my house, had been cured of that disease by blistering the throat and neck with that same liniment of coal oil and croton oil, with the addition of gum camphor, and which was so satisfactory to Dr. Boyd, as to its curative qualities, as to induce him to try it on the hip of that Huey boy. In addition to that application, the inside of the mouth and throat was kept wet with salt water, alternated with diluted camphorated alcohol. All of which prompted this notice from Dr. Boyd: "In to-day's paper there is a communication from Mr. A. S. Kingsley on the treatment of diphtheria. The fact is, the cases he mentions were not diphtheria, but tonsilitis, or some simple inflammatory condition of the throat. This is the conclusion forced upon us by his own description of the cases." Well, the Doctor may be honest in his "conclusion," but, judging from the chronic habit doctors have of disagreeing with each other, his next door neighbor would be just as likely to pronounce those cases diphtheria as tonsilitis. Witness Dr. Metcalf's criticisms of those physicians of our city—possibly Dr. Boyd was one of them—and other cities, for diagnosing cases "scarlet fever," "diphtheria," or other 'therias, according to the depth that that medical science had penetrated into their craniums.

Again he says: "Physicians, as a rule, never give prescriptions to the papers; nor do they ever.

try prescriptions found there, as they know they are almost invariably made by unprofessional persons." Well, now, didn't the Doctor fall in with my treatment—prescription—of my boy, by trying it on the other boy? And has he not since been commending it, and recommending it for trial to others? Besides, as he got it for nothing, would he not give it to the newspapers, hoping it would do the most good possible, even though it did come from a non-professional—a "scab," a "rat"? Would it not be just as professional to try it, if found in a paper? But that is "professional" dignity—professional "rot," and the more the profession has of it the more rotten they are. The result of that professional rot was illustrated when Dr. Thompson & Co. set their ban on that prescription which Dr. Boyd tried, and which came from me—an "unprofessional"—the papers, as it were. If not, where did it come from? It did not come from the profession; it was tabooed by it.

Suppose Dr. Hodges had taken my prescription, as it was published in the *News*, as to the treatment of my grand-children, and applied it to those "three beautiful children" of Mr. Basse, would it have been any worse for them than that which he did give them? And had it been only "tonsilitis," then he might admit that it would have saved them. But he is a "professional," and took his prescription from the code, and hence the result—too much profession, and too little common sense; too much desire for the fee and fame, and too little care for the life of the patient. So, after all, it may

be that they died of too much professional dignity. About the time that "diphtheria" was discovered by the profession, a doctor—note, a "doctor"—published in the papers that he cured his patients by blowing flour of sulphur through a goose quill into their throats. But did the profession ever take to that treatment? Not much; and, very likely, because it not only came through the papers, but it might be a too speedy cure for the best interests of their pocket-books. That would only be human nature, and their over-confident patients, and customers generally, find that they have an eye to the fee, when pay day comes along, just the same as the butcher or liquor seller.

It will be remembered that General Schenck while minister to England, was reported to be dying of Bright's disease. Then later it was also published that he had been cured by dieting on milk and crackers; and later it was in the papers—note, the papers—over his own signature, that that diet had made him well and hearty. Also, very lately, the *News* has this: "Value of a Skim-Milk Diet.—It will be interesting to those suffering from Bright's disease, which is thought to be incurable, that H. M. Robinson, of Fairmount, who is now visiting relatives at 78 Ash street, this city, eight years ago began a systematic skim-milk diet, which he persistently followed until nearly all traces of the disease disappeared, although he was afflicted in a virulent form, and he reports that he never felt better than he does at the present time." Very likely Mr. Robinson had read, about that time, of

General Schenck's cure, and was foolish enough to try it, although he got the prescription from the papers, which Dr. Boyd's physicians, "as a rule, never try," but which he persistently followed until all traces of the disease disappeared. We are reading almost daily of men dying, or terribly suffering on their way to death, while in the hands of those same physicians, who have "a rule" not to try that same prescription which saved General Schenck and Mr. Robinson. Why should they? Would it not be beneath their professional dignity to try, or even recommend, that milk diet? Besides, it would cut short their bank account, even should it save the lives of their patients; which does seem to be a secondary object with them, judging by their dalliance with the disease, and their bull-headedness in refusing to consider any treatment outside of their code, however well the efficacy of it has been verified, in saving life and preventing suffering—while that code is equally verified a failure.

Here is one case of a thousand every year: Two or three years ago, a young minister of Vevay, Switzerland county, was afflicted with Bright's disease, so-called. Nearly every doctor in the place treated him, but, failing to do him any good, he then went to Cincinnati, where he was treated by some of the best physicians there, but they also failed to relieve him, while undoubtedly helping him on his way to death. Then he went to his home in Kentucky, to be treated by the home physician, but only to die. Now, may we not ask whether any of those doctors had heard of General

Schenck's case? Some of them were almost within call of Dayton, his home. Of course they had, but were too stiff, too consequential in their own estimation of their professional selves, with their wonderful code, to condescend to come down to milk and crackers, as General Schenck did, to become a healthy man. For, had he not done that, he would have preceded Rev. Kirtley to the "dark valley." Suppose all those doctors had unbended themselves in that young preacher's case, and recommended a milk and cracker diet, would he not, for all that disease, be living and performing his duties before those people whom he loved, and was honored and loved by them in return? And the dear girl to whom he had plighted his love, and received her's in return, with the mutual pledge to travel life's ways together, would she not have been saved those heart bleedings, and anguish of soul, while hovering o'er the memory of her lost loved one?

But what was his worth to that church, to the world, and the happiness of that girl, compared to the importance of those immaculate professionals tabooing milk and crackers, so that they shall not come into their list of remedies for Bright's disease? Dr. Bright invented the disease, and no doubt the patient whom he worked upon while inventing it, fell a victim to the Doctor's desire to become an inventor; and right well have those doctors, whose name is legion, imitated him in working on his model. What success they made in that preacher's case! I quote Dr. Boyd again: "There is another objection to those newspaper modes of treatment"—

those that are almost invariably made by unprofessional persons—"and a serious objection, too. It leads the people to try them in serious cases." For instance, such unprofessionals as he who cured himself of yellow fever with the cold pack, and, too, right in the face of Dr. Ward, one of the physicians who have a "rule" to not use that cold pack, even if death does follow, as it did all around that man while he was curing himself in that cold pack. And those, too, of the Robinson stripe, who try those newspaper modes of treatment for Bright's disease, right in the face of those physicians who have a "rule" to not try that newspaper prescription, with another "rule" to adhere to the profession's prescriptions, if it does hand his patient down to his grave, as in the case of Rev. Kirtley. And did not that rule lead Dr. Hodges to try those professional's prescription on Basse's children, while that same rule prevented him from trying my prescription found in the newspaper, and which saved our grand-children when afflicted with the same disease—Dr. Boyd's tonsilitis, perhaps—while the Basse children died under the operation of that "rule?"

"Serious cases," says Dr. B. Such, for instance, as my boy's hip, and Huey's boy's hip. Dr. Thompson objected to that "unprofessional's prescription" which I applied to my boy's hip, and which, too, Dr.—O, yes, Dr. Boyd made no "objection" to it; but may we not suppose that he was dressed in "sackcloth and ashes" when he carded the *Journal* about a "rule" the physicians have?

CHAPTER V.

Some months ago I gave this item to the *News*: Twenty-one years ago I was stopping at a public house in Plainfield. In the morning a citizen came in and said: "Mr.——," naming a man, "come near dying last night in a sinking chill." I said, "They should have put him in a warm bath," when he answered, "That is just what they did do, and it saved his life." The occasion of my giving this item to the *News* was, that it was published that a Mrs. O'Connell had died of a sinking chill. Warm water is the hydropathic treatment for chills. I had repeatedly published how I had treated my family successfully, for chills, with the warm bath, while it is presumed that not even the dumbest doctor in the city is unacquainted with this remedy for chills. Yet that woman's doctor did not try unprofessional's prescriptions, and, too, according to "rule," did not "fritter away precious time" with "newspaper medication," but did "decide on the most successful plan of treatment," which physicians, "after long years of experience," had decided upon, and which, as usual, allowed her to sink to her grave. Another grave filled, but professional "dignity" vindicated. "Physicians, as a rule," of course, "are not prejudiced against simple means in the cure or prevention of disease, but they think that after long years of experience in the different methods of treatment of this disease," diphtheria, "they are better qualified on the most successful plan of

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treatment than any person who has not made the science of medicine a study." Just so! Well, then, if Dr. Hodges, Dr. Boyd, and all the other doctors of our city, "after long years of study," are better qualified to cure diphtheria, scarlet fever, chills, or what not, than I, or any other man who has not made the science of medicine a study, why don't they cure all those patients, afflicted with those diseases, for which they treat, instead of letting them die? As they do not, then why sneer at one who, while in profound ignorance of that "science of medicine," cures his family of those dreaded diseases, by "simple means?" Why didn't they cure Mrs. O'Connell of a sudden attack of chill, and C. F. Holliday of pneumonia, following a chill, and which came upon a man of previous good health? Did they not, in "those long years of study," learn anything that would cure those simple ailments? Did not that nestor of "medical science," Dr. Thompson, learn how to cure Mr. Hendricks of a sudden chill, which came upon a healthy man? And, too, Huey's boy? He must have missed the lessons on chills and hip diseases. But they did all learn, in one general lesson, that cold water is hurtful in scarlet fever; also, that it is equally hurtful in typhoid, yellow, or any other fever, pneumonia included, because they betray as much fear at the sight of water as does a canine animal suffering with "rabies."

As professional jealousy is a chronic disease among all well regulated disciples of Esculapius, they consequently turn their back to Dr. Collett's

theory of the awful condition of water, but secretly agree when a case of scarlet fever is in sight ; and while he has dipped deep toward the warm region—softly called “Sheol”—to bring up diseases that they may dawdle with, his contemporaries in the learned profession have turned their optical research toward the heavens, in search of Dr. Fletcher’s “pickled moonshine,” and, judging from their success in curing all the ills human flesh is heir to, they must have found it. It does seem they would cut the red tape of their own profession to cure one of their own members ; but, not so, as their own families, as well as themselves, die under their own treatment.

Just now it is published that “Dr. Ingalls, a prominent young physician of Elkhart, died of diphtheria, communicated by a patient.” Was it not possible that one physician could be found, who, “after those long years of experience in the different methods of treatment of that disease,” could save that man ? It appears not. Then suppose he had himself, or had his physician, suspended that “rule” of not trying the prescriptions found in the papers, long enough to try my “plan,” would he any more than died, while possibly, like Charley Kregelo—who, as a last resort by his physicians, was put in a tub of cold water—he might have been saved.

The same inquiry may be made in regard to many persons of our city, and elsewhere, who have died under the treatment of those same doctors of “long experience.” With all that experience, why

did they not save Geo. B. Loomis, Governor Baker, John Fishback, and other distinguished citizens, together with many less distinguished in public life, but equally dear to friends left behind? While posing on their great medical knowledge and professional dignity, and sitting down on the great "indignity" offered their professional selves by those who venture to suggest the "cold pack" as a safer remedy to those same diseases, which they were not able to cure, and while resolving against water as "hurtful in scarlet" and other fevers of course, those patients died. Though while failing to perform those cures, they did not fail to perform one other part of the program—to make the proper charges in the day-book for "services rendered"—which does seem to be the most important part of their professional work, to themselves at least, and which, sooner or later, shows up in large piles of brick and mortar, corner lots, bank-stock, etc.

CHAPTER VI.

Some years ago, a writer in the *Herald*, of this city—"Dr. Critic," of course—wrote: "Mr. Kingsley admits a violent prejudice against the doctors." I will quote the points in his article, and reply as I quote.

He says, in regard to my treatment of my child for scarlet fever: "The successful treatment of a single case means nothing." Well, then, what does

the *unsuccessful* treatment of one case, another, and others, and thousands of others, mean? All in the hands of those who claim to be adepts in medical science, and under the influence of "the accumulated medical research of the medical profession for ages." But with all their vaunted knowledge, their patients die; and then, what benefit is that knowledge if, with it all, they do not save their patients' lives? "When he intimates that the accumulated research is worth nothing, and that a layman, who never studied medicine, has more sense than the doctors, he talks dangerous folly." But if he saves his patients, while they do not save theirs, where would Dr. Critic place that "dangerous folly?" More sense or not, his patients are saved, while theirs die. What is it, to the people, how much sense the doctors have, when with it all they do not save the suffering or lives of their patients? And what is it, to the same people, how little sense a "layman" has, if he only saves the lives of those whom he puts in a cold pack? "How does he come by his knowledge of the proper mode of treating scarlet fever?" Why, by his own, and "old women's," experiments with the cold pack, just as the doctors, with more sense "from the accumulated research of ages," experiment with their drugs—but with poor success, while a layman's is a perfect success.

"By intuition?" Yes, the intuition of common sense, which teaches that to cure a fever, he must meet it with its opposite—cold water—just as he would put out the fire in his burning house with water. "If he claims to be inspired, perhaps it

would be worth while to examine his claims." Yes, "he claims to be inspired" with an earnest desire, and works with an eye single, to have the people's lives saved—not for the money the doctors work for, in the practice of that medical science, so-called—and which inspiration is a "valuable secret," that seems to have escaped the "research" of those men of "earnest, honest, able minds, willing to sacrifice their very lives in the cause of truth and for the benefit of humanity." While they may be willing to sacrifice their lives, it is not necessary, but they should not sacrifice their patients' lives. Suppose they are all that—willing to sacrifice their lives, etc.—have not those doctors of "accumulated medical research" lost hundreds of children, all these years, in this city, whom they treated for scarlet fever, by their medical process, after that accumulation of knowledge by that "research for ages"? Do they save their patients here, there and everywhere, and all the time, and to whom they profess to apply all that medical skill? Were the three sets of doctors who treated Haskell for three different diseases, "inspired"? Were the diagnoses of his case, by each differently, all directed by inspiration? If so, why was he not saved? And why was he not saved any how, after treatment by such an array of medical skill? Or, may be, medical "damphoolery." Why did not one or more of those doctors give "their lives" to save him, as they are so ready "to sacrifice their lives for humanity"? I am sure the world would be all the better for the loss of all those doctors, while we had no more Congressmen than

the law allowed. He was not saved. He was humbugged by a pretended and great array of medical knowledge of disease, just as the people are everywhere being humbugged.

“A Layman” has not failed to cure, in every instance, members of his family, with a hot bath or cold bath, as the case required, and yet, because he recommends that treatment to others, he is charged with talking “dangerous folly.” Is there not “criminal folly” in Dr. Critic, or any other humbug doctor, standing over his sick patients while practicing his humbug theory upon them, only to see them sink to their grave? There is not a day passes that such is not the case, right in this city, by some of those humbugging confidence men, posing as medical scientists; while using all their influence, as such, in preventing the people from using a simple and safe means of cure, which is within the reach of all, at any time.

A writer on General Grant’s case said: “Professional treatment, being purely experimental, is just as likely to be wrong as right.” Yet the masses of the people will pay their money for that kind of treatment, and many of them lose their health or lives in consequence of it. It is often asked, “Why do men engage in the practice of medicine, if there be no virtue in it?” It may be answered, that while there is undoubtedly merit in the practice, to a very limited extent—certainly, though, not ten cases in one hundred—it is practiced for a very different purpose, by a very large portion of those pretended scientists—for money, and a position in

society not accorded to any other secular calling, while the very fact of that position is a temptation to men who are ambitious to obtain it, with no other motive in view—but, with the plausible pretext of aiding suffering humanity. Is it any wonder, then, that there are so many of that unscrupulous class of men—and women, alike—who are found practicing that “medical science” with so very little benefit to that humanity? And, too, the unbounded influence this position and profession gives them over the minds of the people, does it not enable them to draw largely from the small means, in a large per cent. of cases, of those by whom they are employed in that professional capacity? Dr. Agnew was said to have an income of \$75,000 a year from his patients, and for that reason it was claimed that his demand for \$25,000 for his attendance upon President Garfield was not unreasonable—the other doctors making substantially the same claim. And they, too, were all of that philanthropic class, who are willing to sacrifice their very “lives for the benefit of humanity.” Let us reflect: That on all the suffering between health and death, one man thrives, fattens, to the extent of \$75,000 a year; while those sufferings are largely in the families of the poor, the day laborer at one, two or more dollars a day, upon which his family must subsist, and, when he is the sick one, that income must stop while he lays upon the sick bed, to be treated by a Dr. Agnew medical science process, at a rate, to him, of \$200 a day income. Dr. Agnew’s income may have been an exceptionally large one, yet there

are all grades, down to the \$10,000 size. Female cograduates with Mrs. Edison, who also figured in the Garfield case, are said to have incomes ranging from \$10,000 to \$15,000 a year—\$30 to \$45 a day, twenty times as much as the ordinary day laborer receives. Yet those doctors—and their name is legion—collect those enormous fees for their services largely from those laborers, who often become impoverished, and in innumerable cases are compelled to become recipients of public charity, pinched by want and suffering, while those professional manipulators of their cases revel in luxurious wealth and palatial homes.

These are no idle fancies, for the characters, representing both classes, are seen in every community the world over. Here in our own city, while we see the most abject suffering of one class, we may also behold the other, in all their luxurious grandeur. The medical scientist has so magnified his pretended calling, and so large a class of the people are so easily impressed by his pretentious and high sounding professions, that they have thrown themselves right into his arms, believing that their only hope for life and health is in being continually dosed with his nostrums.

I claim that I am not doing injustice to human nature when I declare that those professionals have a disposition to industriously labor with those people, to impress upon their minds the importance of guarding against sickness, by investing in their drugs, and paying them for having an oversight over them and their families—of having a “family

doctor." Does not the same human nature, resting in them, that rests in the bosom of the grocer, butcher, milkman, or in him in any other business, create in them a desire to thrive? And with that desire—ever present with them in their professional relations with the people—are they not prompted to make the most money possible out of that same ever-confiding and deluded people? And knowing the power they have over the mind of average humanity, above any other business calling, do they not use that power to draw from such humanity, largely, more than they give value received for? Witness those \$75,000, \$15,000 or \$10,000 incomes; while for a proof of a disposition to rob the people outright, witness the Garfield doctors—as they knew it must come from the people. Had they had the sense that their envious professional brethren, who were watching and looking on from a distance, said they lacked, and saved that precious patient, then the people would gladly have given them a million of gratitude, with their claimed fee.

Thirty-five years ago I posted the books of Dr. Sutton, of Aurora. That was before the time of high prices, and his fees, then, were not more than about half what doctor's fees are now. Yet his charges ranged from about \$15 to \$25 a day, which, doubled would make about the fees of those women, as well as many men, doctors of to-day, thus taking but two or three days to accumulate as much money as the average working man gets for a month's wages. While those extortionate demands are the natural tendency of the profession, it can not be de-

nied that there are many members of it who are earnest, philanthropic workers for the benefit of their patients, but who are led by their prejudices for their "code" to ignore outside remedies, often to the injury of their patients, by prolonging their sufferings, and, too often, ending in death. That a large portion of the cases that the doctors have professional names for, and profess much scientific knowledge in treating, are made dangerous, or materially aggravated, by their drugs, is the belief of many reflecting minds, and who believe that it can not be disproved by the profession. *Hall's Journal of Health* once published that "Nine-tenths of the cases of sickness that afflict the people would disappear by the patient resting quietly on the bed, without any medical treatment." I was once told by a sister of old Dr. Stallo, of Cincinnati, that she had heard him say that much the largest portion of medicine given to the sick was of no benefit, and much of it actually hurtful. Diseases are largely the result of violations of the laws of nature—over-taxing the mental, physical or digestive organs—hence a rest of any one of them affected, will restore it to health again. But this information is not in the interests of medical scientists—many, at least—and they would keep it from the people, for the same reason that induces them to publish, when "A Layman" publishes that it had been demonstrated, by repeated trials, that the cold bath will cure scarlet fever and other fevers, that he "talks dangerous folly."

Here I quote thus: "And the same time there

arose no small stir." And the language of one ancient Demetrius: "Sirs, know ye by this craft we have our wealth. Moreover, ye see and hear, that not alone at Ephesus, but almost throughout all of Asia, this Paul," a layman, "hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying that there be no gods which are made with hands, so that this, our craft, is in danger to be set at naught," but also that the temple of the great "medical science," and its magnificence, which all the people and the world worshippeth, shall be despised and belittled by this man "Layman."

A year or so ago, at a meeting of the medical society, the members discussed the use of quinine in typhoid fever, and agreed that not more than twenty grains a day should be given to reduce the temperature; that it was the best agent for the purpose, etc. Then "Dr. Woollen announced that he was going to New York, and would do errands for his medical friends in the way of books or instruments, when Dr. Waterman suggested that he bring back a few new ideas." Facetious, wasn't he? But was there not a world of meaning in that suggestion of "new ideas?" They had been talking about the treatment of typhoid fever, and as Dr. Woollen had had a sad experience in a case of that fever in his own family, a few years before—his brother—which terminated fatally, the thought might have struck him that had he got those "new ideas" in time, that brother could have been saved to the embrace of his young and grief-stricken wife. Quinine did not save him, but had he got a "new idea" from

Charley Kregelo's doctor, who, rather than let him die, determined to throw away his quinine and lay aside his "code," and put him in a tub of cold water, then he might have saved that brother for the consolation of an aged mother and beloved wife.

O, sad the thought that so many mothers', fathers', wives', husbands' and children's hearts are brought to mourning and deep sorrow, in the untimely loss of loved ones, all in consequence of the determined policy of that profession to cling to the same old line of treatment, while so impotent to save all those loved ones; but, letting them constantly fall into their graves—while their whole treatment is one of experiments, as that writer on General Grant's case said. Yet their experiments are confined within their code, ignoring any other suggestions, of any other treatment than such as is contained in that. An illustration of that obstinacy, while claiming that all are fools who suggest any other mode of treatment, may be found in the following incident in congressional life :

After Professor Morse had experimented and found that electricity could be used, just as it is now used in telegraphing, and, while he was in Washington asking aid of Congressmen in perfecting his plans, a Dr. Espy was there asking the same aid in perfecting his experiments, in drawing water from the heavens at pleasure. They were seen walking along the streets together by a bevy of Congressmen and others, when one of the smart Congressmen—just like our smart doctors—who knew them and their business, said: "There go two fools."

Being asked to explain, he said: "One of them thinks he can talk by lightning, and the other, that he can make it rain when he pleases." Considering now the utility of that "fool" Morse's experiments, and while it may be safely assumed that all the fools were not outside of Congress, may it not also be assumed that some of like fools are inside the medical profession? A little practice on the experiments tried outside of that profession for the cure of diseases might prove them safe remedies—as many now know them to be—to be applied to the afflicted people, to save them, where those inside remedies so often fail.

CHAPTER VII.

Notwithstanding the high and lofty, and "I am holier than thou" feeling of the medical profession toward those who criticise their course, in relation to all outside remedies, they display an evident fear that they would not be able to vindicate their practice, by experimenting to test the worth of those outside remedies, as compared to their own. Ridicule, sneer and contemptuous language is their only forte. My *Herald* critic, while criticising my statement about curing my little girl, refers to me as one of the "amateur doctors" who is disclosing information about the treatment of scarlet fever patients, and sums it all up by suspecting that I have an interest in a coffin factory. And which might suggest this query for his consideration: If the successful

treatment of one case of scarlet fever entitles me to an interest in a coffin factory, how many such factories and grave yards are the medical profession entitled to, in fee simple, who lose about as many cases as they cure? The fool who would suggest my interest in a coffin factory under such circumstances should be able to answer this query. The adage that "Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other," is clearly verified in my case. Dr. "Critic" may be able to make the application. Our experience is this:

Forty-four years ago we lost a dear little girl, four years old, our first born, by scarlet fever. She was treated by the code, by our "family physician," a man whom I always loved as a brother, and to this day have the same kindly feelings toward him; yet I would not let him treat another case of scarlet fever, for the simple reason that I have found a better and intensely safer way—cold bath. I have practiced it twenty-four years—including my little girl's case, thirty years—and, in all that time, I have had serious cases of chills—for which I used warm bath—and fevers, including what was termed by the doctors "spotted" fever, at a time when our nearest neighbor, Mrs. Goas, died of it, while she was being treated by Drs. Thompson and Woodburn. During its prevalence there were twelve deaths out of fifteen cases, all in sight of our house, and all under doctors' care, while my family passed through all those years without a dose of medicine, and I escaped the luxury of a doctor's bill all that time.

I moved into the neighborhood of all those terrible malaria-breeding places, that the city fathers and medicine men were exercised about so long, twenty-four years ago last July, and when we went there all our family were suffering from a stubborn attack of chills—stubborn, I mean, while in the hands of the doctors. We had been all summer treated by at least two doctors, with no prospect of relief, until my patience had become exhausted. I then said to my wife, “This medicine business shall stop, and I will try the virtue of water.” Then, when the chill came on, the child was placed in a tub of warm water, while the older ones were packed in hot sheets, and in a few days we were all well, excepting the boy, whose case terminated in the hip disease which I have already mentioned. We lived in one house for twelve years, always enjoying good health, because when we had symptoms of chills or fever, the water remedy was always at hand. Three of our children had died, years before, while under the doctors’ care.

Thus our experience of about forty-four years has been this: First twenty-four years our family was doctored according to the “code,” and we lost three children, The last twenty years we have “doctored” ourselves with water, taken no medicine and lost no children. Thus it can be seen that experience was a dear school to us, and if, in all those years, we were “fools” while learning to let medicine and the doctors severely alone, how many fools are there in this city, and the country o’er, in that same “fool” predicament now?

To refer again to my Dr. Critic's query, "Does he claim to be inspired?" I answer again, "Yes." After forty-four years of experience I am inspired to pronounce the medical science, as it appears on the lips of its devotees, a humbug, to gull the people into trusting them to cure them of disease, while they are powerless to do it. The most stupendous fraud ever practiced upon the world—impotent to aid the people, but powerful and prolific in their quarrels for rivalry as to who shall gull those confiding people first, and last, and most.

In regard to their latest quarrel in this city, over the Board of Health management, the *Journal* has this to say: "According to the statement of Dr. Hurty himself, the fight is made against Dr. Earp by the other physicians, not because they have personal objection, but because he is a 'rival,' and therefore they can not co-operate with him." And further says: "It is the same old medical quarrel, in another form, that was so long and so shamelessly waged over the city hospital. Hurty's acknowledgment, over the nature of his support—by rival physicians of Dr. Earp's—is sufficient to condemn his candidacy in the public mind." And it should have added, "And also to condemn the pretentious claims of all such physicians, as benefactors of the people"—"ready to sacrifice their lives for the benefit of humanity." Again: "The *Journal* has not the slightest objection to the medical code of ethics of itself, nor have the people generally. For all this paper and the people care, that remarkable system might be copper-plated and riveted, as well

as brass bound." And then, dear *Journal*, cast into the sea? There is where Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said it should be cast, for the best interests of the people. "It is only when its workings interfere with the general welfare, as in the Board of Health case, that the smallest interest is felt in it outside of the profession." And it is a very small part of the time, "when its workings do not interfere with the general welfare." Its workings are for the benefit of that "remarkable system" alone, and is but seldom for the general welfare, but more generally against it.

The *News* has this: "Outside of matters pertaining to their profession, no class of men are more broad-minded than physicians." Just so. They are then the peers of journalists, lawyers, merchants, butchers, liquor sellers, peanut venders, milk-men, and what not. "This fact makes their professional narrowness more remarkable." Not at all, dear *News*. They conceive, and have so far succeeded in convincing all the world, that they are essential to its salvation, in that professional "bigness," which the *News* mistakes for "narrowness." In that they are only striving to see who shall die first, and last, while they are "sacrificing their lives for the benefit of humanity." But that benefit seems to be of the reacting kind, wherein that humanity seems to die oftener than the professional kind. "The wonder is that men so intelligent are not ashamed to indulge in such a petty exhibition of jealousy." No. That intelligence prevents any shame in them, because it consists in their knowl-

edge of the fact that they have got the public, who are "ashamed for them," so completely within their control, in consequence of their pretentious claims of medical knowledge, that were it to feel ashamed for them for one moment, it would upon the first symptom of a little "bellyache" run to them for a little of Dr. Fletcher's pickled moonshine.

The quarrel is hardly out of the memory of the disgusted people of our city, nor the ink hardly dry on the type, rehashing it for hungry gossip, until that scandal of the city hospital affair was again presented to the readers of the city papers, and in it was involved, not only the professional and moral standing of doctors, but the moral character of women also. Years ago a woman was on trial for poisoning her husband. The doctor in attendance on him detected arsenic in the food the wife had prepared for him, but two physicians, of another school of medicine, were found who testified to the effect that he was not competent to distinguish arsenic from—chalk, perhaps, or any other white substance. Thus they were willing that a murderer should go unpunished, if they could thereby get a good fee, and punish a doctor for the crime of belonging to another school of medicine, though he had always borne as good a reputation as a physician as themselves.

Now, I submit to candid minds: Can not a criticism upon such practices of that profession be made without being obnoxious to the charge of prejudging? I have written nothing but what has been thoroughly fixed in my mind by more than forty

years of observation and experience—by the bedside of sick neighbors and my own family, and from the opinions of others whose experiences are largely akin to my own. The fact is evident that “Dr. Critic,” who claimed that I admitted a violent prejudice against doctors, had no other defense to make for their faults and failures, and many shortcomings as a pretentious “highflyer” profession, only to assume, as a fact, what was not warranted by my statements. As a humane man, could I do less than point the way for those afflicted parents to follow, to escape the loss of dear children? And if the medical profession fail to cure by their theory and practice, are they not open to censure by one who believes their failure is the result of that practice, without his being justly liable to the charge of prejudice? Shall their pretentious claims to superior knowledge, education, high standing in society, to being Christian men and women, make them impregnable to assault by public opinion, should they fail to make their pretensions good, by curing their patients, or when they refuse to come down from their high standing and education, to go outside of that medical theory to save such patients by the successful treatment of one who makes no pretensions to such medical knowledge? Then, is it all prejudice when public or private opinion revolts against such practice, and seeks and finds a common sense way, by the application of nature’s laws, to save our children; to proclaim it, and censure the doctors for their failures? I am sure there are doctors and others who have known my sacrifices in aiding suf-

fering humanity, who will not attribute to me improper feelings or motives in pleading for those whom I believe are sufferers, even from a failure of their own profession.

One case I will mention as pertinent to the matter of "high-toned" doctors: It will be remembered that Dr. Dio Lewis was one of the medical writers who treated on hygiene, physical development, nervous, enfeebled bodies, sanitary and social science, etc., but could not save himself from death when his disease was nothing more than accidental erysipelas in the knee, of two or three days' duration. His top-lofty way of presenting his reforms, cures and theories did not reach down to a plain case of erysipelas, and so he fell a victim to it. Had he included in his manifold theories and practices "chloride of sodium," according to their very scientific language, but vulgarly called "salt," as a cure for his fatal disease, his obituary would not then, very likely, have been written.

I can present an exactly similar case to his: A few years ago I fell on the icy sidewalk, my whole weight on the palm of my right hand, straining the wrist and thumb joint so that I have only a partial use of my hand, though still able to write up the encomiums (?) of the medical profession, while that fact may explain to that profession why it is so lamely done—as they will undoubtedly think it is. From the first I feared erysipelas, owing to my age, and in a few days it was plainly developed around the wrist. I first applied the usual remedy, cranberry poultice, but it did not relieve it. I then

bathed it in strong salt water, and kept a flannel cloth, saturated with the salt water, wrapped around it, covering it with a dry cloth. After two days of this treatment, all appearance of the disease was gone. Can it not be readily seen that, had that great theorist come down to earth, as it were, and employed "A Layman" to treat his erysipelated knee, he might, for all that little hurt, be still theorizing?

Then another case, exactly as General Grant's was, as described by his doctors, and published in the papers, and called cancer: The disease lingered for months, while I was trying the usual remedies—chlorate of potash, camphor, etc.—but with no perceptible benefit. Then I determined to try the virtue of salt alone, and filled my mouth with it, dry, from time to time, and kept it there until the moisture in my mouth would dissolve it, while the affected parts of the mouth and throat would receive it as it dissolved. The salt was thus used several times a day and night, until it effected a perfect cure. That "experiment" was tried just at the time when General Grant's doctors were publishing bulletins in the papers about the dangerous condition of his throat, and, owing to the condition of my throat, and its obstancy in yielding to those common remedies, caused me some alarm. In my case that remedy was a success, while I have no doubt that had General Grant never seen a doctor, and used that remedy instead, he would be living now, for all that throat trouble.

I am liable to those throat troubles, and last October had another attack—the same disease, no

doubt, that killed General Grant and Emperor Frederick, by the aid of their doctors. While the disease was developing, I did nothing until I was no longer able to swallow solid food. As soon as I found myself in that condition, I realized that I must check its further progress at once. I then, upon retiring, took dry salt into my mouth, but the pain and sickening sensation caused by it prevented my getting any rest until 2 o'clock, while in the meantime, the salt caused me to vomit, and to throw up a large quantity of cancerous matter. I continued the salt, alternating with diluted camphorated alcohol and chlorate of potash for three days, all the time working on a diet of milk, cream and honey, and continuing that diet exclusively for five days, after which I soon recovered. Now, suppose, I had placed myself under medical treatment, is it supposable that I would have been on my feet all the time, hard at work? Or, rather, would I not have been on my back, on the bed? And lucky that I did not find my winding sheet in that fifty per cent. of death from diphtheria, as was then reported to be the case in the city.

To recur to the cases of those two distinguished men: Suppose General Grant's doctors had not had so much of that learned science, which mystified their minds as how to cure him—but which did convince them that he must die—but enough to suggest to them to try "chloride of sodium," not the vulgar "salt." They certainly did know that it had virtue in skin and ulcerous diseases; then might they not have saved him? It will be remembered that a Dr.

“Specialist” offered to treat him, and thought, from the success he had had in his treatment, that he could cure him. But, no. Those wiseacres did not propose to allow any other one to have the credit, which they were sure they could not claim, of curing him.

Right here : At the time those doctors were sending out their bulletins about the hopelessness of his case, a doctor of fifty years’ practice wrote me, in substance, this: “Grant’s doctors have said that he has cancer, and must die. Of course, then, he will die, because they have said so ; and he must die, to show that they are not mistaken. Their word must be made good.” He was not the only doctor who criticised their course. But then, they all will do that, especially if a fee is involved, and they are likely to “get left.”

So it was in the case of President Garfield. The doctors outside, without any hope of getting that \$25,000 fee, put in their time most industriously, saying all kinds of naughty things of Bliss & Co. To show how disinterestedly those doctors worked to save the President, without thought of reward in the shape of a fee, it is only necessary to take a glimpse of their professional conduct since that sad event. It is only necessary to remember the great cundurango craze, a few years before, which Dr. Bliss was so much interested in—in behalf of the people, you know. Then, since Dr. Hamilton’s sacrificing his life—almost—to save the President, it will be remembered that the plumbing in New York City was discovered to be very defective, and a little later, it was published that Dr. Hamilton—presuma-

bly the same—had been “seen” by the plumbers before discovering—“scientifically,” you know—that that plumbing was very dangerous to the health of the citizens. And very recently it has been published that he is now putting in his time, very industriously, in recommending the use of tobacco, as not hurtful, but beneficial, which leads the wicked opponent to its use to wonder, and also to wickedly suspect, that he has also been “seen” by the naughty tobacconist—in the shape of a liberal “fee.”

What have we witnessed in the last few months, in the matter of Emperor Frederick’s sickness and death, and the quarrel over him by his doctors of both nationalities? What have they betrayed but a virulent feeling toward each other, not only professionally, among his own subjects, but also on account of national jealousies? Yet those jealousies were secondary to the main cause of those animosities and consequent actions, the first undoubtedly being the fee consideration. And those men represent the same class and profession the world over. Our Health Board quarrel, compared to them, is as a drop of water to a bucketful. And all for money and fame, while the best interests of the people are as insignificant, in those quarrels, as that drop of water is to the bucketful. Yet these men, who are continually bickering and contending for precedence and preferment, one over the other, scandalizing each other, belittling each other’s professional ability and honesty, while grasping for those monster fees, so often claimed and obtained, claim to be lineal descendants, professionally, of men who are

represented by the astute of the profession to have done more good in the world than the twelve Apostles ; or are next to Christ Himself.

Dr. Fletcher, in addressing a class of graduating medical students, referred to one of their predecessors—"Count Rumford"—as having done more good in the world than "even the twelve Apostles." Yet, originally, the "Count" was plain Ben. Thompson, a renegade Yankee, who had fled his country at the time of his country's need ; went to England and joined himself to his country's enemies ; then drifted around until he found himself in a Dutchman's dominion, who dubbed him "Count Rumford." Then in our city we have an enthusiastic disciple of Hahnemann, the discoverer of "homeopathy"—Wm. B. Clarke, who writes: "Of whom it may be said that no man, save Christ, has ever conferred upon his fellows such blessings as he." Why should not Drs. Fletcher and Clarke come to an understanding, and equalize the virtue of their respective deities, before presenting them for admiration to their dupes? Such adulation of doctors, by doctors, for the ears of young doctors, is calculated to inflate their minds with the idea that the medical profession places them in a position entirely above ordinary humanity, while what they say or do is not to be criticised by that ordinary humanity, who, they have been led to believe, is far beneath them in all matters of judgment in treating the sick. Hence the person who prefers to use an outside remedy in a case of sickness, instead of consulting their own professional selves, however well that

remedy may succeed in the cure of that patient, and who should see fit to publish its success, is treated with scornful contempt, his remedy ridiculed, and he charged with uttering "dangerous folly."

CHAPTER VIII.

The adulatory language the profession is accustomed to use toward each other—that is, when they are not quarrelling about treating some distinguished patient for fame and fee—is plainly illustrated in Dr. Fletcher's lecture to that class of medical offsprings, when, in reviewing all the advantages in the ameliorating condition of mankind, from 2,000 years before Christ down to the wonderful Yankee renegade "Rumford," he is pleased to attribute it all to the "medical mind;" and, while placing him before the Apostles, the only wonder is that he had not placed their Master, Christ, second to Hippocrates or Aristotle, Galen or Celsus. All of which adulation and self-praise—self, because while he is praising all those medical minds, he is, as a matter of course, estimating his own as one of them, which those sprigs of the profession understood, and also as in the line of direct hereditary, that the same old mantle of all those ancient "medical minds" will, in time, fall upon their shoulders, just as it now is resting upon our Board of Health and "would be members" of it, always not excepting the discoverer of "pickled moonshine" as not a remedial agent in typhoid fever.

“It has been to rid mankind of the causes of disease that physicians have delved in the most noxious matters, breathed death-dealing fumes, experimented on their own bodies, and sacrificed their lives by thousands,” says the Doctor. For instance, Dr. Compton’s blowing away, in theory, the dust of our city “to some distant place” before it should be “sprinkled,” so as to prevent the “disease germs,” which would infest it, should it become wet; and the sun, should it warm them into life, would be one of the causes of that disease, which the physicians have “delved,” etc., to prevent. The Doctor must have taken his life into his own hands, as it were, when he conceived the idea of blowing that dust away from his neighbor, whom he desired to save from the epidemic which he saw in the sprinkler’s wagon, and the rays of “Old Sol,” should they come in contact with that dust, which he was so anxious to “blow away to some distant place.” Yet, with all his anxiety to save our dear city from that epidemic, he did not seem to take into consideration the sad fate of the citizens of that “distant place.” Slightly selfish in him, but, perhaps, quite praiseworthy. Then, who knows but that dust did “blow away” to Plymouth, Penn., where the citizens so recklessly disregarded our doctor’s theory as to turn the sprinkler loose into their streets, bringing that terrible epidemic, which raged there so fiercely, but which the doctors there could do nothing with; nor, while wringing their hands in anguish, did they even dream that it was the result of our Dr. Compton’s delving into our dust to save us from that terrible

epidemic which came down to them, in a mixture of "Old Sol" and street sprinkler. *En passant*: Those Plymouth doctors must have been away from home at the time that Dr. Fletcher's "Rumford's cloak" was falling around about their burg.

"The medical mind has not crowned monuments or emoluments for its labor," says our doctor historian. Why yes, Doctor. Are not their monuments in those Plymouth ones, or some other thoughtless city's monuments, that were raised to commemorate the memories of those victims who lost their lives from the effect of that mixture which our doctor was so anxious to save us from? And, while saving us, blew it away, in theory, "to some distant place." Are they not, also, monuments to his wonderful "medical mind"? And, too, are not the monuments in Plymouth Cemetery, which were raised to the memory of those who died of that epidemic, also monuments to those medical minds there who could not save those people? Monuments to their folly in assuming to do what they failed in doing in the very time of need? Besides, what are all those monuments in Crown Hill, and every cemetery in the world, but monuments to the failures of "medical minds" to save the people from disease and death, after making those great pretentions, leading the same people to trust them to do it—securing their trust by false pretenses?

"Or emoluments for its labor." Why, Doctor! Doctor! No emoluments in those \$75,000 annual incomes of the Agnews, Blisses, Hamiltons, Sir McKenzies, or in those \$25,000, \$15,000 or even

\$10,000 of those lesser ones of the "weaker vessels" of humanity? Besides, what about those piles of brick and mortar, bank stock, palatial residences and corner lots, all taxed to those eminent medical minds of our city and State?

Our distinguished historian, in climbing down from 2,000 years before Christ, gets down to 1795, when he says: "Jenner discovered vaccination as a prevention of small-pox. This alone has saved the lives of untold thousands, and is recognized through the civilized world as the greatest life-saving discovery of this or any other age." But, dear doctor, you forget to mention the great life-saving discovery of those French physicians—the salt bath—that will save small-pox patients *en masse*, the truth of which discovery was verified by the salt-watery element of San Francisco bay. Yet one would scarcely think our historian cares about remembering that very little bit of history. There does not seem to be any way to adulation, for the medical mind, in the work of that watery element—salt bath—on those fifteen small-pox patients. More need of your commiseration, Doctor, for the evident "vacuity" manifested in the cranium of those doctors, in San Francisco, who prophesied instant death to those patients as a consequence of that salt water bath. The average medical mind of to-day is afraid of that curative element, because it destroys the theory of Jenner and his disciples, that salt is dangerous in that disease; and it is such a simple and easy cure that it destroys all the mystery they have always thrown around it; and, worse

than all that, it materially cuts short that emolument which the doctor is so sure the "model" medical mind does not get, for all "its labor."

He also says: "Among chemicals and medicinal agents, we have quinine, morphia, iodides, bromides," etc. But, then, while Dr. Oliver may use quinine, antipyrine, etc., in typhoid fever, does Dr. Fletcher? If so, is it not in the same category with his pickled moonshine? And then, why don't the doctor invent something that is good for it? Say water? Though he might give it such a very scientific name that neither old Adam, nor any of his progeny, would recognize the "old original Adam's ale"—"blown in the bottle" or not. Surely the medical mind of our historian, with all the advantage of his acquaintance with all those ancient, as well as modern minds, ought to be equal to the occasion, while he might vie with the great "Rumford," or even with Dr. Clarke's No. 2 Christ. Besides, the doctor has forgotten, or possibly has not read—as "physicians do not take prescriptions from the papers"—that French physicians have also discovered that the cold bath is a certain cure for typhoid fever. But possibly he has exhausted his energies in the line of searching after medical minds, since discovering Jenner and Count Rumford. Truly it must have been an exhaustive effort—that reaching after pickled moonshine. Besides, it would destroy Dr. Oliver's theory, that there is no remedy for typhoid, only to keep up the patient's strength, while the doctor "makes a good thing" out of the quinine and antipyrine, all the time that

the patient is wearing out the fever—always provided that the fever does not first wear out the patient.

To follow up our historian: “In the progress of medical science, and all allied to it, we have evidence that the uniform tendency has been to ameliorate the condition of mankind.” This, from a medical standpoint, from a representative of those whose business it is to practice that pretended science on a confiding people, who are allured by those practitioners to think that their medical nostrums are necessary to their health, and to protect them from disease; who prate their all-time theme that disease is always insidiously stealing upon them, and that they should always have their remedies to use, at the very faintest warning of its presence. “An ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure,” is their watchword. And with the swarms of those impecunious young sprigs of the profession, those whom the Fletchers, and Fanfarons—I borrow this name from Dr. J. W. Hervey, and he is responsible for it, whomsoever it represents—have inflated and freighted with the ideas of their wonderful—superhuman, as it were—knowledge, and parading it before the people until, alarmed and deluded, they seek those wonderful embodiments of knowledge for relief from danger of disease and death; then with the cure-all in their pocket, hasten home to swallow it, or to administer it to some one or more of the family, who are already trembling with alarm at the terrible symptoms already felt of coming danger.

Such is a picture of every-day life. It is no fancied picture. Every city, every community the country over, is filled with such a class of medical practitioners, whose necessities for even a bare living compels them to industriously present their claims for public patronage. The medical colleges are continually pouring out troops of young men—and women, too—to thus prey upon the unsuspecting, deluded people, while disease, imaginary or real, according to the power of the so-called doctor over the mind of the patient, is doing its deadly work. My estimate of that class of impecunious medical pretenders is not without backing. Dr. Shrady, one of General Grant's doctors, has this to say : "There is more doctors, or persons holding the degree of M. D., than make a decent living. The country, in fact the world, is over-stocked with them. The sober facts show that the medical profession in the market is crowded to overflowing; that the supply far exceeds the demand. While the increase of population is less than two per cent., the increase of doctors is more than five and one-half per cent., and there is little room left, to a considerable per cent. of physicians, to gain the bare necessities of life." Three and one-half per cent., while that per cent. is all the time increasing, added to the number of doctors every year, more than there is to the people; and the medical colleges in our city, under the special care of the Fletchers, Woodburns, Herveys, Jamisons, Hurtys, and the host whose name is legion, emptying upon the people every year legions of those young sprigs

of the vaunted medical minds, so successfully unearthed by that orator, on the late occasion of investing those eighty-one fledglings with wind, and assurance to go out to prey upon the same deluded people, by playing their confidence games upon them, to fleece them to the extent, at least, of giving them "the bare necessities of life."

The people could well afford to donate to them those "bare necessities" were that all. But it is not. It is merely a drop in the bucketful of their loss. With their money, go health and life ; and while this preying upon health and life is going on, poverty, in its varied forms and degrees, is making its inroads upon them : while the rich in the emoluments of life are equally sure of sickness, sufferings and death, at the hands of that wholesale quackery that is practiced upon them by those confidence men and women, in pursuit of the "bare necessities of life." And, while it is remarkable, considering the supposed intelligence of those people, in higher life, educated in all, or many, of the theories of life and living, that they should be so easily led and snared by the deceptions of those confidence medicine-mongers. Those medical minds are prolific in their pretentious knowledge, for all pretended diseases, until their patients are brought to the verge of the grave by their treatment. Then that same medical mind is powerless, in all his freighted and inflated condition, with the medical knowledge filled into him in those colleges, and blown into him by those orators on graduation days, to save them. They did not save C. F. Holliday in his brief attack

of chill, and the fever following it. No. But their treatment intensified the disease, and hurried it on, to hasten the death of the patient. Nor did they save Vice-President Hendricks. No, indeed. But the same lack of proper and simple treatment hurried him to his end. Did the same pretentious medical minds save Chief Justice Waite? No. And he, too, while two of those minds were quarrelling over their treatment of him, went to his grave; while two hours of a simple warm bath, administered without any parade of medical science, so called, would have saved him. So with General Grant and Emperor Frederick. The great cry of incurable cancer, in their cases, was all false, but necessary with those eminently medical minds, to cover up the utter impotency of their profession, with all "their mumblings in unknown tongues," as the *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette* has it, to save them.

Congressman Haskell had three "incurable" diseases, according to the trio of those medical minds, who treated him. Neither Count Rumford's nor Hahnemann's mantles fell upon that trio, nor, surely, did Dr. Fletcher blow upon them at their graduation, else why such a failure? The sprigs of those Christ-like Hahnemanns and Apostle-excelling Rumfords, have terribly degenerated in our day and generation—dwindled down to merely "yaller suckers" of the life-blood of the people.

Here is the case of a family bereavement, which is duplicated in our city and country a thousand times a year, and occurring daily all over the land,

and which illustrates not only the imbecility, but inhumanity, of the vaunted medical profession. I unhesitatingly say "inhumanity," because they let their patients die, rather than deviate from their code to cure them: "George L. Phillips, President of the Central Union and Chicago Telephone Company, died of typhoid fever at his home in Edgewater, late yesterday afternoon. His death is rendered particularly sad by the fact that his second daughter, whom he took to school in New York, on January 6, died of typhoid fever in that city last Wednesday. Mrs. Phillips was summoned to New York, and arrived there just in time to see her daughter die. She returned to Chicago, but found her husband so ill that the doctors would not allow her to see him, and he passed away in ignorance of her return or his daughter's death."

Think of that bereavement in that family, while in the hands of that great self-adulatoried profession, which would not have come upon it, had it not been for the inhumanity of the profession in refusing to use the cold bath for that father and daughter, by which they would have saved them; and the great sorrow that now rests upon the remnant of that family. They are self-convicted of the great crime of not trying to break that fever by a cold bath. Dr. Oliver said: "We do not recognize typhoid as a fever that can be broken up or headed off, like malaria." That is the professional's way and talk, the object of which is to draw from the people all their available cash; then, rather than let a patient die, some of them will save him by the cold bath

process. And some of them are candid enough to admit, in private conversation, that water will break the fever at once.

For instance, some years ago, I was contending with Dr.—I omit his name, as it was a private conversation—who is now practicing in the city, for the cold bath in fever, who admitted its utility, and related his treatment of a case of typhoid with it, in substantially these words: “I was called to see a railroad superintendent, who had a severe attack of typhoid fever. He said to me: ‘Doctor, I want you to get me out of this in three days,’ when I answered: ‘If you get out in three weeks, you may think yourself lucky.’ ‘But Doctor,’ said he, ‘I must be out to attend to my business.’ Then I said to him, ‘If you can stand the expense, I will try and see what I can do.’ He answered that he cared nothing for the expense, ‘It is the time I want.’ I then put him through a regular water treatment, and in three days he was out attending to his business. I charged him \$30.” What do the Dr. Olivers think of this admission of one of their number? Does any one think that man did begrudge his \$30? Would not his bill have been more than that, besides the loss of three week’s time, with all the suffering he had endured?

I am sure that some of my own experiences are worth considering: I milked cows and drove milk wagon, from 1867 to 1874, and some of the time my work was very wearing on me, so that I was at times very much prostrated. One morning, while feeling very badly, I started with my wagon, and

before half-way round I felt that a chill was coming upon me, and before reaching home was shaking severely. I then sat down by the stove and put my feet into the hot oven, while all the time shaking as though my joints would come apart, and while so shaking drank three quarts of cold water. I now think that warm water would have hastened, more readily, the stopping of the chill. I sat there until the chill was off. Then came an equally violent fever, when I had a bath tub filled with water from the well, stripped myself and laid down in it, being all submerged but my head, and had a comfort thrown over the tub. I laid there until perspiration came freely, on my head and face, and the fever entirely gone. I was then rubbed dry, laid down in bed, covered up so as to be warm, when I sweat freely for some time; after which I arose, again rubbed dry, and put on a sufficiency of clothes to protect my person from a possibility of any cold sensation, remaining in doors until time to go to the stable to milk; then milked sixteen cows. That was the last of my chill and fever. Now, suppose I had called C. F. Holliday's doctor, would I have went out to the stable that evening to milk? That was the difference between a treatment to cure, and one the main object of which was to collect a fee.

Another time: I was up at 3 o'clock every morning, to feed and milk sixteen cows, and go out with the milk twice a day. I felt that it was more strain on my strength than it would bear, the result of which was, a slow fever came on me from

day to day. Finally, after retiring, I was fully impressed that I must break that fever or I should not be able to go to the stable in the morning. Then, arising, I had water brought from the well, washed myself all over thoroughly with it, and again retired, but not to sleep, for the fever was still there. Then I again arose, gave myself another washing, and again retired, but yet not to sleep, as a remnant of the fever remained. Then I again arose and washed, and then retired to sleep, which I did, sweetly, until 3 o'clock, when I awoke, after a better night's rest than I had had for some time, and had fully recovered my usual strength.

And now, again, suppose I had resorted to Dr. Oliver's quackery, with quinine and antipyrine, or Dr. Fletcher's pickled moonshine, or any of the "Dr. Quacks'" treatment, would I have went out to that stable next morning? Any fool who is resorting to their treatment for fever, will answer in his heart, "no." Yet they will go to the next medical society and resolute that "cold water is not beneficial, but hurtful, in fever" of any kind.

I have already stated that I lived for twelve years in one of the most malaria-breeding districts about the city—between the Canal, Fall Creek, mill race and ice ponds—and much of that time our boys were exposed to that malarial atmosphere, herding cows on the creek bottoms, and, like other boys, much more in the water than was healthy, which often caused them to be attacked with "chills." Then, in that event, we had recourse to the hot bath. One chill was generally all they had

at one attack, while our neighbors lingered for months under the care of the doctors, just as we did in the summer of 1864. In all those years, when we were breaking chills with a warm bath, we could see doctors' buggies standing at the gates of our neighbors, often for months at a time, while we knew that some one or more of those families were suffering from chills, and were being treated by the doctors. Those doctors knew that they could cure those patients with the same hot bath with which we cured our children, but business was what they were after, to obtain, perhaps, "a bare subsistence," and as they had so successfully convinced those people that they needed their treatment, they were afraid to cut loose from them, although many of them were aware of our success in our treatment. Besides a little quinia, their medicines did not amount to much more than a pill of dough or chalk, but as the patient did finally recover under that treatment, and as, in his imagination, it had acted as a charm on him, he was ready to believe that "that doctor" was the very one for him all the time. Then he extols his skill to his next-door neighbor, while it passes on to the next, and next, until he becomes famous all at once, and all in consequence of the duplicity practiced upon a confiding people, who have been educated from infancy to think he is necessary to keep them in health. But should one of those deceived people be actually sick and in need of a remedy, he is utterly unable to render that service, for, should he recover under that treatment, it would be simply because his physi-

cal strength was able to withstand both disease and medicine.

Here are the words of a medical wiseacre : "Mr. Kingsley can not get ahead of us in his admiration of cold water. But, like all enthusiasts, he expects too much of his hobby. Cold water is sometimes useful in the treatment of scarlet fever, but it will not cure the disease. Nothing will." Now, this "will not," "nothing will," is false ; and to make the assumption of the average doctor, who asserts that the same treatment will not answer in two like cases of fever, true, he enters into a "non-sensical mumbling of unknown tongues," in showing that there are so many hair-splitting differences in diseases of the same general name, that each split in the hair requires a different treatment. All to blind people's eyes, so that they will all the more willingly submit to his treatment. Hence he says that cold water will not cure scarlet fever, while that assertion is made simply to draw their attention from a cheap and sure remedy for it, which is within their reach, without his aid.

There is just where the shoe hurts his corns. He wants to render that aid, amid all his mumblings, for the fee, that he may obtain "a mere subsistence," as Dr. Shrady says. It is not true that those hair-splittings make a different treatment necessary. The cause of fever, of all kinds, is in the blood, which immediately, or gradually, poisons the whole physical frame, and which is first felt in and around the vitals—digestive, respiratory, and heart, the blood distributing organ—which has the effect of closing

the natural evacuators of the whole physical frame—the pores of the skin. Hence that poison, which should be discharged through those evacuators in perspiration, is not so discharged, in consequence of those pores being closed, which consequently causes the rotting or dying process which is going on in the vitals, and which will be sure death to the patient, if that dying process is not stopped. The common sense way is to open the pores in the quickest way possible, that a perspiration may bring that poison away from the vitals, which stops that process of decay.

Then here is at once revealed the utility and necessity of cold water, which, when applied to the heated skin, causes a steam, which has the effect to open the pores, when the poison is brought away in a flow of perspiration. That poison showed itself in those blankets wrapped around that man with “yaller” fever, as the servant called it. A chill is generally the first stage of a disease culminating in fever, very often so slight as not to be noticed, but when it is noticed, a thorough foot-bath may be sufficient, but if not, the hot pack should be used, same as cold pack in fever. The foot-bath should be taken in a deep vessel, so as to bring the water as near to the knees as possible, and the patient well covered with comfort or quilt, tub and all, and should remain there until in a complete perspiration, when he should be placed in bed and covered up, warm, so as to continue the perspiration a reasonable length of time, when he can be rubbed dry and dressed, but he should remain out of any

cold draughts, or continue in bed, if he wishes. After either a hot or cold bath, the patient should be clothed well, so as to be perfectly warm, and keep perfectly quiet until completely restored to his usual health and strength. If fever should follow, after the chill is broken, then the cold bath, in tub or pack, should follow at once. Generally those two applications is the end of an ordinary case ; but sometimes the day following, or the next, may develop symptoms which may require a repetition. We never had more than the second attack, which was always much lighter than the first.

Again says the wiseacre : " Mr. Kingsley is unreasonable when he reproaches the doctors in being unable to 'cure' diseases." But that is what they profess to the people to be able to do, and with that understanding they are employed by them ; and they could do it, in nine cases out of ten, if they would employ nature's remedies, instead of their drugs. I "reproach" the doctors for deceiving their patients, in a way to make the most money out of them, regardless of the best way to "cure" them. Curing seems to be a secondary object with them. While they may hope in their hearts that their patient may recover, yet money is their great object.

After some facetious language which Dr. Wiseacre, no doubt, thought was smart, he says : " Mr. Kingsley must disabuse his mind of the erroneous idea that there is any 'sure cure' for anything, and then he will be prepared to admit that experience is better than theory." That is just what I am claim-

ing: That my experience is, with a thousand others before me, that the use of the cold pack has been a sure cure in every trial I have made with it in the last thirty years; and therefore I claim that I have no "erroneous idea" in claiming that it is better than the "theory" of the Drs. Wiseacres, Humbugs and Quack-olivers, who said that my "experience" was worth nothing, while theirs was reliable, though all the time losing as many patients as they cure, and those only saved after long suffering, while my patients are saved in a few hours, with comparatively no suffering. The claim of the pretentious doctor that the experience of "A Layman" is worth nothing, though a complete success in curing disease for more than a quarter of a century, is made upon the assumption that the doctors have the exclusive control of the ear of the public, and that it will listen to them, while it will turn away from anything that I may say in vindication of my experience. I confess, with sorrow, that that claim is well laid, too often for the good of the public. Hence it is with faint hope that I make the attempt in these pages to reach that public's ear, although with gratuitous information as to their best interests in regard to life and health; while that profession is continually levying a burdensome tax upon them, besides endangering life and health with their "theory," while the people's "experience" with that theory, mixed with their practice, is sickness, suffering and death.

CHAPTER IX.

The contempt the average doctor feels toward a person who may call in question the utility of their pretended knowledge of so-called medical science, as a curative element for disease, may be demonstrated in the reply of Dr. J. W. Hervey to an article of mine in regard to a paper which he read before the Marion County Medical Society, on "Utility and Progress in Medicine," in which he reviewed its advancement in the last fifty years. I queried: "Really, what are those advancements? Do they relieve people of sickness and suffering from what they endured then? Is typhoid any less fatal now than was typhus then? Is cholera any less fatal to-day in Spain than it was in New York, Philadelphia or elsewhere then? Is smallpox any less fatal in Montreal now, than it was, anywhere, then? Was not yellow fever in the last few years as fatal as ever before, in those localities it has scourged? Was the epidemic which prevailed last year in Plymouth, Pa., any less terrible than any that ever preceded it, anywhere, in the country? The doctors there could do nothing but stand around and wring their hands, but finally concluded that it was a violent type of typhoid fever, caused by bad drainage. But had they consulted Dr. Rice, of Springfield, Mass., he would have attributed it to the 'unnaturalness of the weather.' Those doctors were, undoubtedly, lineal descendants of Dr. Fletcher's ancient prodigies in the medical mind world,

but who had evidently forgot their lessons on the 'unnaturalness of the weather;' and, too, the doctor forgot to discover Dr. Rice, and his wonderful theory."

Then again I queried: "Is disease, or the danger of it, aside from the cause being removed by cleaning and drainage of the land, any less now in our city, than fifty years ago? If so, why the necessity of such an army of doctors—and which is being increased four times as fast, according to their number, as the citizens increase—if the 'changes, new remedies, appliances and contrivances,' have been successful in investigating and curing disease? But, as well as the change in 'the diathesis of disease' did not the influence of Samuel Thompson, about sixty years ago, begin to be so felt against the 'barbarous' practice of blood-letting and drastic medication, such influence being continued by the eclectics, that the 'regulars' were induced to let those practices drop out? Besides, are not those practices in France, where they have learned by experiment that the salt water bath is a sure remedy for small-pox, and, later, that cold bath in typhoid saves sixty to ninety per cent. of the number that before died under the old treatment, in the hospitals there, the real advancements in the knowledge as how to treat disease?"

Yet, all those facts have been, and are ignored by the average physician of to-day. But in the Doctor's pretended advancement, and change, is it not oftener in the interests of the physician, and, too painfully often, not to be of interest to "the peo-

ple who support them," who are already "heavily taxed," as the *Journal* has it in reference to the quarrel between druggists and physicians in St. Louis, where a physician, who had given a \$12 prescription which had been filled by a druggist for \$1, and who claimed that the physician did not divide that amount with him, as had been agreed upon, and, which, was the custom? That was business, but how would that quarrel affect the average patient, between paroxysms of chill and fever, puking and purging, should it be revealed to him, that those who had robbed him were quarreling over their booty?

The *Journal* prophesies that "a new hobby will come to magnify the services, and needs of the pill and powder, and their administrators." Why certainly, dear *Journal*. Has it not, already, come? What is Dr. Hervey's "Utility and Progress in Medicine," if not that "hobby?" Such papers being constantly read and discussed at their society meetings, portraying the marvelous achievements of medical science, magnifying its importance, flaunting in the face of those who are "heavily taxed," that they must buy and continue to buy those pills and powders; that to refuse, is at the risk of health and life? All this is calculated to deceive those who "support them"—who continue to pay tribute to those administrators of pill and powder. Nor, in all this, as well as in the thousands of patent nostrums, which the people are induced to buy, as "cures for all the ills that flesh is heir to," can the administrator alone, be at fault.

The people are willing to be gulled, and become willing sacrifices upon the altar of pretended medical science ; while the wages of their folly is loss of money, health and life. What can be the amount, annually, of "tax" assessed upon the people of Indianapolis by the half thousand administrators of "pill and powder"—\$12 prescriptions, and \$1 for the drugs, or even a less and more popular price to the masses for prescriptions? Would a half million pay the bill, not taking into the account time spent upon the sick couch, and nursing? Verily a million would come nearer the solid fact.

It may be all true as the *Journal* says : physicians are important members of community—"to the people who support them," to those "already heavily taxed," but to substract their importance, as tax gatherers only, from the general interests of those people, the remainder might dwindle down to very small proportions, compared to the original proposition. The *Journal*, not long since, quoted an article from the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, in which occurs this sentence: "Physicians profess faith in medicine, but really have very little." That undoubtedly places them in their true light ; and which Dr. Fletcher verified when he compared the value of all kinds which he had tried for typhoid fever to "pickled moonshine." And were it not for the interest their pockets have in their practice of it, on the deluded people, all physicians would say so, to those people. I here refer to the general practice, but do not deny that there are instances when medicine may be administered with-

out harm, and in very rare cases, with good results. But, where there is one good one there are nine bad ones.

It has been published that Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes once said that, "If the whole *materia medica* were sunk to the bottom of the sea it would be all the better for mankind." These two lines confirm every sentiment I have uttered between the covers of this book; and however much my Dr. Critic may emphasize, that to utter them is "dangerous folly," the people should weigh well these words of Dr. Holmes, as well as all they read in this book. A doctor, and an old friend, was a guest at my house, and has often been such. One morning I found him suffering—his hands and arms pressing on his stomach and groaning: "O, my stomach!" After expressing my sympathy for him, I said: "Well, doctor, will you have some medicine?" "No-o-o, I don't take medicine when I'm sick," was the ready answer. Afterward I rallied him about his "rule" to not take medicine when sick, and queried: Do you tell your patients that they do not need medicine? "No. The fools would not believe me if I did," was the answer.

I once stepped into a doctor's office in this city, and in passing the "howdy," he put his hand on his forehead, leaned back in his chair and groaned out, "O, I'm sick." I looked right in his eyes and said, with emphasis, "Well, you are the doctor;" and which brought forth this reply: "O, well, Kingsley, you are right. This doctoring is all a humbug. I wish I had never begun it, but the people are such

fools that they will have medicine, and I may as well give it to them as any one, just so I don't give them anything that will hurt them." And he is still at it, "at the old stand," and when his eyes strike this, he will see that I am kind enough to withhold his name for old friendship's sake. But I have a very sorrowful feeling for what little conscience he has left.

The reader will note the points I made in my queries as to the "Utility and Progress of Medicine," according to Dr. Hervey. I here present his answers, as appeared in the *Journal*: "Your clever correspondent Kingsley concludes that we are mistaken badly as to there having been any progress in medicine in the last half century. The mere negative of this question seems not wide enough for him. He pushes his researches beyond the bounds of generosity, and comes to the conclusion that the Marion County Medical Society is a den of howling fanfarons, where the medical men of the city meet to gas themselves into notoriety, and to inflate the public mind with the magnitude of their own importance; that they then go out as a gang of hungry tax gatherers to fleece the dupes they have made, then leave them with the undertaker, or with empty pockets and broken constitutions." Again: "If my good friend thinks that the medical profession has accomplished nothing because people get sick and die, let him so believe, and induce all others to join if he can. If he thinks the medical profession useless, and even detrimental to the welfare of the people, although this is quite a

calamity, we will try and struggle through the disastrous consequences. If he can live without doctor, pill and powder, in the name of common sense let him jog on doctorless, pilless and powderless to the end. And if he had a case of bad cold in his family, and pronounced it scarlatina or meningitis, and cured it while nine cases"—twelve out of fifteen died, I wrote—"of the disease died under the treatment of the best physicians in the city, we hope he will not refuse to be consulted when the next epidemic comes along." Then: "We would not speak so ironically of this gentleman if 'we' did not think that he does not write just what he thinks and believes." "And too"—he should have continued—"if 'we' could answer his queries in any other way;" while also, "we" wish to show "our" contempt for any "layman" who dares to question "our" superior skill, in "our" wonderful medical knowledge, over his "quackery"—water treatment for chills and fever. "We believe that 'we' have the ear of the people so effectually that he can have no influence with them against 'our' practicing 'our' humbuggery upon them."

Soon after the Doctor's ironical reply to my queries, it was announced in the papers that the Marion County Medical Society "is getting down to solid work and paying more attention to practice than theory." That is to say that they had been theorizing more than practicing, and which seems to confirm the Doctor's conclusions about my conclusions, that that society "is a den of howling fanfarons"—whatever that may be, while the name does

indicate that they must be "just awful." Well, I could not have expressed my opinion about "them fanfarons" as well as he does for me, and I do suppose that it is because he is better acquainted with them in their "society" work than I am. After that announcement—that the society was getting down to solid work—I published this: "Now, to enable them to be more successful, in treating fevers, than they have been, I will be most happy to give them the benefit of my experience—according to the wish of my distinguished friend Dr. Hervey, as recently expressed in reference to my very successful treatment of scarlet fever: 'We hope he will not refuse to be consulted when the next epidemic comes along.' I will gladly—without money and without price—give them all the assistance possible in the application of the cold bath, which has been so successful with me. And then I trust they will be able, and equally willing, to reverse their verdict, so unanimously rendered at a former meeting, that 'cold bath is injurious in scarlet fever.'"

To confirm the doctor in his opinion that I "do not write just what I think and believe," I will confess that I do think, and believe, that the medical profession is more detrimental to the best interests of the masses than I have dared to write. But, knowing the bent of the minds of those masses in favor of that profession, my object is to so touch their mind as to lead it to reflect upon the points I have made; and believing that such reflection will, eventually, induce at least a part of those masses, to fortify themselves against the impositions of the pro-

fession. That there is a latency of sentiment with a very large class of the people, fully agreeing with me in all I have written in regard to the impositions practiced upon them, I have no doubt, from the expressions of many to me, and who approve my bold and open course in denouncing it—all its power and influence, notwithstanding. It is so common, as to almost admit of the term universal, for a patient, who has recovered from a long siege of sickness, to say that he did not believe his doctor knew what ailed him, or what to do for him, and that his medicine did not do any good; that he would have got along better without him; that he recovered in spite of his medicine, etc. The feeling is justified in all cases, because it is a fact that no doctor knows how, by his code, to treat a case of ordinary fever of any kind, but begins a series of experiments, and keeps it up to the end, whether it be life or death. Under the pretence that the changes in the features of the disease requires a constant change in the medicine, that change is kept up, while the result is the same as was Dr. Fletcher's "experiment" with typhoid fever. They "try" as he "tried," and with the same result—"no better than pickled moonshine."

While the doctor, no doubt, intended to be quite facetious in thus expressing himself to those medical students, he did, all the same, personate the whole fraternity of doctors, the world over, and to their shame, if not their discomfiture. What more disgraceful in Dr. Fletcher, than in thus expressing himself as to how he had treated those patients en-

trusted to his care and skill. He who affects to know so much of the "medical mind" and its utility. He who had sat under the droppings of the sanctuaries, filled with the Hippocrates, the Galens, the Celsuses, and at the feet of the Rumfords, confessing that he has been unable to find anything, in all the combined wisdom of those vaunted minds, but what he was compelled to compare to pickled moonshine—no better than that for typhoid fever.

I inquire this of the very astute Dr. Hervey : If for twenty years, I and my family can "jog on doctorless, pillless and powderless," why "in the name of common sense" can not others do the same? Would they not, were it not for the imposition of the doctors, who, after getting their confidence—but not mine—palm their pills and powders upon them? Those deluded ones are all the time being told, or are reading, that the "howling fanfarons," who, in "gassing themselves into notoriety," have proclaimed to the public that my "cures," and which saves me and my family from doctors, pills, powders, the sick couch and winding sheet, is hurtful in the many fevers which they are impotent to cure.

Hundreds to-day are in sick beds in our city, while scores are every week going to their graves, after having had a surfeit of doctor's pills and powders ; and after having been experimented on by the "wonderful" medical mind, all the remedies in the *materia medica*, and with the same success as had the erudite discoverer of that "mind"—"no better than pickled moonshine." Has not that

“utility and progress” of medicine yet reached the medical minds of those who are not saving their diphtheria patients, their scarlatina patients, their typhoid fever patients, their pneumonia or cancer patients? Why did not that gray-haired and erudite Hervey, of long experience, profound acquirements, and in communication with the spirits of the Rumfords, Hahnemanns, Galens, Celsuses; also, with the flesh of the Colletts, Comptons, Fletchers, Quack-olivers, etc., learn that lesson of progress to Dr. Hodges that he could have saved the Basse children? And to all other doctors, who are letting their patients die with diphtheria, scarlatina, or any other ’tina. Die, every day, notwithstanding that bright luminary in the knowledge of utility and progress of medicine is shining with a mid-day effulgence, right in their midst? Why did not that same effulgent light in all its instructive glory, convey itself to the benighted minds of those doctors who couldn’t save General Sheridan, General Grant, Chief-Justice Waite, General Logan, Emperor William, and a host of other giants in the political world? Why couldn’t he teach that lesson of progress to those doctors in Vevay and Cincinnati, so that they could have saved that young and beloved minister to those church people, and that heart-stricken and beloved girl? And, those doctors in Chicago, that they might have saved Phillips and daughter, to that soul-stricken family? Then, when we see those habiliments, emblematic of bereavement, upon persons riding in the hack slowly following the hearse, laden with the loved one, whom

they are about to consign to his last resting place on earth ; as well as those same emblems carried by mourning souls on our street, do not our souls go out in sorrow for them, while in our hearts we exclaim : Why, O, why could not those eminently-learned men in medicine and medical progress save to those bereaved souls their now lost friends ? Go when or where we will, we meet those emblems of mourning for lost friends. Lost by the inability of those who profess to know disease, and how to treat it, but fail in the hour of need—a broken reed upon which the patient leaned, but which let him fall into his grave. And all the time that this dying and sorrowing is going on, those same imbeciles, impotent to save their patients themselves, are crying out against the very treatment that could and would save them ; belching forth from their “dens of howling fanfarons,” that water is not beneficial, but hurtful, in scarlet fever—and all other fevers alike. How many mothers in this city are now mourning the loss of loved ones ? O ! how many hearts are bleeding ; just as the Basse’s hearts are bleeding for the loss of those three beautiful children ? How many wives’ hearts are bleeding for the loss of husbands, and husband’s for the loss of wives ? And what about those motherless, fatherless children, babes, left to the cold charities of a—too often—heartless world ? Nine-tenths of all this loss, this suffering and grief in consequence of the false pretenses of the idiotic—idiotic so far as any real knowledge of the real healing art is concerned—but professedly “know-every things,” as to saving

all that suffering, and those loved ones to a long life together, in this world, and until physical nature shall succumb to its allotted time of three score and ten. Just now, as I am writing these lines, that historic procession is passing, following a beloved daughter, just 'blooming into womanhood, in that same historic hearse, to her silent home in Crown Hill. Is not the bleeding hearts of those parents, and other loved ones left, enough to melt the heart of that "doctor" who essayed to save her life, but failed, notwithstanding all his vaunted knowledge in "utility and progress in medicine," and to cause him to cry out: "O, that mine head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears, and that I might weep for that daughter lost by my impotency in medical skill"? Where was that discoverer in that utility of medicine, so that his effulgent light were shed upon that disciple of that school of medical progress, that he could have saved that girl to those now bereaved hearts?

In that wiseacre's astute answer to my queries, he sums it all up in this facetious language: "If he had a case of bad cold in his family, and pronounced it scarlatina or meningitis, and cured it while nine cases died under the treatment of the best physicians in the city," etc. The reader will notice that he sneeringly insinuates that our little girl's case of scarlet fever was, simply, a "bad cold," and by which he evidently intends to bring me down into the same low plain of medical knowledge in which Dr. Metcalf places some of our city doctors—very likely Dr. Hervey included—who

have made so many mistakes in diagnosing cases scarlet fever and diphtheria, that were not, but when the developments of a few days disproved their judgment, they did "not find it necessary to explain their mistake, *especially since their credit for curing so dangerous a disease so quickly is much greater than it would be were the truth known.*" "Legitimate wisecracks" as Dr. Metcalf would—modestly, of course—insinuate they are. But with this difference in my favor: I do not claim money for my "quackery" say—to please Dr. Hervey—while I, also, saved all of mine, while many of those quacks' patients died, and are dying all the time. What was it but a bad cold that young Holiday and Mrs. O'Connell had, while in a few hours' time, under the treatment of those same "quacks"—evidently—they died. The same with Vice-President Hendricks, and, too, under the treatment of that aged and venerable quack, he died; while in other cities of our State, according to Dr. Metcalf, the same quackery is also going on.

To quote again that language of the facetious Dr. Hervey: "We hope he will not refuse to be consulted when the next epidemic comes along." Well, why didn't they consult me in those cases just named? He tactly admits that I cured those "colds" in my family; then, as his medical light in his—and theirs, of course—progressive state, could not cure those "colds," why didn't they consult one that had done it, and could again? I fancy I can answer for them. I think they had rather risk those patients' lives in their own treatment, rather than have them

saved outside their "code"—by a cold or hot bath. That statement from their medical society, so void of truth, in opposition to my statement that cold bath cured my child of scarlet fever, was made to forestall any influence I might obtain upon the public mind ; while knowing that their monopoly over that same mind was so complete, that only that contradiction was necessary to destroy any influence I had obtained. Why this attempt, by discrediting my statement, to keep the people from trying my remedies, and to induce them to still trust theirs ? Is it not for the all-mighty dollar, which they would lose, in proportion as the people should follow my advice ? And is it not also evident that they are fearful that, should the experiment with my treatment be tried, it would be so complete a success that it would place all those who should try it in the same independence of doctor, pill and powder, that I have enjoyed these twenty years ?

And this exclusiveness of theirs, adhering to their code, and contemptuous treatment of every person who expresses a doubt of its entire utility and safety, and too, all the time losing patients ; is it not the great cause of that latent sentiment, in the minds of many people, against the "unselfishness" of their immaculate pretensions of purity of purpose ? While the same latent sentiment imputes to them a sordid mind, and selfish purpose ; diametrically opposed to the public good, and, which latent sentiment, so often crops out, in terse language, in the public prints. Here is an instance of that latent sentiment breaking out, in the expression

of a prominent minister of the gospel of our city. An article of mine had appeared in the *News*, denouncing, in strong terms, some pretentious claim of the doctors of our city. The next day, perhaps, while walking up the street opposite the postoffice, I heard my named called, and looking, saw that minister crossing the street and motioning me to stop. Then, coming up to me and giving his hand, said: "You gave the doctors a pretty hard blow." Well, did they deserve it? "Yes, every word of it. You certainly gave them a hard hit right between the eyes; and they deserve every word of it for their pretentious claims, and failing to make them good." Such voluntary approval has often been extended to me by many first-class citizens of our city.

The doctor holds a large portion of the people spell-bound to his claim, that they need his medicine, and who constantly visit his office to obtain it, and which he gives to them in exchange for their money. Just as the liquor seller expects his victims to exchange with him their money for his drinks, all the time holding them spell-bound by his alluring temptations, constantly held out to them, and which they are powerless to withstand—and only this difference between them and the doctors spell-bound victims: He holds them spell-bound, by impressing them with the great importance of buying an "ounce of preventive," to save buying a "pound of cure;" while the other's victim's appetite holds him spell-bound to his cups. All the same, each one gets his victim's money, giving no value received in return, but, instead, that which destroys

soul and body of the liquor seller's victims, while the doctor's victim's body is often destroyed—the soul may be saved—but the same poverty often comes upon him and his family, as upon the other victim, And, while all these sufferings are going on, I firmly believe that the pretended medical science is destroying more lives, causing more poverty, sorrowing, suffering and death throughout all the land than the liquor traffic. It may be assumed without a successful contradiction that where one death occurs from the use of strong drink, scores of deaths occur, under all the diseases, enumerable, in the hands of the “doctor,” while not one in a score of them would be fatal without his aid. I assume this from my standpoint, that nine-tenths of all the deaths are chargeable to medical treatment.

If it be a fact as Dr. Holmes says: “If the whole *materia medica* were sunk to the bottom of the sea, it would be all the better for mankind;” and if it be a fact as Hall's *Journal of Health* says, that most of the cases of sickness would recover if the patient should rest quietly upon the bed, without any medicine whatever; and if it be a fact that physicians profess faith in medicine, but really have very little; and if it be a fact as old Dr. Stallo said, that very much of the medicine that is given does no good, while much of it is hurtful; and if it be a fact as the physicians in the hospitals of France say, that cold bath will cure nine-tenths of cases of typhoid, and which would be the same here were it tried; and if it be a fact that salt bath will cure smallpox, as it did in those fifteen patients cast into

San Francisco bay ; and if it be a fact—and which it is—that I have not failed in all my cases to cure scarlet and other fevers with the cold pack, and which others have done also, then what is all this array of facts but so many indictments against that medical science, for causing the largest portion of all the sufferings, losses, sorrowings and deaths in all this city, and throughout all the land ? And then, what is all this practice for, excepting the gratification of the sordid, grasping mind of man for gain ? And then, why should it not be classed with the already condemned liquor traffic, as so productive of evil, and injurious to all the best interests of mankind ? And yet the medical colleges all over the country are pouring out hordes of young doctors, whose only hope can be to prey upon the deluded people—Dr. Hervey's "dupes"—in order to obtain a bare subsistence. What can the managers of those colleges mean, as they must see, and do see, that it means only robbery of the already duped people ? It means destruction of health and life, impoverishing the people, and reducing them to want, while in thousands of cases to absolute beggary, dependent upon the charities of the people.

CHAPTER X.

Here is a world of meaning in this facetious language of my "Dr. Critic": "We should have a pretty kettle of fish if the people discarded the doctors and employed Mr. Kingsley. How would we

then get rid of the surplus population? The earth would then become uncomfortably crowded." That may all be true, but then I would not begin with parents, to add to the already many orphans; nor with children, to make one less seat at the table, or one less loved babe in the hearts of parents, nor to break into the group of those loved little ones, with prattling tongues, that give joy to the parents. But should I think it necessary to relieve the earth of some of its cumbersome population, I should certainly begin with those whom I believed were the cause of all that mourning, that sadness and sorrow, the evidence of which is those black habiliments—mourning apparel—and those granite and marble columns in Crown Hill. The doctor, liquor seller and tobacconist are the great trio whose business is productive of more sorrow and misery in the world than all other causes combined. While of these three great evils in the land, I would to-day place the doctor evil as decidedly the greater, so my erudite critic may easily understand to whom I would first direct "Old Death," with his scythe and sickle.

Such making light of the legitimate effects of their business among the people is no uncommon pastime, while, besides meeting together in their mutual-admiration societies to discuss each other's crop of brain effusions, and how to best get up the next epidemic scare, general-jollification banquets are often gotten up to jollify over their success or unsuccess in promoting that scare, and then failing to relieve the people of anything but their surplus,

or every-day needy cash, as the case may be, no matter how many patients they may have left behind in all degrees of suffering, or how near to death's door, those banquets, that light, facetious talk over the results of their business, must, and do, go on, even while Old Death is banquetting over a fresh victim of the imbecility of their mind—inflated medical science. Then, how often it is the case that after a few cases of diphtheria, scarlatina, typhoid or small-pox, the alarm is sounded that an epidemic is imminent, while the legitimate result of it all is, that a large portion of the people rush, pell-mell, to the doctor's office to lay in the "ounce of prevention" to ward off their impending danger. Right here I inquire of Dr. Hervey this: Do those "howling fanfarons" meet in their "dens" to compare their needs for a "bare sustenance" before going out as "a gang of hungry tax-gatherers to fleece the dupes they have made?" But that scare is not of long duration, for the people lose no time in gathering in that "ounce," and distributing cash in proportion, when it is announced that the Board of Health has taken all precautions against any further spread of the disease, whatever it may be, as provisions for a "bare sustenance" have been provided for. So much for those scares, and often, are they duplicated in case of any disease; while, as soon as the doctors reap the benefit of them, all is right again. But should the doctors apply themselves in a way to cure the patient at once, there could be no chance for a scare and the people would save their money; yet while that

army of impecunious doctors is quartered upon us, that scare seems necessary.

At the funeral of our little girl, and while another child had the same fever, women were in the house with children ; yet no one took the disease ; and when our little girl had the same fever in this city, we had a house full of boarders, with quite a number of children ; yet no one contracted the fever. And all of which goes to show conclusively that all of those alarms are more beneficial to the doctors' pockets than fatal to the people. For instance : Those Florida doctors who called every case in sight yellow fever, so as to claim \$12 fee from the Government. Dr. Metcalf's explanations as to why certain physicians of our city judge mild and insignificant cases as dangerous, and difficult to be treated, show the value of the average doctor-expert's opinion in regard to the nature of certain fevers, or other diseases, when a fee is in sight, or the necessity for a "bare subsistence" is encountered. The reason is palpably plain for our city doctors' giving the alarm of a coming epidemic. All this diagnosis of disease, and great anxiety for the people to be ready for the impending epidemic, is easily accounted for, by the light weight in the doctor's pocket, or light table supplies, or else from a desire to add another pile of brick and mortar, or corner lot, to their already liberal accumulation, in that direction.

Here is a little history of the profound ability of one of those historical "experts" to look into a man or woman's mind, to ascertain whether it is

straight, bent, or badly "broke;" and with that expert's experience in the case of Guiteau, it may be surmised by a "wicked layman" that after the Government's failure to "plank down" the cash, after he was "dragged to Washington," to testify to that crank's sanity, or insanity, he readily saw, by looking into his mind, that he was terribly crazy. Of course, had the Government understood the motive-power that moves the average medical expert's mind, it would not have "dragged" him there, and then allowed him to "got nothing." But when he came to testify for Mrs. Rawson, who was on trial for attempting to kill her husband's lawyer, who was prosecuting a divorce case against her, it was different. He was not dragged there, for sure, but "toled," by a big fee in sight, from her naughty husband's millions. Then he saw no insanity there; no "broke" or, even, bent mind, but a mind as "straight as a shingle." That "fee" changed the perceptive powers of that medical mind's faculties amazingly.

A little more history was made of that sanitary expert in Chicago recently, the title of which was: "An Expert Trapped." Mrs. Rawson's lawyer, Seth Crews, had asked the witness if he did not testify at the Guiteau trial that the assassin was insane. He said he did. "Still," said the lawyer, "Guiteau was hanged." "Yes, but the experts who swore that he was insane, perjured themselves. Those so-called doctors"—note, one doctor calling another "so-called doctor"—"medical politicians, who testified for the prosecution in that case, were

paid by the Government, while the experts for the defense were dragged to Washington by the Government and got nothing." Then comes the trapping of that Dr. J. G. Kiernan, the expert that "got nothing." After this outbreak on the Guiteau case, Mr. Crews picked up a book, which, he said, was "Ray's Medical Jurisprudence." "Now, Doctor," he said, in a bland way, "I want to read to you two cases which I read to the other experts who testified before you. They are as follows: 'H. K., a woman aged forty years; cause of attack, great domestic trouble. She was a woman of quick, active, strong mind, and known among that class as strong-minded. The physician in charge of that hospital was asked how a woman of such a mind could become insane, and he replied that she could not bend, hence she broke. A. G., a woman of very active, strong mind, and of a high nervous and excitable temperament. This case, like the previous one, was the result of domestic difficulties of a trying character, which had mortified her greatly. She had shown suicidal tendencies, but her friends had supposed they were overcome. She had shown great excitement at times, followed by great prostration. Excitement was aroused on the mention of the name of a woman she supposed her husband to have been intimate with. She became incurably insane.'" Dr. Kiernan thought the lawyer was reading from the book, but those who were setting behind Mr. Crews saw that he had two sheets of manuscript, closely written inside the volume. "That first case you read," said the expert witness,

"I remember well. I have read it, but that was a case of hysterical insanity." "Look here, Doctor," said Crews, taking the two sheets of paper out of the book, and handing them to the witness, "these cases are not in the book, nor in any book. I made them up myself." The Doctor's face became very red when he saw what a trap he had walked into. "They are very similar, Mr. Crews, to those in the books in general use." Mr. Crews said he based his fictitious cases on Mrs. Rawson's history and experience. The Doctor was allowed to depart, while Mrs. Rawson laid back in her chair and laughed until the tears rolled down her cheeks.

Yet Dr. Kiernan is a lineal descendant of those wonderful medical minds which Dr. Fletcher discovered ; even descended from Count Rumford.

This case is presented to the reader that he may understand the real animus of the medical scientist, while it is only a parallel to thousands of cases, every day. Every doctor is an expert in every case he treats, while the motive power that moves him is gain and personal preferment, and, had they a philanthropic object in view, they would be superior to average humanity ; yet they do claim that superiority—say they would "sacrifice their very lives for the benefit of humanity." Dr. Fletcher says, by thousands. Admitting, as a fact in history, that physicians do, sometimes, lose their lives, while in pursuit of their business, is that any evidence of an offer of their lives ; or, rather, is it not evidence of an accident resulting in the loss of life while in pursuit of gain ? Mankind is given to risk life for

gain. The highwayman, the burglar, often does that, and loses it—sacrifices it for boodle. Only a few years ago a noted burglar “sacrificed” his life in Dr. Walker’s house, in this city, while in pursuit of gain—his professional business—by coming in contact with the Doctor’s son’s shooting-iron, just as his brothers of the medical-mind variety do sometimes lose their lives by robbing the people of health and life while in pursuit of gain, aggrandizement, mutual admiration and glorification, at the next society meeting; then, again, to go out to dazzle the eyes and befog the minds of the people, that they may be all the better prepared to “go out as a gang of hungry tax-gatherers to fleece the dupes they have made,” as the facetious Dr. Hervey has it.

The young man who starts out in pursuit of medical science is, first, perhaps, too lazy to work with his hands for a “mere subsistence;” and seeing the high social position of the doctor, aspires to that position, though all the time, no doubt, thinking of the long ledger account he is liable to own; while his human nature is no better than that of the young man who makes his ingress into the business world behind a saloon counter, gathering in the cash from “the dupes he has made,” the same as Dr. Hervey’s “howling fanfarons” do from the “dupes they have made,” with this difference, however, in favor of the dispenser of beer and whiskey—he does not assume to be a benefactor of mankind; only wants to gather in the “fools’ pence;” while the dispensers of pills and powder do assume to be the especial benefactors of our race, even to a will-

ingness to die for us ; but only all the time caring in their hearts for that same cash—their “fools’ pence,” and which they are very sure to gather from those “fool” dupes they have made by their pretentious assumptions. Legitimate business between man and man is intended to be a mutual benefit to each ; but in the medicine, as in the liquor business, the gain is surely on the side of those goods. Besides, the other side is not only not benefitted, but injured, every time, in the latter, and nine times out of ten, in the former ; not only in the cash expended, but in loss of life and health.

It will be remembered that the blockade of the Southern ports prevented the Confederates from obtaining medicines for the use of their army surgeons. The result of that failure was said to be highly beneficial to the soldiers, as to health and life, while at the same time it was talked about, written about, and believed by many observant persons, and those acquainted with the practices of our army surgeons, that quinine killed more of our soldiers than the rebel bullets did. Also, the desire of a brutal surgeon to have as little trouble with a wounded soldier as possible, caused him often to sever a limb rather than to try to save it by splintering and bandaging, thus filling the country with men minus one or more limbs, besides causing many deaths from amputation, and neglect afterward, or before. All of which go to show that the medically inclined man is just as likely to sacrifice his patient’s life, as to give himself any trouble to save it ; very especially, when he is in a position

to exercise supreme control over that unfortunate soldier—brute force, as it were—as he had in our hospitals and camps. This criticism may not apply to all army surgeons, but it did, too often, for the credit of the medical profession—or humanity, even.

CHAPTER XI.

The reader has undoubtedly observed that a most emphatic denunciation has been indulged in, in these pages, of the medical profession in, presumably, all its bearings and relations to the people, and which necessitates a qualification here. There are requirements in some particular cases necessitating the attention of a physician—so-called, but more appropriately a surgeon—and so far as these necessities exist, it must be understood that the language and sentiments in these pages do not apply. There is one class of practice followed by male doctors, which should be confined, exclusively, to the female. Not the least in this kind of practice is the general ailments of children, as well as of females in general. Public sentiment, if not law, should prevent males from practicing in female cases, while the practice of women in cases of children should be in the nature of advice, and instruction to parents, how to care for children, to the entire exclusion of drugs. Every parent, mother, perhaps, I should say, but, as it is a fact that many fathers are more competent to care for their children than their mothers are, I include them.

It is a father's interest, as well as desire, to have a child well cared for, the same as its mother's. The parents should learn, and will learn, if they set themselves about it, that a child does not need medicine under any circumstance, unless it be an antidote for accidental poisoning. The first mistake that parents make is in allowing the child to sleep in the bed with them. From every point of view, that is wrong, because the child should not inhale into its lungs the breath from the parents' lungs, nor the effluvium or breath from the body, or the pores of the skin—the lungs of the body—the same as the respiratory organs are those of the inner man ; nor can the child receive the circulating air in the room, when lying beside the mother, or between both parents ; because, under those circumstances it has not the chance that it should have to start in life with a healthy lung and body. This very first mistake is the greatest cause of a feebleness in the child, that soon crops out into diseases, for which doctors have a multitude of names, and when they begin to treat those diseases, they simply start the child to certain death, or an enfeebled life. The child should have a crib or cradle to sleep in, standing beside the bed, and sufficiently covered, excepting the face. This should apply to children in their wagons on the street. Mothers often smother their children in those wagons. A mother's mind will be on her child, so that she will hear the first noise it will make. The so-common restlessness of children is caused by their half smothered condition in the bed. If mother will have the

child in bed with her, then, whenever the child manifests a restlessness, and cannot sleep, she should arise at once, and bathe it in tepid water ; or if feverish, in slightly cold water, rub it well, and then return to bed with it ; no soothing syrup, paragogic, or any other nostrum, should be given. After my wife adopted the plan of bathing the child, it would then go quietly to sleep in bed.

I read a little item in the *News* : “ Don’ts for Mothers ; ” which needs changing to “ Don’t, Mothers.” “ Don’t give soothing syrups or any other medicines, except on a physician’s order.” Of course, not ; because he wants to sell you a prescription, or furnish the medicine himself. I say, don’t give it with or without his orders. “ Don’t neglect to call the doctor as soon as the baby shows symptoms of sickness ; \$2 spent at this time may save fifty.” Of course, he wants the two dollars, but if you will call him to give him that “ two,” it will, as likely as any way, cause you to pay fifty for funeral expenses ; because, judging from the loss of three children ourselves, while under the doctor’s care, besides what we see every day in this city, in the funerals of children, I am warranted in saying that the doctor is more likely to kill the child with his medicine, or let it die for want of proper care, by the mother, or other friends, than to save it with his pretended remedies. That doctor is, very likely, one of Dr. Shradys, who needs something to eat ; and he would be able to get it with that two dollars, while he would also be likely to find nine other “ fools ” in the same fix before he would get round.

making calls, which would give him \$20—enough for several meals, and enough left to help get up the next “doctors’ banquet.” This is, simply and truly, a pen picture of every-day life among doctors and the people they dupe. That doctor, if he cares more for his word than his fee, will acknowledge in his heart, that there is no certainty in the beneficial effect of his medicine on that child, and that it is just as likely to recover without, as with it. But, like my doctor friend, whom I have already mentioned, he says in his heart, as he did to me, that “the people are such fools they will have medicine, and I may as well give it to them as any other doctor,” while my advice to those people is to let the doctors severely alone; as those who doctor least, have the best health.

The warm season of the year is the time when so-called “cholera infantum” is most prevalent among children. The first cause leading to it, is the smothering sensation children experience while in bed with the parents, which causes restlessness, when the first thought of the mother is to quiet it by letting it nurse, but which fails, when the same is repeated until the stomach has become so loaded as to block digestion, which is soon shown by a bloating of the stomach and bowels, and a frothy discharge; all of which keeps up the fretfulness of the child during the day, the mother resorting to the nursing remedy, but which makes the child all the worse, until, at last, the doctor is called, when he commences that drugging, which so often sends the child to the grave. The constant nursing given the

child to stop that restlessness, should stop. Let the child cry for lack of food, rather than give it so much as to stop digestion. A weak solution of salt and soda water should be given to the child. The salt to strengthen the digestive organs of the stomach, and the soda to neutralize the acid in the stomach and bowels. This treatment will soon prepare the stomach for a healthy discharge from the bowels. But the great important point is to keep up the strength of the child until the stomach can be restored to a healthy condition. That can not be done by drugs, but it can be by a salt water bathing of the whole body. The temperature of the water should be determined by the temperature of the body ; if that is hot, or feverish, the water should be moderately cold, while if the child be chilly it should be warm, and the room be as warm, possibly, as the water, and the child should be hurried into warm blankets and bed. A linen or flannel cloth, wet in salt water, should all the time be kept on the stomach and bowels, and covered with a dry one, changed every hour or two with a clean cloth, and which is necessary in consequence of the cloth absorbing the poison coming through the pores of the skin by the action of the salt water, drawing that poison from the diseased stomach and bowels. If the child is out of bed, it should be kept clothed in flannel underwear, with woollen stockings, also shoes, if necessary to keep the feet warm.

I here mention the case of two children who were cured by their mothers treating them with this salt bathing process, by my advice. In their cases

the outward application was all that was used. Probably eighteen years ago, while selling milk from my wagon to Mrs. Quinn, now living at 336 West Washington street, I had noticed, for quite a number of days, when she came to the window with her child in her arms to receive the milk, that it showed unmistakable signs of suffering from the doctor's "cholera infantum," and while the mother showed by her face an increasing concern for her babe in its condition. The child showing such evidence of failing, and the sadness portrayed in the mother's face, finally caused this conversation: "Your child looks badly." "O yes, Mr. Kingsley, and I fear it is going to die. It is so bad now that it can't keep anything on its stomach any more." "You are doctoring it, I suppose?" "O yes, but it is not doing it any good." "No, but the medicine is killing it." "I believe it." I then said: "I will tell you what to do. You first throw away the medicine; then wash your child in strong salt water often. Keep a cloth wet in the salt water on his stomach and bowels, covered with a dry cloth; dress him in flannel, with shoes and stockings on his feet, and then you may possibly save him." Her response was: "I will do it, Mr. Kingsley." When I drove up to the window next day, and, before I could speak to her, she exclaimed: "O, Mr. Kingsley, my child is so much better. I did just as you told me, and now he don't throw anything off his stomach. He is so much better." He immediately recovered, while the dear mother lost no time in impressing on the boy's young mind that I was

the means of saving his life ; of which teaching he recently informed me, while he is old enough now to manifest truly grateful feelings. Now, would it be hard for the reader to solve in his own mind, which of the two—the doctor, who was killing that child with his drugs, or the “quack” who informed her how to save his life—has the warmest place in that mother and son’s heart to-day? Another woman, not more than a half square farther along, had a child in thẽ same dying condition, and to whom I gave the same advice, which she followed with the same, like happy effect.

CHAPTER XII.

FLUX AND OTHER BOWEL TROUBLES.

Fifty-eight years ago the late Dr. William Armington, of Greensburg, gave my father this direction for curing the flux. He had for years been subject to flux, about the end of harvest. He applied to the Doctor, who was then a young man just beginning to practice at Mt. Sterling, Switzerland county, for treatment. He said to him: “You don’t need medicine, but you take soda and vinegar, mix them, and drink while foaming.” My father did so and was cured, and always after, when he was aitacked, that was his remedy. If the first dose did not cure, the second never failed. I remember once that, after taking the second dose, his bowels did not move for forty-eight hours. Fifteen years after that I was staying over night

with the Doctor in Greensburg, when, in the night, I heard him called. In the morning he said: "Did you hear those men after me last night? They wanted me to go eighteen miles to see a man who had flux. I would not go, but told them to give him soda and vinegar. You remember, I prescribed that to your father, and it cured him? I know it will cure the worst case, and without fail." The proper dose is, about one-half tea-cup, or one gill, of cider vinegar, with a usual-sized teaspoon half full of soda—such as is used for bread purposes. The soda should be bought at a drug store, to get it unadulterated. I have proved this remedy, many times, to be a sure cure for all derangements of the bowels and stomach; have recommended it to others, who have assured me it cured them immediately.

Three years ago I had diarrhea, which I allowed to run for several days, when, at midnight, I became much worse, and for three hours suffered terribly, and, finally, while attempting to arise from bed, was siezed with such cramping as to cause me to scream, and arouse my wife, who, at once, upon seeing my condition, began to rub my legs, and, finally, succeeded in getting them straightened; but, then, at the least attempt to move even a toe, the cramp would again sieze me. I could not move a muscle while she was lifting me off the bed. Upon returning to bed, I directed her to mix a teaspoonful of salt and soda—about two-thirds salt—in a glass of water, which I drank. The cramp still threatened me when I attempted to move, until,

in about a half hour, I repeated the dose, and then was so much easier, that I soon went to sleep, nor did I get off the bed, or scarcely awaken, until 9 o'clock. I then arose and dressed, as well as ever, only quite weak from the terrible ordeal which I had passed through. We had no vinegar in the room, nor could get any without going out-door and down into our kitchen. For that reason, I used the salt with the soda, which proved just as good. I had before, and have since, used the same remedy for the same trouble, and always found it a perfect remedy. And why it is so sure a remedy, is easily explained: The digestive organs were very much weakened, and not able to digest the food I had wrongfully taken into my stomach after the trouble began, as well as before, and which caused acid to develop so thoroughly as to cause such a continual discharge from the bowels, that cramping was the unavoidable result. The salt caused an instant moving of the blood, which had become clogged by the inaction of the digestive organs, or, vice versa, the digestive organs had become clogged by the inaction of the blood. The very "medical mind" theorist can take his choice between these two theories of a "layman." The soda, also, instantly neutralized the acid, and which, immediately, quieted the lower stomach, while the healthy action of the upper stomach was going on, from the effect of the salt; and which soon gave a perfect rest to the whole machinery, from stomach to bowels, and which allowed me to rest and sleep five hours, immediately after such severe and dangerous sufferings.

A few months after that I drove to Crown Hill, in an open carriage, on a very hot day. I had a slight derangement of the stomach, in consequence of the heat, before leaving home, and, while returning, felt very much prostrated, and took to bed upon reaching home, when vomiting and purging came on. Then I immediately commenced the vinegar and soda treatment, with an occasional drink of a half-pint of salt water—a tea-spoon of salt. This treatment, by next morning, had checked the trouble, which was very obstinate in consequence of the effect of the extreme heat of the sun. During all that time, until next morning, I drank fully one gallon of ice-cold skim milk, which was most delicious to my taste and stomach, while I have no doubt it had a very important effect in regulating my stomach and bowels, with the salt water stimulating my physical frame, while the severe strain upon them was going on. My experience in these two cases shows, clearly, how readily a common-sense remedy—which is always in every house—checked what a doctor, had I called one, would have pronounced a very dangerous case of cholera morbus, or some other “morbus,” the knowledge of which is only stored in the brains of Dr. Fletcher’s wonderful “medical minds ;” such, for instance, as the physicians of our city, and other cities, who magnify very unimportant cases into dangerous ones, etc., so as to manufacture capital, with which to gull the people when they get up the next scare. Suppose I had employed one of those wiseacres in one of my cases, would I be likely to be here now,

writing this? Had I escaped, my luck would have been better than Mr. Holliday's, Mrs. O'Connell's, Mr. Loomis', those Basse children, or the multitude who are succumbing, every day, to the army of medical imbeciles, who are preying upon the people.

Here is a report from Wabash, of a disease which the medical minds are not able to cope with: "The infant mortality, in this city, during the last few weeks, has been appalling! Within a remarkable space of time there have been forty-eight deaths, all from diphtheria, or membrane croup. The epidemic has been confined, almost exclusively, to Wabash, although a few fatal cases were reported near the city. The victims of the malady are children whose ages range from 18 months to 9 years. Local physicians admit their inability to check the epidemic, and have called to their assistance some of the most eminent practitioners in the State, but to no purpose. Every case has proved fatal, and the most that physicians can do is to prolong life a few hours, and alleviate the sufferings of the victims. When the plague first made its appearance it was diagnosed as common croup, but, later, the symptoms changed, assuming a diphtheria phase. In every case death follows in a few hours."

Now, here is what would seem to be a remedy, and which those "medical minds" could have used in that "plague" had the fates only delayed it a few days: "The medical college of Indiana closed its term of lectures for the full course yesterday at noon. The closing address was delivered by Prof. F. W.

Hays, who spoke on 'Medical Ethics,' enjoining the candidates for graduation to strict observance of them against any semblance of quackery, if they would secure high professional success." Evidently, those local physicians of Wabash, and those "most eminent practitioners of the State," whom they called to their aid, have not secured "high professional success," whether they had enjoyed Professor Hays' instruction, or some other professor's, on "strict observance" of those "ethics." At all events, their "high professional success" there is not visible, only in its failure. It was a success in that, as it is with others, who make it a point of strict observance of the same medical ethics.

Right here: Did Professor Hays obtain a high professional success in his treatment of Mr. Hayes, a journalist of this city, a few years ago? According to his definition of success he probably did, by ignoring all "semblance of quackery," and, according to common "professional success," his was a success in that case by consigning him to his winding sheet, while, had he done a little "quackery" by breaking his fever with cold water, his success would have consisted in saving his life. But then, that would have been a "high *un*professional success."

Now, I will suggest how, by a little "quackery," those Wabash physicians could have saved every one of those children. Their first diagnosis was, undoubtedly, correct, and inflammation, accompanying the croup, caused the phlegm to harden so quickly as to cause the child's death by strangula-

tion. Croup is almost always fatal, unless a remedy is applied before the hardening of the phlegm ; but the remedy is always within reach, even if a doctor is not, while he knows that the only safety for the child is to cause it to vomit, to throw the phlegm off the membrane's approach to the lungs. We always used the remedy without a failure, and, too, it was suggested by a physician who had more care for the children than for "high professional success," without "success ;" and also recognizing, that often it was not possible for one to reach a child until it was past relief. [After writing this, an impressive feeling pervaded my mind that I should leave it out, as it might be repulsive to some minds, and, perhaps, be sneered at by the very-medical-mind doctor ; though, who administers any amount of stuff as nauseating to a tender mind as that, or any other remedy, conceivable, could be. I also consulted a friend, who agreed with my impression, but since, I have reasoned in my mind, that any parent would prefer to use such a remedy, than risk losing a child, and which is so common, in case of croup, when no other remedy is at hand. Many years ago I witnessed the death of one child in its mother's arms, after the doctor had come, but who said there was no hope for it, as the phlegm had so hardened that no remedy could move it. Would not that mother been likely to have used that remedy rather than see her child die?] The remedy is chamber lye and lard, sweetened, warmed together and given to the child in broken doses, as any other emetic is given—a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful, according

to the size of the child, ten to fifteen minutes apart, given until the child vomits, which it is sure to do, when all the phlegm will come up. Anyone who tries this remedy, will be surprised to see what an amount of phlegm will come out of the child's stomach. I know whereof I write, and I write it that parents may know how to save their children from the very appearance of danger. In the case of those Wabash children, that would have saved them from immediate death, but, then, blistering the outside of the throat with coal oil, croton oil and gum camphor, was a necessity to finish the cure.

I here give some items in my own experience, and observation for many years, in the utility of salt for stomach and bowels, in cases of indigestion, which produces dyspepsia, diarrhea, flux, cholera morbus, headache, etc. For indigestion, which produces all these ailments of the stomach and bowels, salt, in quantity from a half-teaspoonful to a whole one, dissolved in a pint of water, more or less, according to the choice of the person—it should be warm, especially in cold weather—taken one-half hour before eating, is a certain remedy ; but should the stomach be bloated, indicated by a fullness of feeling, soda should be taken with the salt, or can be taken alone, one-third or half teaspoonful. The soda has a momentary effect in neutralizing the gas which causes the feeling of fullness. In case of a person who has taken a large amount of food, or some indigestible substance, into the stomach before retiring, or any other time, and, conse-

quently, causing unrest, a teaspoonful of salt, with water, or even more, will produce an immediate relief, and quiet sleep. I know this to be a fact, after repeated trials for many years. It was, many years ago, published of a doctor, who was addicted to his cups, that he was sent for, late in the evening, to visit a woman who was suffering from eating the meat of nuts. The messenger found him in a stupor, and only able to mutter something which he did not understand; then he returned, only to see her die. In the morning the doctor remembering that he had been sent for, hastened to visit her, and finding her dead, eagerly inquired: "Did you give her salt?" And being answered in the negative, said: "Why, I told him to give her salt. The nut meat is all in a ball in her stomach; and if you will allow me to open the stomach, I will show you." He did so, and taking the ball into his hand, said: "Now, bring me some salt, and I will show you the effect it will have on this ball." He sprinkled the salt on it, when it immediately fell to pieces; and, then, he said: "Had you given her the salt, it would have had the same effect, the meat passing out of her stomach, and her life been saved." In the case of diarrhea—a result of indigestion—where there is no evidence of acid in the stomach, salt taken in the same way, will effect a cure. But if there be acid, which is easily detected by a rising of the food into the throat and mouth, soda should be taken as directed above. Also, the same remedy of salt and soda, in case of a cholera morbus proper, and which is only an aggravated

case of diarrhea, is effective, as in my own case, mentioned before. A Dr. Dunbar wrote, many years ago, that "The sick should have abundance of salt, and, if enough can not be given them in their food, it should be given to them clear. I have no doubt it will save patients, when, without it, they would die," and that "many have died for the want of it." That doctor, evidently, cared less for a "strict observation of medical ethics" than he did for "*un*professional success," by prescribing simple salt—too simple to be found in those ethics—for the sick, indiscriminately, too, without reference to the particular kind of sickness, as his object was, evidently, to keep up the patient's strength, and a healthy digestion.

"SCIENCE AT FAULT."

Here is a sample of the worth of the scientific knowledge of the Fletcher "medical-mind" variety: Some of the boys at the Soldiers' Orphans' School, of McAllisterville, Pa., so successfully affected insanity, that the doctors diagnosed them "terribly insane," and assigned, as a cause, "bad food, poor clothing, and bad treatment." But when Inspector Greer, of the school, investigated the case, he found that the boys had affected it all. The boys confessed that it was shammed, "to have fun and have their meals carried to them." Their confession was "much to the confusion of wise and snowy-haired doctors who diagnosed their cases." While the learned doctors, with so much ability, had looked into the mental and physical condition of the

boys, and then assigned their insanity to those causes, preachers, judges and other reliable citizens, "expressed words of praise, both for the school and the appearance of the children." The report of Senator Greer proves that the school has been unjustly abused ; all in consequence of those "scientists" being able to "diagnose" those boys "crazy," and, then, tell just what made them so. And, too, they are the descendants of the Rumfords and Hahnemanns ; brothers of the Hayses, who enjoin on the young suckers of the same science, "a strict observance of the medical ethics, and against any semblance of quackery, if they would secure high professional success." Of course, those McAllisterville Hayses have secured that success ; those "crazy" boys, they discovered, prove it. The same success that Dr. Kiernan displayed at the trial of Mrs. Rawson, in Chicago.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

The reader has seen, as he perused the first part, that I have pleaded earnestly against the general practice of the physicians, as not only almost useless, in cases of sickness, but injurious in most cases. He, also, sees how earnestly I have pleaded the cause of the cold bath, or pack, for fevers, while, also, denouncing the doctor for adhering to his code, and so letting his patients die, when he could so easily save them by the cold bath, for fever, or hot bath, for chills.

Since the first part of this book was written, I have received a pamphlet from the author, entitled, "The Treatment of Typhoid Fever; by Simon Baruch, M. D., New York." It does, really, seem as though it came by an order from Heaven, for a confirmation of my theory, and practice, as well as a justification of my course, in denouncing the medical profession for adhering to their old code in the treatment of cases that the cold bath would, so easily and quickly and certainly, cure. The pamphlet appears in the last pages, in bold type—that all can read, and should read, and learn how easy it is to cure typhoid, or any other fever. He treats of typhoid alone, but does not intimate that the same remedy will not have an equally good effect in other fevers. The reader will observe, in the table of statistics, entitled, "Average Mortality Under Vari-

ous Methods of Treatment in Typhoid Fever," from the two bottom lines, that, where 2,150 cases were treated with cold bath within five days, every one recovered; while, including those not treated within five days, there were only 1.7 per cent. of deaths in 2,198 cases. Dr. Baruch compiles his statistics from Dr. Brand's history of cases treated in Germany, and which was published twenty-eight years ago; while, of those statistics, he thus speaks: "The above figures astounded me, when I sought them out, and I trust they will impress the lesson they teach indelibly upon your minds." Then, again, he says: "The experience in cold bathing in England and America, where it has never found favor, has been too small to afford a proper estimate of its value. Dr. Bristowe, of St. Thomas' Hospital, opposes it. He says: 'My experience in this treatment is not extensive, and for some years I have rarely, if ever, resorted to it. I have, undoubtedly, seen patients apparently benefitted, and making a good recovery; but I have never felt satisfied that the benefit was real.'"

I here make the inquiry: Why is the experience, here in America, so small, if it is not because cold bathing has not found favor? And, why has it not found favor, unless it is, because it is too cheap, or, rather, too quick a method to cure the patient? And, which method the people would soon learn to use, without the aid of the doctor, should they see how he uses it. Dr. Bristowe, or other American doctors, do not have to be worse than ordinary mortals, should they wish to make the most out of a good job of doctoring; nor, notwithstanding their holy contempt for "quacks and frauds," are they so good that they would not let a case of typhoid fever run for weeks, could they, by so doing, make a daily two-dollar visit to their patient. I appreciate Dr. Baruch's tender way of

talking to his medical brethren, who have no faith (?) in his figures. But, undoubtedly, he feels in his heart, that the all-mighty dollar is in the way of any faith materializing in that direction. Is it not a sad comment on civilized human nature, to believe that any part of that humanity will traffic in human health and life, for that dollar? But, so long as they oppose, and try to discredit cold baths, in fever, are they not open to that charge, and can they disprove it? Dr. Baruch quotes one physician as saying: "Notwithstanding the high praise bestowed on the cold-bath treatment, in Germany, it has never become popular." As to why it has never become popular there, may not the same reason, that it has not become popular here, be assigned? The sordid, selfish disposition of physicians, who care more for money than for the health and lives of the people! The reader will see that Dr. B. finds that "the mortality of typhoid fever has not been reduced by the antipyretic method of treatment"—the treatment which Dr. Oliver gives his patients at our City Hospital, while, with his finger in his mouth, he whines out that, "we do not recognize that typhoid is a fever that can be broken up or headed off like malaria." Then Dr. B. proceeds—and I call Dr. O.'s especial attention to it: "I ask you to follow me carefully, in a fair, conscientious, and exhaustive, yet brief, review of the results of the various methods in vogue during the past twenty-five years, and to compare it, as I have done for myself, with your own experience. You will, then, I opine, agree with me, that we stand to-day upon the threshold of a great epoch in the treatment of typhoid fever."

Now, I, in turn, ask the reader to study well all these lines of Dr. Baruch's; read, and re-read, them, and weigh them in his mind, and compare them with what he has read in the first part—what

I have written as to how I have so often treated my family with the cold bath, for fevers, as well as the hot bath, for chills ; how I cured my little girl, and, again, little boy, of scarlet fever, with the cold bath, all in a few hours. And, also, compare it with the published fact that the doctors of our city, in their medical society, discussed the treatment of scarlet fever with cold water, and then published that it is "not beneficial, but hurtful." He will then understand why I have used such denunciatory language against the medical profession, for thus misleading and deluding the people, and which I have charged them with doing, for the money which they are able to draw, in exorbitant fees, from those same people. That they are not satisfied with liberal wages, like other people—the people whom they delude—but claim ten, twenty, forty, and, even, two hundred dollars, a day for their daily rounds of visitations among the sick. Their incomes of \$10,000, and upward to even \$75,000, per year, have been published. And, too, those words and figures will fortify me in his mind in the significant fact, that I am, while those same doctors are sneering at me, pleading for the people, against their practice ; at the same time, instructing them how to cure themselves with the cold bath, so as to save their money, their health and lives. He does, also, see how I have exposed their frauds, false pretenses, and imbecilities—letting their patients die, rather than use cold bath, or hot bath, as the case had required. And were it not for these ringing words, now in his mind, he would, very likely, think that I was harsh, and used too strong language, often, in denouncing their impositions upon an unsuspecting and confiding people. All this might seem to be the case, were it not for those ringing words of Dr. Baruch.

I have known, and seen, and do know, that the

influence of the medical profession is greater on the public mind than all other influences combined, and that it is so confident of that fact, that it laughs to scorn, all, or anyone, who may feel it his duty to warn the people that they are being deluded, while being induced to trust their sick in his hands. In such warning, and braving the contempt of those grasping, pretentious healers of the sick, but who fail to heal, and while standing almost alone, apparently, I am conscious of the secret sympathy and approval of many citizens of reflecting minds, and humane feelings. I have, time after time, through the city papers, called the attention of the suffering people to the fallacious claims of those pretenders, and to the injury they were doing to the community, in not only not curing them of sickness, but promoting it, increasing it, and causing not only increased suffering, but death after death—and death, continually. While, at the same time, and all the time, have presented to them a safe and sure cure for fevers of all kinds and grades—the cold bath ; and which could be administered by themselves, at any time, or at all times, without the aid of those pretentious healers. This has been my position, year after year, for many years, while, all the time, realizing the great odds against me, in my unselfish labors, by the seeming unappreciation of my efforts. All this time hardly daring to hope for vindication, only in individual cases, and which cases have been common, from time immemorial ; but only, and surely, to be cast from the public mind, and into oblivion, by the all-pervading influence of the profession. And, too, not only individual cases, in all our own country, but, collectively, in other, far-off, countries, have the same cases come to our eyes through the public prints, to prove the all-healing virtue of the cold bath in all fevers.

When I began to prepare the preceding pages

for publication, it was with a faint heart, and great solicitude, as to the outcome ; feeling, as I have so fully expressed, and so often, that public sentiment, superciliously induced by that profession, was against me, and it was not, and is not, prepared to listen to my arguments, and appeals to that sentiment, of the masses, in behalf of their own interests. The reader may, or may not, realize in his own imagination, my feelings in all those years of solicitude ; earnest anxiety as to that outcome, and whether I must go down under the contempt of the same profession that was overriding the people, and sapping the very foundation of their lives, for their own selfish ends ; or whether I would arise triumphantly above it all. But, with the grand "paper" of Dr. Baruch, detailing those grand successes in Dr. Brand's treatment of typhoid fever with the cold bath, he can verily, and easily, imagine the reverse of all those feelings, just described, as they are now throbbing in my bosom, with a consciousness of that complete and grand vindication, which is above and beyond all controversy, and which places the vaunted medical scientists of our city, and everywhere, in a complete and humiliating defeat, and, too, by one of their own number—demolished in the house of their friend ; out of their own mouths, as it were, condemned. I am not any longer alone in presenting this truth—the great truth, that cold bath has cured, and will cure, fever. There are the statistics of Dr. Baruch, that Dr. Brand treated a score of thousands of cases, while every one who was treated as I have advised they should be treated, when first attacked, was saved—"all recovered." What a useful teacher he would be for our own Dr. Oliver, who has yet to learn that "typhoid can be broken up," at all, and so is letting his patients linger, and "battle" with it—die, or not die. And he will be a great help to

Dr. Fletcher, who has, so far, found nothing better than his celebrated (?) "pickled moonshine." And, too, to our half-thousand doctors, who are perambulating the city in the vain attempt to cure their patients, but who are dying at the rate of a half-dozen a day, and who have not dreamed, nor heard, only from a "quack," how easy it is to cure them with a cold bath, Dr. Baruch's information will be a godsend; and Dr. Hervey—O! what a godsend it will be to him! While his native modesty, if not professional jealousy, may prevent him from consulting with me, a "quack," when the next epidemic of a "cold" comes along, as to how I would stay it, by flaunting a wet sheet in its pathway, he can have no professional scruples about consulting Dr. Brand—undoubtedly, a professional dyed-in-the-wool from "way back." And, too, perhaps, Dr. Brand's treatment of those patients with the cold bath, is only the culmination of Dr. Hervey's "utility and progress" in medical treatment, which he hinted at before the medical society, but dared not itemize the process, for fear of being "fired out" by the young "bloods" of the profession, who had received their charge from Prof. Hays, "against any semblance of "quackery;" also, while all the time, perhaps, the Doctor did mean by "changes, new remedies, appliances and contrivances," those very appliances—changes from "pill and powder," and winding sheet, to bath-tub, water, wet sheet, blanket, cold pack, etc., to rosy cheeks and blooming health—all in twenty-four hours. All that, instead of battling with the fever six weeks, with an additional six for a crippled recovery, and lucky that "Old Death" didn't mow him down.

The cold fact—the incontrovertible fact—is placed before us, that 2,150 human beings were cured of typhoid fever, without the loss of one, by Dr. Brand simply putting them in a bath-tub filled with

cold water, in probably an hour's time. Then, what other effect can that fact have on our minds, than to reveal to us, that it is a fact, that whenever a doctor of our city, or the world over, for that matter, treats a patient with that fever, or any other, in any other way, he allows him to suffer unnecessarily, and, as often as one dies, allows him to die unnecessarily ; while the same first fact reveals it as a fact, that every case of typhoid, or any other fever, that is being treated to-day, or has been treated at any time in the past, can be saved, or could have been saved from suffering and death, by the prompt application of the cold bath, by that doctor.

Then, again, while that theory of the utility of the cold bath, has been established a correct one, by Dr. Brand, just now, but, in fact, has been established from time immemorial, and which knowledge of such fact could not have escaped the attention of every doctor of our city ; and who is cognizant, from such information, of the fact that he can save his patient to-day, by promptly putting him in that cold bath, but does not do it, and, consequently, lets him suffer and die ; what can be the conclusions as to his motives, in thus refusing to save him from weeks of suffering, and, so often, death ? What can be his motives, in thus adhering to his "code," when an easier, and vastly safer, way is within his reach, and so plainly before his eyes ? The doctors profess to be anxious to save the people, in times of epidemics, and are profuse in their advice, and which always points to the "family physician" as the one to be consulted, and relied upon, to save them ; yet they adhere to their very code in all this effort, and, too, which they know is uncertain ; and while they know that the cold bath is certain. In all human reason, they know that fact ; yet they pretend that they do not ;

and, while they have the same opportunity to learn it, that Dr. Brand had ; and, did they use that opportunity, as he did, would know it. They publish to the people, that it is unsafe, "hurtful." Can our doctors explain why the cold bath is hurtful in this locality, while it is safe and certain in more than two thousand cases in the locality of all those German and French hospitals—not hurtful in all those German and French hospitals ? I fancy, they can not explain how it is that that difference is in favor of their pretended science, and against the real science of those bath-tubs.

The results of their "science" crop out in long fee bills, and in monuments to the memory of their departed patients, or in walking monuments, in enfeebled physical frames, so often seen on our streets ; while the true "science" of those bath-tubs is quick restoration to vigorous health. I do also fancy that the difference, in favor of those bath-tubs, is easily explained by one who is a looker-on, with a sympathetic heart for his fellow-beings, in all their sufferings and sorrows, in all their bereavements, from the sick bed, to the grave. I will inquire of those interested in all things pertaining to the health and happiness of all God's creatures—our brethren—if they do not think it is about this : Those physicians, in charge of all those hospitals, are they not interested in getting a case off their hands as quickly as possible ? Then, did they not know at the beginning, that the cold bath was the quickest way to enable themselves to get rid of their patients, would they not—like our doctors do—begin to "experiment ?" And, then, when they did find the easiest and quickest way, would they not be likely to stick to it, just as the result shows they have done ? And, then, as honest men—honest, because they have no reason to be dishonest—have declared it to the world ; while the sum of it all is this : that

those hospital doctors have found it immensely easier to put their patients into a cold bath ; when, in a few hours, they are off their hands. And, too, they find that the sooner they do it, and with the plain "strict cold bath," after a patient is attacked, all the quicker he is off their hands, while they draw their salary, all the same, as though they allowed him to linger for weeks and months. Besides, the hospital authorities have no funeral expenses on their hands, and better still, too, than all that, there is no mourning in the land ; no beloved friend lost ; no families broken into by the stealthy hand of Death.

Now, is not the sum of all these reasons the great, grand reason why those hospital doctors use the cold bath to break up a fever in their patients, rather than to follow the teachings of that code ? And, then, as they have found that treatment so immensely, so "unanimously" safe, is it not a verdict against our doctors—every doctor in the wide world—for criminal practice—for manslaughter—who refuse to follow it, and so save their patients ?

And, then, again ; as our doctors, with all others, do refuse to use the cold bath, instead of their code, is not their preference—their choice of code treatment—certain evidence that it is followed for another reason, than for a speedy or safe cure of their patients ? Is not, "to treat," the one great object of those doctors, while, "to cure" the patient is equally, the secondary object ? If to cure be the one, and only object, why not adopt the speedier and safer way, by the cold bath ? In very shame, for all professedly humane beings, shall we refrain from recording the answer—the only answer that can be made to that question, from man's inmost soul—the soul that is lead, by inspiration, to do unto others as we would have them do unto us ? Were man's mind perfect as God's mind—created

in the image of His mind—the same as man was created in the image of God, then we might know that the medical student would start out into the medical world to relieve suffering, with an eye single to his patients' needs, without thought of fee, beyond the actual necessities of life. But, how different is all his professional work from that of any selfish mind's work, in the interest of suffering humanity? Yet, how grand is his opportunity to imitate his Master, who went about doing good—"healing the sick." Yet, none so pretentious, in all the business callings of life, to a higher grade of worth to mankind, than that same medical scientist, so-called, but whose science is void of any semblance of real nature's laws.

Every word, every sentiment, necessary to instil into the mind of the medical student, that he is to occupy a higher grade in life's highway than the average humanity, is talked into him by his medical instructor, while, all this time, a false theory of medical treatment is instilled into his mind; so, when he emerges into the community a full-fledged "doctor," he assumes such a wonderful knowledge of diseases, and their cures, that average humanity is so impressed in solemn awe by his pretentious superior wisdom, and power over diseases, as to become so subservient to his teachings, his will, and pretensions, that he is only too willing to imagine that some dangerous symptom of disease is stealing upon him, that he may have excuse to employ and install, into the coveted position of "family physician," the one who all the time had been listening to the voices of the Prof. Hayses, sounding in his ears; "to a strict observance of the medical ethics, and against any semblance of quackery." Thus begins that practice, without any "semblance of quackery" in it, and which means no cold bath in fevers, or any other common-sense

treatment, in other diseases. Then follows the usual results, the usual number of deaths, with the "fee" included ; while no amount of arguments will convince those dupes that cold bath, only, was necessary to have saved the patient's life. Such is the power of the influence which the disciples of those ethics have over the mind of average humanity.

I am fully persuaded, as I said in the preceding pages, in regard to ten persons, who should witness my curing my child of scarlet fever with cold bath—that should ten persons read of how those 2,150 patients were treated with the cold bath, nine of those ten, should they have a case of typhoid fever in their family, would allow their family physician to treat in his usual way, while he would sneer at cold bath. And should the case run for weeks, with the usual suffering, and final death, he would convince them that it was inevitable, while, all the time, he knew in his heart, that he was deceiving them, and that the cold bath would have saved the life.

Would the people reflect on the consequences of all this subserviency to the influences of those interested professionals—those whose business it is to make their living, and more—their fortunes—off their sufferings—would they study it, as I have studied it ; look at it in all its bearings ; see its effects upon health, and life ; its failure to do what it claims for its scientific influence over disease ; then they would see, what is so palpably true : that all these pretentious claims are made to dazzle their eyes, with their pretended importance to health and life, to all the better obtain the necessary power over them, to prostitute them to their own selfish purposes. Would the people weigh this whole matter of medical treatment for their ails ; compare the condition and health of the few who are

wise enough to refuse to use the stuff for every little ail, and thus have no big ails, they would soon realize the great advantage to their health, and addition to their happiness, by their wise choice against the doctor and his drugs. Those who go clear of him, have no trouble with their health ; while those who are constantly tampering with his drugs, are always ailing. These are the facts, as seen in the condition of the two classes in every community. With one class, it is continual dosing with the doctor's stuffs, or patent nostrums, and continually ailing ; with the other class, there is no doctoring, and no ailing, but robust health, with all its enjoyments.

The great fault with the one class, and, unfortunately, much the largest class of the people, is, that they do not allow themselves to form conclusions against the medical profession, in consequence of its continual failures to meet its promises and pretensions, whenever a serious case of sickness is treated by them ; but accept the doctor's excuses, that they are unavoidable, or, from some fault of the patient, or nursing, or from some complication of diseases, that were impossible to manage together—anything to throw the responsibility off their shoulders, and to cover up the fact of the utter uselessness of their code, in saving from or curing disease.

The young mother, very especially, is constantly watching every move, or apparent ail in her child, fearing that some disease is coming upon it ; and, to ease her mind, hastens to the doctor, who, if he be the kind who magnifies every symptom, as a precursor of a dangerous disease, increases her alarm, and suggests the importance of an "ounce of preventive" to save the necessity of "a pound of cure." Then begins a tampering with the doctor's drugs, while the inevitable tendency is to hasten on diseases, or constant ailings, of one kind or another, and which gives excuse for the doctor to constantly

tamper with it ; all of which results in a constantly enfeebled condition of the child, and, more, is the cause of the great mortality among infants, and early youth. While the doctors claim that they understand the "science of medicine," as necessary to be applied to sustain or restore health, yet all this scientific knowledge of the necessity to maintain, sustain, retain, or restore health, and the application of all their remedies for that purpose conglomerated, come to naught, while the patient lingers and dies. Recoveries, after long lingerings, do not prove any scientific knowledge of the disease, nor scientific application of a remedy, because a proper knowledge of the disease, and of the remedy, would have prevented that long lingering.

All the scientific knowledge necessary to have, is, that a cold feeling indicates a chill, and that a chill should be met by heat, its opposite, by washing in hot water, packing in hot sheets or blankets, or immersing the body in a tub of hot water—always placing the patient, when he comes out of the tub, or is only washed in hot water, in a warm bed ; and that a hot sensation of the body indicates a fever, and which should be met by cold, its opposite, by washing, packing in cold sheets, or using the cold bath in tub. Whenever we have that knowledge, it is ample enough to enable us to relieve ourselves of that fever, just as Dr. Baruch does at Manhattan Hospital, or as Dr. Brand and the French doctors did in their hospitals. In either case—of chill or fever—the pores of the skin are closed, but by the application of the water, are immediately opened, when the poison, that causes the chill or fever, is brought out in the perspiration that comes out through those pores.

CHAPTER II.

I here repeat the last two lines in Dr. Baruch's table of statistics, as gathered from Dr. Brand and others' experience: "Out of 2,198 cases treated with strict cold bath, the mortality was 1.7 per cent., and in the same cases 2,150 patients, who were treated before the disease had progressed five days, all recovered." Now, were I to presume to approach near enough to the great medical professionists of our own city of Indianapolis, to be heard by them, from away up on their lofty pinnacle of medical knowledge, I would suggest this query for their consideration. It may be considered presumptuous in one away down in the slough of "quackery," to thus interrogate those who are resting under the cloaks of all the great medical minds of the past ages—those next to the Christ in great deeds of benefit to mankind; those ahead of the Apostles, in doing good to the same mankind; and, even, co-workers in the same medical science with those "snowy-haired" doctors who discovered the awful "crazy" in those McAllisterville boys; and, with the doctors of Waterbury, Connecticut, who discovered the "hydrophobia" in that boy, and who decided that he could not be cured.

I repeat, that it may be considered presumptuous in such a low-down "layman," to cast queries at our doctors, some of whom are said to be professional in filling our Crazy Asylum with sane citizens; and all peers—at least, of those snowy-haired discoverers of the "crazy." But, nevertheless, I do venture to inquire, in the language of the street, in regard to Dr. Baruch's advice—to abandon the present method of treatment of typhoid fever, and the substitution of the cold-bath treatment: Gentlemen doctors, lady doctors, of Indianapolis—

“What are you going to do about it? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT? Do you propose to shut your eyes and ears against Dr. Baruch’s advice—against what you see in print in regard to the perfect success of cold bath in those German hospitals, French hospitals, and Manhattan hospital? Do you propose to shut your eyes against God and humanity thumping at your conscience—at the immortal that is within you—demanding that you shall save your patients from suffering and death, by cold bath? How many of you have now, to-day, a patient—patients—lingering on the confines of the grave, who is, or are, appealing to you to save them, to their friends—father, or mother, or babe, or children, who need parents’ care to lead them along in this ensnaring world—who have confided, or their friends have confided, to your pretended ability, to save them, believing that your professedly medical knowledge has power to save them? What are you going to do about it? Are you going to let those patients die, or suffer long, rather than use cold baths, as Dr. Baruch has advised you to do? What are you, Dr. Oliver, going to do about it? Have you got it through your cranium, into your intensely medical brain, that typhoid fever can be broken up; or are you still letting your patients “battle with it,” on quinine, antipyrine—anything but cold bath? Have you not read that they are, in France, doing the same thing? And do you not believe that those German hospitals are saving their patients by the cold bath? Or, have you and your compeers such sordid souls that you covet money more than you value the lives of your patients? Do you covet their money so intently, that you will allow them to linger for weeks, in order to make a big bill against them, rather than to relieve them in a few hours by the cold bath? Does not Dr. Brand’s

great successes condemn all and every practitioner in our city, as well as the world over, who refuses, or neglects, to use cold bath in fever, as "criminally culpable?" While it, also, settles and establishes the principle, that hot bath is equally efficacious in chills, will our doctors adopt, and practice upon those principles? Will Dr. Fletcher, after his unsuccessful search for a remedy for typhoid fever, accept the cold bath? Or, is it not in accord with his lessons, which he learned from those wonderful medical minds of ancient date; and which same lessons he blows so eloquently onto the tender offshoots of his profession? Will he lend his aid, now, that the cold bath is the remedy for fevers, to prevent the people from being humbugged any farther, and, consequently, saved from so much suffering, and so many deaths—by the medical fraternity of our city—and which means the same salvation for the people of the whole State? Will Dr. Hervey, now, re-write his essay on medical progress, and include "cold bath" as one of the changes, and new remedies, that is doing so much to save the people from sickness? Do not his "snowy" locks admonish him to do all he can for suffering humanity, ere "his lamp of life" shall cease to burn? By championing cold bath for fever, he can do much, in this evening of his life, toward immortalizing his name. And, too, now, since the manager of a great hospital in our own country, and those in countries "over the waters," have given to the world their testimony that cold bath is not hurtful, but beneficial, and the one thing needful in fevers, will not the doctors of our county medical society reconsider their decision, which they made and published, that "cold water is not beneficial, but hurtful, in the scarlet fever?" They may have felt safe in making that decision and announcement, as against one "unprofessional:"

but they will have a big job on their hands, should they now persist in that declaration in the face of Dr. Baruch's thousands of cures by cold bath; yet they may have the gall in them to keep up the denial, should they think they can still induce the people to believe them, while that may, also, be a possibility, as Dr. Hervey has made a general reference to the people, as their "dupes." I do confess that my fears are great, that, whatever the doctors say to the people, they will believe; though, while many of them submit to their dictation, it will be under protest. It is yet to be seen what our doctors will do, while I fear the worst, and, really, believe that, should Dr. Baruch, or any other member of the profession who has demonstrated, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that cold bath is a certain and quick cure for fever, come into our city, and endeavor to induce our doctors to use it, they would treat him and his effort with contempt and ridicule. There may be exceptions, but they would be few and far between. The many would undoubtedly, prefer to risk making a satisfactory explanation to the people—their customers—conscious, as they are, of their complete control over their minds, in anything pertaining to their professional relations with them, than to risk the loss of such great fees as they are continually gathering in. They may, and so do pretend, to have sympathy for their suffering and lingering patients, but the fact that they refuse to resort to cold bath, for fever, instead of their code treatment, proves, beyond a doubt, that they prefer to follow the treatment which will insure the largest fee. Those few physicians, whose consciences would dictate to them to accept Dr. Baruch's advice, and thereby save so much suffering, are also conscious of the fact that, should they do so, they would receive all the denunciation and contempt that the profession

could heap upon them, for failing to adhere to a "strict observance of their medical ethics;" but resorting to "quackery," even should they save their patients. To charge a profession, of such high pretensions, such grandiloquence, with obtaining the confidence of the general people, so as to extort money from them, while entailing suffering upon them, and by refusing to prevent suffering in them, is a terrible charge; but every day's history goes to show that they are amenable to it; while the pretended great indignation which is proclaimed against the "ignorant, emperical, and dishonest work, called professional," is, simply, the echo of a sound, like the cry in "Thief! stop, thief!"

The fact is, the thery of the cold bath has been before the world for ages; but, fought against, by the profession; and successfully, from the fact that, the generality of the people has been influenced by their great pretensions of medical knowledge, to believe them. Many, from a fear of encountering the frown of public opinion, should they refuse to employ a physician, and the patient should die. I know such to be the case, because I have had those very feelings, when halting, as I often did, between employing a doctor, or not; while, in three cases, when I yielded to what I knew was public sentiment, but not in full accord with it myself, our children died in the doctor's care. Then, after determining to think and act for myself, and, cutting loose from the doctors entirely, we lost no more children, and have had very little sickness to this day. Then, too, after I had saved my children from the same scarlet fever, and other diseases, of which those three died, and published it, for the benefit of the people, those very doctors, who are still following the very same course of treatment, which some of the set gave my children, and allowed them to die, published to the same people,

that my treatment, that saved my children—cold bath, for scarlet fever—“is not beneficial, but hurtful.” And, too, when I publish that our grandchildren were cured of diphtheria by blistering the neck and throat, and keeping the inside wet with salt water and camphorated alcohol, it is announced by the same know-everything professionals, that physicians have a “rule” to not take prescriptions from the papers; but, as the facts show, they would rather let their patients die. Witness the Vandersaar children, and those dying all the time; all because the erudite doctor is too stiff to learn anything from others, who do not make so great pretensions of medical knowledge, but, with more of the milk of human kindness in them, and less desire to hoard up the almighty dollar, at the expense of the sufferings of their fellow-beings.

I feel that truth justifies the declaration, that every doctor who has studied the structure of the human body, knows that fever requires a cooling process of some kind, and that the fever is caused by poison in the system, and that that poison must be removed—brought out by an antidote—and that the pores of the skin are closed, and that water, applied to the skin, is an antidote, causing a perspiration, and which will bring with it that poison which was the original cause of the fever. Every doctor, with a medical education, knows all this; yet everyone, almost, will attempt to administer an antidote, by injecting into the stomach some tonic, only, to enable the patient to struggle with the fever, until his strength may wear it out. He wholly ignores the agency of water, unless only in a sponging way; thus admitting the theory of the water cure, but careful not to use enough of it to produce the cure.

I query of Dr. Oliver, who has published, that “We do not recognize typhoid as a fever that can

be broken up," and who, in this statement, represents all the doctors of our city, as well as of the State and country: Will you, and will they, all, state, under the solemnity of an oath, before a person properly authorized to administer it, that such is your belief; that you do not believe that typhoid can be broken up with water—with cold bath? Will you and they solemnly affirm, under the solemnity of that oath, that scarlet fever, typhoid, yellow or any other fever can not be broken up by the same cold bath? Will those "snowy haired" Drs. Hervey, Thompson, Woodburn, Wishard, Jamison, and all others, whose name is legion, "solemnly swear," that all those cases of typhoid, scarlet or any other fevers, which they have treated, and, in many sad cases, have terminated in death, could not have been "broken up" by cold bath? Will they thus solemnly swear, in the face of Dr. Baruch's printed statement that there were more than two thousand cases cured, without the loss of one, by "strict cold bath?" It did not require much bravery for all of Marion county's medical society to publish, while not under oath, that cold water is not beneficial, but hurtful, in scarlet fever, but it may require all the bravery they can muster to file an affidavit that Dr. Brand's theory and experience is not reliable—is not true; that the cold bath which he used, and Dr. Baruch recommends, could not have been otherwise than "hurtful."

Whatever our doctors may think, say, or resolve, in their medical societies, secret conclaves, or otherwise, about the hurtfulness of cold bath, in fevers, reflecting minds may surmise that there is some other objection to their using it, besides its pretended hurtfulness to the patient, when those same reflecting minds see evidences of wealth in all the various ways that wealth shows itself, in the possession of those hoary-headed disciples of Esculapius, descend-

ants of Count Rumford, brothers of those "snowy-haired" McAllisterville discoverers of "crazy" etc., they can, then, easily imagine, where that cold water hurts the most, should it save their fevered patients, at their first visit, thus giving them no occasion to repeat and repeat their visits, while proportionately cutting short their ledger accounts. The truly grand philanthropic Dr. Baruch's thousands of demonstrations of the unhurtfulness of cold bath in fevers, could not convince our snowy-haired doctors of that fact, when looking onto the many blank pages of their ledgers, no matter if the good Dr. Baruch's statistics shall demonstrate the curing of every patient by cold bath. And, too, while the grass-covered mounds of earth, and marble monuments, in Crown Hill, as readily demonstrate the fact that their code treatment so often fails, what is it all to them, even with the wrecked families in the train, if, in it all, their fee bills grow, and their brick-and-mortar and bank accounts multiply, during all their self-interested practice upon the deluded people—Deluded, but who seem to love to be deluded, the same as the drunkard, who quaffs the intoxicating draught, which the same-selfishly-interested dealer has so often put to his lips, educated him to it—loves to be duped, to be damned. The same as our self-interest doctor has taught his victim, from early youth, and the parents before them, to think that he is a necessity to his very existence, while, to insure that existence, he must continually take his drugs, and quaff—drink deep, with his confiding mind, into his pretentious claims of skill in preserving his health, and prolonging his life. With no confidence in the certainty of that treatment, their only hope is that the patient will be able to pull through, or the disease will not come on, thereby gaining credit for the cures, or for keeping off disease. This is a true picture of the

life of doctor and deluded people, as seen in all communities, everywhere, and at all times.

CHAPTER III.

Here I quote some thoughts from others, that the reader may see that I am not alone, in estimation of the value of medicine as a science, or curative element. The *Pittsburg Chronicle* says this : "The disagreements among physicians on points of their profession, that by this time should be so well established as to be irrefutable, were medicine an exact science, has led many intelligent people to think that, outside of anatomy, doctors know but little more than other folks. Doctors disagree not alone in diagnosing, or attempting to cure diseases, but also as to the means for preventing them. Almost every article used by man for drink, food or raiment, has been both recommended and condemned by differing medical schools, and, frequently, with no consideration for the varying natures and environment of men. The most damaging testimony against medicine as an exact, reliable science, comes from its own great practitioners. Thus the famous Dr. Abercombie said that, 'since cultivated as a science, medicine is fraught with the highest degree of uncertainty. We can not be said to act upon experience, as we do in other branches of science.' Sir Astley Cooper said, in a hospital lecture : 'The art of medicine is founded on conjecture.' Dr. Hoffman, the most celebrated physician of the eighteenth century, wrote : As regards medicine, the physician is deceived, as their true properties are quite unknown, and we know of no general law of nature for their remedial employment." Now, if the language in these quotations

does not corroborate my statements, when I say that our doctors know their medicines are not reliable, that they do not, and can not, cure their patients with them, what does it prove? Did not Dr. Fletcher acknowledge the truth of that language quoted, when he so facetiously stated that all medicine which he had tried for typhoid fever was no better than "pickled moonshine?" Moreover, does not that same facetiousness prove that he was an arrant humbug, and "criminally culpable," by playing the confidence game on those graduating medical students, by blowing onto them all that stuff about the wonderful "medical mind," as found—as he claimed—in all those names that he mentioned? What other effect could it have on their minds, than to cause them to be puffed up in their own estimation, and thereby be all the bolder in beginning a life of impositions upon a people already foolishly and surreptitiously impressed with the importance, to them and their families, of those medical pretenders, and imposters? Those young men are imposed upon by the Fletchers, Hayeses, Thompsons, Woodburns, Herveys, and all other instructors, who thus impress upon their minds the great utility of the medical ethics, in saving people from diseases, and curing them of the same. Those old men know, from long experience, that Sir Astley Cooper said truly, "That the art of medicine is founded on conjecture," and that Dr. Abercombie's and Hoffman's statements are, every word, true. But they count on the credulity of the people to make them rich, or, at least, give them a "bare subsistence," while thus imposing upon them. Many of them, of course, will get only that, while all the time causing much suffering and many deaths. Have those "hoary-headed" doctors become so hardened that they do not realize or care for this fact?

CHAPTER IV.

I here quote a clipping from the *Journal*, headed, "A Martyr to Fanaticism," and dated, "St. Louis, April 24," which reads: "A special from Salida, Colorado, says that Ada Clark, the thirteen-year-old daughter of Photographer Clark, the Christian scientist, died yesterday evening at 3 o'clock. Last night an indignation meeting of prominent citizens was held, and Clark was requested to summon a regular physician. He did so, knowing that to refuse would be followed by violence. Dr. Lord, the physician summoned, examined the child, and afterward reported to the chairman of the indignation meeting. He stated that Ada was very low with typhoid fever, and that it was hardly possible that she could recover, as he had been called too late to be of any material assistance. The doctor stated, also, that he believed the girl's feeble condition was due solely to the treatment given by her parents, which consisted, wholly, of prayers for her recovery. They did not administer one drop of medicine, prior to the doctor's visit, Clark having stated to a number of people that he had at no time considered his daughter as seriously ill, and that she was only suffering from a slight indisposition, when, in fact, she had a very severe attack of typhoid fever. Since it became known to the people that the girl was dead, they have become almost wild with excitement. Every street corner is crowded with them, and threats are of the most bloodthirsty character. A call has been issued for a meeting of the Law and Order Society to-night, when the the last act in the drama will be decided upon. It is absolutely safe to say that himself and his entire family will be ordered to leave the city, even if nothing worse is done by the

incensed people." Now, why all this indignation over the death of one person out of the hands of the doctor, when it is so often the case that death occurs in his hands, and from incompetence, as other doctors often say, and as people often believe? Besides, had Dr. Lord been called, he would have been in the dark as to what to do, according to Sir Astley Cooper. He would have to guess, and he would, very likely, guess wrong, as to guess right he would have to guess cold bath; but, as he is, undoubtedly, one of Prof. Hayes' disciples—not Dr. Baruch's—he would not have had any "semblance of quackery" in his. Very likely, Dr. Lord was at the foundation of all that indignation at Mr. Clark, and was self-interested in making the unfavorable report, which he did, and maybe, willing to let the girl die, rather than to save her, and which he might have done, had he put her in a cold bath, as Charles Kregelo's doctor did for him, at the last moment. The only trouble with Mr. Clark was, that he trusted in the wrong Lord to save his girl. Had he trusted in the earthly "Lord," there would have been none of that indignation, even had she died in that Lord's hands. What else would our citizens of our devoted city do, were they to hold an indignation meeting every time a patient dies in the hands of the Hayes, Olivers, Fletchers, Herveys, etc.? Had Mr. Clark shown his faith in the Heavenly Lord, by his works—as St. James said he did—his child would, undoubtedly, have recovered. There is where he erred, for had he put her in a cold bath, and, then, prayed over her, in faith, he would have put those earthly Lords and their sattellites to shame. That earthly Lord, evidently, believed in "preying," but not in praying, as he believed the child's weak condition was wholly in consequence of her parents' praying for her recovery.

A few weeks ago a Miss Biggs died in this city,

of typhoid fever, in the hands of a doctor, of course. Was there an indignation meeting held by "prominent citizens," with threats of driving the family out of the city, for trusting her in the hands of the doctor, instead of praying for her recovery? And, too, did those same prominent citizens threaten to drive the doctor out of the city because he did not put her in a cold bath, and thus save her? The doctor didn't save her, the same as that girl's parents didn't save her—by praying. They both failed; then why not treat the friends of both alike? And why not drive the doctor out, because of his imbecility, stupidity and dishonesty, in refusing to apply cold bath to her, and save her? But, instead, did he apply his code to her for the money there would be in her long-continued suffering? Very likely; and which resulted in death. He might have saved her, had he laid aside his code long enough to put her in that bath. He was a thousand times more guilty than Mr. Clark, because he knew that cold bath would have saved her in a few hours; yet left her to die, rather than allow that "semblance of quackery" in his treatment. And, while Mr. Clark had not thought of, or was, perhaps, prejudiced against cold baths as he had, undoubtedly, been raised in the atmosphere in which the "Lords" and Hayses are continually breathing out denunciations against cold baths, as the veriest quackery, he had inhaled so much of that medical-science air as to suppose that there was no other way to treat his child; but, rather than trust her in their hands, after witnessing so many failures by them, he, very naturally, as he was a believer in the Providence of God, determined to trust his child in His hand, rather than risk her with such failures as all the earthly "Lords" are. Those "Lords," Hayses, and Olivers can not change the truth of Dr. Brand's demonstration, that they can cure every case of

typhoid fever with cold bath ; and, by refusing to use it, in a determination to adhere to their ethics, while at a great risk of the life of their patients, with, all the time, long suffering, they fasten upon themselves the truth of a "criminal culpability" in the sufferings and death of their patients.

Here is medical ethics' success. This, in the *News* : "Futile Efforts to Cure Diphtheria.—The seven-year-old daughter of Wendell Vondersaar, 904 North New Jersey street, died last night of diphtheria. Tuesday morning the child was slowly strangling to death, and to relieve it Drs. Ridpath and Chambers performed the operation of intubation. They placed a golden tube in the child's mouth, and passed it down her throat to the upper edge of the air passages, where it was held by a narrow rim on the tube. The child breathed through this tube for thirty-six hours, but finally died from exhaustion and fever." There was a way to save that child, had those doctors been as anxious to save her as they were to save their profession from the taint of "quackery." The unprofessional way to have saved her was to blister the outside of the parts affected, with the liniment I have before mentioned—coal-oil, croton-oil and gum camphor—and keeping the inside constantly wet with salt water, alternated with diluted camphorated alcohol, or mixed with salt water. Had that treatment been given her, there would have been no necessity for that cruel intubation, and thirty-six hours of terrible suffering and death. The inflammation and enlargement of the tonsils and glands of the throat would have been reduced by the drawing of the disease to the outside, while the inside wetting, or gargling, would cleanse and heal the parts affected. While croton-oil is important to blister, coal-oil penetrates and heals the whole affected part, while camphorated alcohol and salt are also power-

ful healers of all swellings and pains, in cases of throat troubles, the same as in cases of boils and felons. In either of those cases, the camphorated alcohol, when thoroughly applied, stops their growing or increasing, and heals them immediately, while it will remove lumps on horses' backs or shoulders, caused by saddle or collar. I know this is all true, because I have proved it in many cases.

I have no other motive than to benefit my fellow-beings, in thus detailing to them just how they can save themselves and children from so much suffering, and, so often, death, when in the hands of the pretended medical-science doctors—those who practice by conjectured methods—a practice of continual experiments, while the doctors all know there is no certainty in those experiments. Yet, it is their trade, and while following it, to make it a success, they are compelled to put on airs of great importance, contemptuously ignoring every kind of treatment not taught in their profession's bible—the *Materia Medica*. For instance, their contemptuously publishing, from their society's standpoint, that "cold water is not beneficial, but hurtful in scarlet fever." In consequence of that contemptuous feeling toward outside influence and remedies, which they had learned from that Bible, those doctors allowed that little girl to suffer untold misery for thirty-six hours, "until she died from fever and exhaustion"—that fever which would have been allayed by the application of that blistering liniment, and the moistening, soothing and healing process of washing the mouth and throat. She would not have come to that condition of "slowly strangling to death," had she been treated by that process when the first symptoms of the disease were developed. While there is every reason to believe that the doctors knew, when they inserted that tube, that the disease was going on to certain

death, but their opportunity of having their little feat in surgery published in the papers, and discussed at the next society meeting, was not to be resisted, even at the risk of one little life. During those thirty-six hours, if, instead of that tube, they had tried that "quackery," which I have detailed, but which the professors of their fraudulent science advise their offshoots against any semblance of, she might have been saved. Could the people be induced to use that "quackery" when their children, or friends, are attacked by those fatal diseases—fatal only in the hands of those fraudulent practitioners of a false science—then there would be no strangling to death and no necessity for such brutal intubation. No case of death need occur under a timely application of that "quack" treatment which I recommend. The same in case of fever: no death need occur, were a timely application of cold bath resorted to, or, in case of chill, were the hot bath applied. The danger is all in the hands of those pretended healers; but who treat for the almighty dollar. If to "cure" they would, when they see their code a failure, apply the tabooed "quack" remedies, which they know, in their hearts, are nature's remedies.

CHAPTER V.

Those pretended healers, but who do not heal—the Ridpaths, Hayses, Hodges, Thompsons, Woodburns, Herveys, and the half-thousand others, of our city, who imitate them—are of the character of the ones whom Dr. Jordan, president of the State University, would have superseded by educated ones—educated by the State.

In an address before a class of medical graduates, recently, in this city, President Jordan inquires:

“Shall the State demand that the doctors who serve the people should know their business. Why not? Haven’t we had enough of ‘quacks?’ The money wasted every year in Indiana on ‘quacks’ would educate every physician in the State who has the brains to bear education. Bring in better men.” Now, suppose the truly great and talented Dr. Jordan shall, with the money of our “farmers and mechanics,” under the auspices of our University, prepare and “bring in,” or send in, “better men”—by “better,” of course, he means such as can cure diphtheria, tonsilitis, typhoid, scarlet, pneumonia, and all other fevers—wouldn’t there be an awful “hegira” from our city of the incompetent ones—the “quacks” of the “medical-mind” variety? Then *our* “‘quacks’ would disappear as surely as an army of tramps before a stone pile.” The erudite Doctor proceeds: “These professions (lawyers and doctors) are overcrowded in Indiana, simply because they are no professions at all.” Pretty hard, isn’t it, on our quartette of medical colleges of our own dear city, that are turning out their half-thousand every year—offshoots, sprouts from the medical minds of the Fletchers, Hayeses, Jamisons, Clarkes, etc., disciples of the Esculapian school of “medical mind,” and who have “sot” under the Christ-like Hahneman, the-greater-than-all-the Apostles “Rumford;” the Celsuses’, Hypocrates’, all? All these to be snowed under by the great medical mind to be manufactured by the great “I,” president of the State University; scattered like an army of tramp doctors before a pile of medical intellect as hard as a “stone pile;” all from the “Jordan River” of knowledge. Then, this: “The names of many wise and learned men come to our minds when we call over the roll of Indiana’s physicians. We are glad to do honor to a long roll of names thoroughly distinguished in medicine and surgery.

We are not less glad to recognize that the present and the rising generation of Indiana's physicians contain many a man every way worthy to be their successors. Of our best we have a right to be proud. It is only when we regard the amount of ignorant, empirical and dishonest work called professional, that our hearts sink within us, and we doubt whether our American system of medical 'laissez faire' can be a wise system."

But then he failed to tell those offshoots who were the wise men, and who the foolish. He left them in the dark as to whether the names I have mentioned are of the first or latter class. "We" opine in "our minds" that he would place them in the first class. Though they profess much wisdom, yet, according to the confession of their great (?) leader, they have not yet become wise enough to know of anything better than "pickled moonshine" for typhoid fever, while they show their imbecility by not being able, in all their self opionated wisdom, to save their patients from long suffering and death, from that and all other diseases that attack mankind. If those men are distinguished in medicine, then may he honor them as "pater-familias" of "enfants perdus"—fathers of a family of forlorn—hopefuls. If such are "our best," then, of course, he must be proud of them, if he *must be proud*, anyhow. But, then, where does the "ignorant, empirical and dishonest work called professional" come from, that "causes (his) our heart to sink within us," if not from those imbeciles, who profess to know so much about their holy *Materia Medica Bible*, but who can not find anything in it better than that "pickled moonshine" for fevers or anything else? Nor can they cure diphtheria, tonsilitis, or any other "'itis." And, then, in view of such "ignorance," who can blame "pater" of our University, if he does doubt whether our Amer-

ican system of medical "let-alone" can be a wise system? He does not stop at ignorance, but charges empirical and dishonest work to those professionals. He is right, too, in all that, because what those great pretended lights of the medical-mind variety call science, other truly-great lights call "conjecture."

I quote those great authorities again. Dr. Cooper: "The art of medicine is founded on conjecture." Dr. Hoffman: "As regards most medicines, the physician is deceived, as their true properties are quite unknown, and we have no general law of nature for their remedial employment." Dr. Abercombie: "Since cultivated as a science, medicine is fraught with the highest degree of uncertainty. We can not be said to act upon experience, as we do in other sciences." "Dishonest quacks," he might say, because those professionals pretend to work by a law of nature which is only a "conjecture—a guess—and while pretending to cure disease by that pretended law, do not do it, but take the people's money, all the same. These witnesses, however unwittingly, fasten President Jordan's charges of empirical and dishonest work upon the "professionals" of our city, and of the State, and for whose sons and daughters he pleads, that "our farmers and mechanics" shall educate them in all the most successful ways of playing the confidence games upon them; but not to treat their sick by real nature's laws, because they would be educated to practice empiricism and dishonesty upon them. To be taught true science and honesty in treating disease, they must go to Dr. Baruch and those French doctors, who use cold bath for fevers.

The fact that our doctors ignore that, and scout the idea of its use, and resolve in their medical society meeting that cold water is not beneficial, but hurtful in fever, makes them obnoxious to the charge

of dishonesty, and, more, criminally culpable for the deaths of their patients while conjecturing the treatment necessary with a medicine, the properties of which they have no knowledge, nor of the "law of nature for their remedial employment." "We" commiserate President Jordan, when, in view of all such ignorance, empiricism and dishonesty, his heart does sink within him—"we" should think it would get clear down into his boots—and is forced to think our "American system of medical 'let alone' is not a wise system." "Let alone" is the true English of our doctor's methods. "Let alone," is it, exactly. Dr. Oliver lets alone his typhoid patients to "battle" with it; "afoot and alone." He does not recognize typhoid as a fever that can be broken up. He is professedly "ignorant" of that fact, and which fact causes Dr. Jordan's heart to sink, while dishonestly shutting his eyes against the fact that cold bath will break it up. And the doctor represents every other one in the city and State, dishonestly practicing what those eminent doctors whom I have mentioned, with others, virtually admit is a fraud upon real science, imposing upon the people a fraudulent practice, in order to obtain the largest amount of money possible from them. Were they honestly working to restore the sick to health, without regard to the amount of the fee, they would use cold bath for fevers, and would use natural remedies for diphtheria, nor allow their patients to come to a condition of "strangling to death," so as to be obliged to insert a tube into the throat to enable the patient to live thirty-six hours in dying.

CHAPTER VI.

Just here is a new edition of the imbecile effort of the Ridpath-Chambers-Hodges medical mind to cure diphtheria. Another Vondersaar child succumbs to it, under the same professional management, with "no semblance of quackery" in it. Had those eminent failures not had a "rule" to not take prescriptions from papers, and then treated those children as I stated in the papers we treated our grandchildren, they, in all probability, would be now alive. Dr. Boyd, who proposes to hold physicians "criminally culpable" who fail to use oxygen gas in pneumonia, knows that I used that liniment on my boy's hip, and which drew the inflammation out, and saved the hip in a perfect condition. Very likely every one of those truly wiseacres will say the cases are different. Just so: one the hip, the other the throat; but the inflammation was the same in both, and that was what was needed to be drawn out—drawn to the surface—while that liniment did it in the cases of our boy's hip and our grandchildren's throats, one of them that boy-man's own child. But those real quacks had a "rule," and that prevented them from using that simple and real nature's remedy, to draw the inflammation from those children's throats, and thus save them. If Dr. Jordan's heart has not yet sunk into his boots, these cases of cruelty and dishonest practice for the "fee" will surely "fetch it down" to the lowest depths of sorrow. Our would-be "pater," of the true-medical-mind "familais," quotes, in great sorrow, the words left behind, of a medical student who committed suicide in New York: "I die because there is room for no more doctors," and then says, O! so sorrowfully!: "Overcrowded; poor fellow! Smothered by the mass of his fellow-incompetents;

died because there is room for no more doctors ; and all this while the science of medicine stands on the verge of the greatest discoveries since the times of Galen and Esculapius." "Fellow incompetents." "Smothered by the mass of his fellow-incompetents." And, yet, our medical colleges are turning out, all the time, legions of his "fellow-incompetents," and, to give them a good send-off, the Jordans, Hayeses, Fletchers, etc., are blowing on to them the slime from the rotten breath of a "conjectured" medical-science gullet. Then, seemingly comprehending the sad, "dishonest work" of those incompetents, he thus mournfully concludes : "The fittest physician may survive ; but, meanwhile, the patient is dead and the quack has taken the fees." Does he mean to say, "the patient dies in the hands of the quacks ?" It seems so.

Then, how many "fittest physicians" have we in Indianapolis—in the State ? Where is the one who saves his patients, often in the simplest cases of disease ? They must be all "quacks," because men of ordinary intelligence, with the experience they have in ordinary cases, ought to learn, in time, what will save their patients. But, as I have before stated, it is very evident that they do not "treat" to save the patient, but it is their business—trade—and they work it for the fee which Dr. Jordan says the "quack has taken." The fittest physician has, evidently, not got to our city yet, as the patients still die, and the fee goes to the quacks.

"The scientific physician does not prostitute his skill in any of the hundred ways condemned by the code of ethics ; a true man can not be used for base purposes," says the erudite Dr. Jordan. But, where and when does the scientific physician show his skill ? Did General Grant's physicians show their skill, only to fail ? Did President Garfield's, General Logan's, General Sheridan's, Chief Justice Waite's,

Justice Matthews', Emperor Frederick's, physicians show any amount of skill to "prostitute?" But, did they not show any amount of unskillful management, at least, in the estimation of equally great medical lights, who were not of the privileged class to participate in their treatment, but only to look on while seeing how unskillfully those patients were treated?—at least, in their own estimation, as they were prolific in declaring all the time while their treatment was going on. They were all "eminent," but their skill was trailed in the dust. But, then, they could not expect to have any "skill" in practicing a conjectured—guessed-at—science. Their skill was not insured, because they adhered to their code of ethics; and they adhered to them because they were too "true" to "be used for a base purpose."

Well, then, maybe, had they consented to "be used for a base purpose," according to the Doctor's definition of baseness, and in the meaning of the code, they might be more successful, and develop their skill. For instance, one "of the hundred ways condemned by the code" is cold bath for fever, and Dr. Brand was not so "true" as not to be "used for a base purpose—base, according to their code—but basely proceeded to violate it, to try to save his fevered patients, first being convinced that the code was not as sacred as the lives of his patients. *He* basely outraged that code by putting his patients into cold water—that element tabooed by the worshippers of the code—when he saved every one of his 2,150 patients.

After his wonderfully eloquent plea against "ignorant, empirical, dishonest work, called professional," the truly-scientific "pater-familais" of our University exclaims: "Only by the requirement of training can our profession be restored to their ancient respectability. Their work must rest on a basis of

science." Now is it not pertinent to inquire, "just for information, you know?" Is he running his Bloomington "show" against our medical colleges? And did he spend all that eloquence before those infants just turned loose by their "wet nurses," to show them that they had not received their "training on a basis of science," that which was necessary to the scientific physician? Did he see that they had been trained on a "basis" of "conjectured" science? "As regards most medicines, the physician is deceived, as their true properties are quite unknown, and we have no general law of nature for their remedial employment?" "That, cultivated as a science, medicine is fraught with the highest degree of uncertainty?" Did he see that all these theories of those "old fogies"—Cooper, Hoffman, Abercombie—had been filled into those infants by those "wet nurses, that had been giving them "pap?" And all of which "made our heart sink within us?" Or, vice versa? And, too, is he running that same "show" against Greencastle, and our good Dr. Curtis? Does he rank him alongside of our arrant quacks, who can't cure our commonest fevers, diphtheria, tonsilitis, chills, etc., of such as are those "wet nurses," upon whom those infants leaned, and from whom they drew the lacteal nourishment—"sap"—from the wonderful tree of medical knowledge? Does he propose to make our Bloomington the Athens of the medical-mind world? Then whom does he propose to have as co-workers, with his own great medical mind, in training the true disciples of Galen and Esculapius? Will he call Dr. Baruch and those other medical-mind scientists—the great hydropathists of the old and new world?

If so, then we gladly invoke God's blessing upon him and his work. Nor is our humble invocation necessary, because His son has, already, promised

mercy to him who is merciful. But, then—oh, but, then—maybe, he will call those other great scientists, so called. For instance: Dr. Oliver, who does not “recognize that typhoid can be broken up”—has not learned that Dr. Brand can break it up in an hour, every time. Or, will he call those great doctors who could not do anything with the epidemic of typhoid fever, which so raged in Plymouth, Pennsylvania?; or those doctors who, in Jacksonville, Florida, found yellow fever in every case of bellyache, thereby creating such a panic as to cause many deaths from mere fright, but who, themselves, lived to draw from the Government their twelve dollars’ fee, in every case they so diagnosed? Or, will he call those wonderful scientists in Springfield, Massachusetts, who attributed the epidemic of diphtheria there to “the unnaturalness of the weather?;” or the doctors of our city and State who magnified trivial diseases into serious ones, thereby creating panics, getting many cases on their hands, and then obtaining credit for curing serious cases?; or those “snowy-haired” doctors of McAllisterville?; or those of Waterbury, Connecticut, who found the “rabies” in that boy? Also, he may be able to secure some of those Wabash doctors who couldn’t cure croup; or some of those “eminent” ones of the State, who so successfully aided them in their failure?; or, the one who could not master C. F. Holliday’s slight cold?; and, too, the “snowy-haired” giant in medical knowledge, who couldn’t manage Vice-President Hendricks’ cold? And, should our beloved president of the new Athens prefer a taint of royalty in his school of medical prophets, there are the Sir MacKenzies’ and all the old Dutch doctors who made such an eminent success in quarreling over their royal patient, whom they didn’t save.

Or, to return to our native shores, he may find

one of those twenty-five-thousand-dollar-kind, distinguished in all their great failures in saving their distinguished patients, and all patients,—many valuable lives, but all the time brim-full of just such medical knowledge—of the “old-granny” kind, which Dr. Jordan may need to give his babies their lacteal food, or blow it onto them, as he so recently and eloquently and earnestly did blow onto our Indianapolis’ babes of our medically-minded grannies. And, also, our own city supply seems to be inexhaustible, for here we have the distinguished theorist, Dr. Compton, on dust, water, “Old Sol,” and disease germs. And, too, as wind—only of the medical kind—is as uncertain on land as on sea, and as our mariners have considered all that, and provided their ships with steam facilities in case of a calm, so, maybe, our distinguished theorist and would-be benefactor of the denizens of our city, is perfecting like facilities, in case Old Boreas shall slacken his paces, to hurry off the dust, before the flood-gates of the heaven’s tears shall be opened upon us. Then, we have left to us the distinguished Collett, who dipped deep into the bowels of old earth, and there discovered that our water must be “boiled” before drank.

Right here, before I forget: Is not that distinguished scientist’s discovery most opportune, as coeval with the discovery of natural gas? In fact, may it not be said that two such gases, co-existent, are a great blessing? The washerwoman and cook may be supposed to always have boiled water at hand; but the poor pedestrian on our streets—what would he—what could he—do, were it not that our Trust Company may be impelled, or propelled, by the Doctor’s gas, to pipe our streets, and, thereby, have a kettle of “boiled” water at every corner, for the thirsty pedestrian? The reader may pardon me in thus going into a little detail as to these

two gassy professors, as the devoted Jordan may be casting around to find two just such scientists to fill the chairs designed for gassy minds, yet the supply is unlimited—equal to the demand. There are those doctors down in Vevay—my old *alma mater*, as it were, where I first “sot foot” on Indiana’s soil, while in my mother’s arms—who made such a magnificent failure in treating that preacher for “Bright’s disease.” Then there is one remarkable doctor there, who “never take medicine when I’m sick,” but does not tell his patients that they do not need medicine, “because the fools wouldn’t believe me if I did.” Our young Athens should, certainly, have a chair filled with that variety of medical mind. And, too, there are “the best doctors in Cincinnati,” who, also, treated that young preacher, with the same successful failure, and who evidently were too obtuse to understand how some “fool quack” had cured their neighbor, General Schenck, in Dayton, of the same disease, with a milk-and-cracker diet. While the poet wrote, “On Jordan’s stormy banks I stand,” and then, “We’ll pass over Jordan,” and while it is admissable that our Jordan was a little stormy on the occasion of putting the finishing-paint, as it were, on those medical infants, all, in consequence of what he saw of “ignorant, empirical, dishonest work, called professional,” and that storm causing his—“our”—heart to sink, etc. I would not pass over, or by, those waters of our Jordan, as he had already, undoubtedly, exclaimed: “Oh, that mine head were waters, that I might weep,” and was, undoubtedly, weeping over our American system of medical “Let alone,” but would gladly aid him, as I have, by pointing out to his weeping eyes such luminaries of light, in the medical firmament, as seems best to suit his purposes in rebuilding the ancient Athens in modern Bloomington.

CHAPTER VII.

Right here is another valuable possibility. Should our disgusted president and seeker after educators who are able to materialize "the greatest discoveries since the times of Galen and Esculapius," which is so near at hand, "on the very verge" of which the science of medicine does stand, not be able to secure those "snowy-haired" doctors who so ably showed up the "crazy" in those McAllisterville boys. Here it is: "Chicago, May 3. The investigation as to the cause of the death of Robert Burns, a patient in the Jefferson Insane Asylum, brings about a most disgraceful condition of things. The most damaging testimony was that of Charles Beck, a reporter, who successfully played the insanity dodge, and was admitted to the asylum, where he was an eye-witness to much of the brutal treatment which reduced Burns, in ten days, from a strong man to a complete wreck, resulting in his death." Then: "The reporter came out of the asylum at the end of ten days. He told how, when his friends secured his release, Dr. Kiernan, superintendent of the asylum, shook his head ominously, and advised against it. He declared the reporter to be incurably insane; that he knew this because he had watched his case very closely. Kiernan's chief of staff concurred in his opinion." Now, would not they—Dr. Kiernan and staff—be most valuable acquisitions to Dr. Jordan's "faculty roll," that is to bring "trained men" into competition with "incompetents" and "quacks?" The Doctor thus declares himself: "We are glad to do honor to a long roll of names of men thorough and distinguished in medicine and surgery. We are not less glad to recognize that the present and rising generation of Indiana's physicians contain many a man every way worthy to be

their successors." Would he not, then, take in those wonderful sanity experts whom Chicago has honored?

The Doctor puts this in the mouths of our farmers and mechanics: "The State should not support schools for the making of physicians. The people should not be taxed to help young men into those easy professions already so overcrowded." Then he queries: "Shall the State demand that the doctors who serve its people, should know their business? Why not? Haven't we had enough of frauds and fools?" Then, here is a very sweeping condemnation of those so-called medical minds of our State. "These professions are overcrowded in Indiana, simply because they are no professions at all." But he does not tell us how to distinguish "frauds and fools" from men every way worthy to be the successors of those "men thorough and distinguished in medicine and surgery." The average reader might be at a loss to understand in which class he would place our physicians, say those who don't recognize that typhoid is a fever that can be broken up, those who can't cure diphtheria, tonsillitis, colds—such as ailed Vice-President Hendricks, C. F. Holliday, Mrs. O'Connell; those who magnify trivial diseases into serious ones, diagnose cases scarlet fever, diphtheria, etc., which are not, and then claim merit for curing those dangerous diseases; those who can't find anything better for fever than "pickled moonshine;" those who discuss in their medical societies the value of cold water in scarlet fever, and then publish in the papers that it is not beneficial, but hurtful; those doctors in Wabash, and those "most eminent" physicians of the State who couldn't cure croup. Those doctors must be of Dr. Metcalf's kind, or the Dr.-Thomas kind, who can not cure tonsillitis.

And the doctors who couldn't cure Justice Mat

thews, Chief Justice Waite, President Garfield, General Grant, Emperor Frederick, etc.—all this array of medical talent, so called—would he place them among the “thoroughs?” Or those who looked on, but couldn’t participate, but could, and did, utter all kinds of naughty words against those who officiated; even charging imbecility and cruelty, endangering the patients’ lives, etc. Where would he place which, and which would he place where? All “eminent” in their calling, whose praise is sounded and resounded from all their mutual-admiration societies as “eminent lights” in the medical-mind world. Would he place the watch-dogs, as it were, who were barking, so to speak, at those practitioners who were practicing on the physical lives of those valuable men, among the “thoroughs,” or among the “frauds and fools?” They were equally eminent—according to the estimation of their own mutual-admiration societies—only they “got left” in those particular cases.

The president of the great medical school, which is to be, cries out in his justly-indignant soul: “Bring in better men.” But the representatives of which of those classes does he mean shall be brought in—that is, into his faculty-roll of medical instructors? He should be specific; or, maybe, he proposes to make up his “roll” from our city doctors, who aspire to be members of our Board of Health, or of our City Hospital, who, from time to time, have had such happy times in criminating and recriminating, exposing each other’s dishonesty, imbecility, involving each other’s and women’s moral character, etc., leaving outsiders to judge, from their own estimation of each other’s ability, that they were all “fools and frauds.” They may all belong to different mutual-admiration societies, so, while each society’s members are profuse in their self-adulation as wonderful “medical minds,” and in their

own estimation, just such as our president needs in the make-up of his "roll," they are equally profuse in belittling the medical mind of the other.

After all this survey of the medical-mind field, and then being able only to present those two classes who are so determinedly opposed to each other in interest, yet, in their own estimation, so grand in their medical attainment, I shall have to leave the dear Doctor to make his own choice from this array of great talent—that is, in their own estimation. But doubting his ability to secure the desired talent from it all, to insure "thorough professional training" as "the best antidote to educational quackery and fraud," and while expressing and feeling in my very soul the great doubtfulness of success in his very laudable (?) ambition to "bring in better men," would suggest that we adopt the old Roman maxim, to govern us in our search after "better men." I presume that, in pursuit of "lore," the Doctor has read that their maxim was this: "Old men for counsel and young men for war." Then while he is, in all the ardor of youth and young manhood, combined, fighting—making war on fools, frauds, quacks and "ignorant, empirical and dishonest work called professional," and "our American system of medical let alone," and, too, it must be a "war to the knife and to the hilt," as "our heart sinks within us," in the great conflict—I, of more than three-score and twelve years, will assume the role of counsellor, and say to Brother Jordan: "Lay on, McDuff, nor hold when they cry, 'enough,' but lay on. And until every medical pretender is annihilated, not only in our city, but every city, village and the world." Then we will "bring in better men." We will bring in the Dr. Brands and Baruches, and, if need be, will go away over the great waters for those French and other Dutch doctors who cure typhoid fever with cold bath. All

their work will "rest on a basis of science." Then there will be no "ignorant, empirical and dishonest work called professional." Then our *"quacks will disappear as surely as an army of tramps before a stone pile."* Then they may kill themselves, as did the New York medical student, because the people will have no use for "medical incompetents." Those quacks who do not recognize that typhoid fever can be broken up with water, or who have not found anything better than "pickled moonshine," may then rid the world of themselves, by taking to the waters of White River, as quickly as did Dr. Brand rid his patients of typhoid fever by the same watery element; while the world will be all the better without them. But it will never forget them while those forests of granite monuments in the "Crown Hills" remain to commemorate their quackery, imbecility and fraudulent practices, that consigned to their graves their patients, whose bones now rest beneath them. And, too, while the Dr. Brands and Baruches will never have such monuments resting upon their patients' bones, by which to immortalize their names in the memory of a grateful people for all time. But their monuments will be living, walking flesh and blood, hale and hearty, to be seen perambulating our streets, highways, and byways, with letters of gold on their hearts, echoing praise and thanks to them for relieving them of fever in an hour; and with aspirations in their souls, looking up to heaven for God's blessing upon them; while His son has already pronounced the benediction of "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy," upon them.

The same quackery and fraudulence crop out in the general practices of the profession in our city, State and the world. Did our indignant Jordan mean all these, and those frauds, when he exclaimed, "Haven't we had enough of the work of frauds

and fools?" "The money wasted every year in Indiana on quacks would educate every physician in the State who has brains to bear education. Indiana is now their paradise. These professions are overcrowded in Indiana, simply because they are no professions at all." *Their professional work* seems to be very much like the work of quacks. Their patients die of quackery, all the same. Does he mean when, with great emphasis, he commands, "bring in better men," that we must have men who will not let their patients die? Or does he mean those who will observe their ethics strictly, against any "semblance of quackery," whether their patients do, or do not die? And thereby "secure high professional success." Whom does he mean? Those who publish that water is hurtful in fevers, but whose patients die while they are observing their ethics strictly, or the Brands, who save their 2,150 patients without the loss of one, by that same water? In view of the great wisdom in wielding his sword while fighting for better men, that the young man displayed before those babes of the professions in all that wonderful effort, while himself barely out of his 'teens, as it were, though all the time resting under a vague suspicion that he was making that fight for a "bare subsistence," if not for a fat fee, in case of another Guiteau victim, and which that student who killed himself despaired of getting—he may well expect applause and commendation from his coadjutors in the work of a strict observance of medical ethics—"conjectured" ethics. And, too, all that applause from those coadjutors, while that quack (?), Dr. Holmes, thinks those same medical ethics should, for the benefit of mankind, be sunk to the bottom of the sea. That very *materia medica*, that science, fraught with the highest degree of uncertainty—all—which that same uncertainly-scientific Jordan so demagogic-

ally plastered over those babes of the same science, "art of medicine founded on conjecture."

What a masterpiece of great wisdom and skill was in that fight, while standing under the very cloud which those naughty Coopers, Abercrombies, Hoffmans and Holmes had overshadowed him with; besides being enveloped in the dewy vapors from the Baruches' cold baths, that send up their sprays from their healing waters, in which are being saved typhoid patients by the 2,150, without the loss of one. Wonderful feat—that humbuggery, practiced upon those innocents, filling their brains with the idea of the great importance of their medical ethics in treating diseases, when "we have no law of nature for their remedial employment." Making "fools and frauds" of those innocents, impressing upon their susceptible minds that they are to be the great medical salvators of the world; that disease will disappear at their approach, that they are to fill the shoes of the Jordans, the Colletts, the Comptons, the Thompsons, Herveys, Ridpaths, Olivers, Thomases, Hayses, and, oh, of all of those legions of lights who are now shedding the rays of their "conjectured" science, "fraught with uncertainty, with no law of nature for their remedial employment," upon this unsuspecting world of people; impressing their false theories upon them, but failing to cure, while all the time entailing disease, and ending in suffering and death. And, too, all this time are crying out against frauds and fools, "ignorant, empirical and dishonest work called professional" in others, while leading the same suffering people to suppose that they are the only real, simon-pure "Old Jacob Townsend blown-in-the bottle," and that all others are counterfeits, frauds and quacks. But than whom there are no greater frauds, quacks, etc., in the wide world than those very praters of that wonderful knowledge of dis-

eases, their cause and their ability to cure them ; while all the time belittling the Dr. Brand's theory and practice with cold water, though all the time, everywhere, they are saving every one of their patients.

And just so with all other diseases—diphtheria, tonsilitis, croup, pretended cancer, Bright's disease, and so on in the long roll of unpronounceable names which they have for the self-same diseases, with a little variation in the symptoms, but which a like treatment would suffice for all, were they treated in a common-sense way—to cure, instead of for the fee. That's it. All a grand scheme of fraud, a grand confidence game played upon the people for fame and fee ; by those, largely, who are too lazy to earn a living by honest toil. The Jordans, Hayses, Fletchers, etc., represent the greatest combination that ever existed in the world to practice fraud upon the people, as they well know that their pretended science is always a failure, from the fact that they do not and can not, in their application of it, save their patients in the simplest cases of disease. Their cry-out against fraud, quackery, empirical and dishonest work called professional is simply to cover up that very work of dishonesty and fraud which every one of them is practicing upon their patients all the time, from the beginning to the end of their professional lives. It matters not how big the name or high the professional standing, fraud is their name, simply because they are practicing upon a false theory, which is always manifest in their failures to cure disease. In our city the greatest lights in the medical world have always been as prolific in their failures to cure ails of all kinds as the veriest unpretending and obscure practitioner. The great Dr. Thompson did not cure Mr. Hendricks of a cold, taken from a little exposure in attending an evening party ; which, had he resorted

to a hot bath—that which is not in their code of ethics, and to which the other great light of the profession, Hayes, enjoined a strict observance of—he would have restored him to his usual health in three hours.

And that treatment is one of the many which Dr. Jordan disposes of thus : “The scientific physician does not prostitute his skill in any of the hundred ways condemned by the code of ethics.” Dr. Jordan and his grade of scientific physicians do not prostitute their “skill in any of the hundred ways condemned by the code of ethics”—that science fraught with the highest degree of uncertainty. No, indeed ; such “*true* men can not be used for base purposes.” “Base purposes.” Such base men as Dr. Brand. He is not a true man, because he is base enough to use that which is “condemned by the code of ethics ;” though he did save his thousands.

Dr. Jordan can not be used for base purposes, such as using cold bath for typhoid, if it does save everytime, because it is “condemned by the code.” But he *can* be used by the Devil and sheol in prostituting the manhood which God has given him, by refusing to use cold bath to save his patients, because it is condemned by his code, while he will cry “fraud” and “quack” when he sees others, who are serving their God by saving his creatures from suffering and death, by it. The learned president of high “rank,” etc., quotes “*noblesse oblige*.” Well, does he suppose his high rank in letters and the pretended science of medicine imposes the obligation to adhere to a false theory in that medical science, and thus refuse to try to save his patients outside of that, when it is possible to do so, and while it is impossible to save them by the practice of that theory ? Or, rather, is it not expected of one in his high station—of one who is the recipient of much of

the learning and wisdom of this world, and, also, supposably learned in the teachings of the Great Book relative to our duty to our God and His creatures here, to do the best possible for the health and happiness of all those creatures—to be merciful to them, that he may obtain mercy? If so, then does not that same “rank” impose the obligation upon him to try and save his patients by cold bath, when he knows he can not by adhering to his code? In a word, is that “conjectured” ethics more binding on him than the duty which his God has imposed upon him, toward His creatures and his own fellow-beings? Also, does he not suppose those French doctors have that same *noblesse oblige* in their minds when treating their patients with cold bath for typhoid fever and salt bath for smallpox? Is it not altogether likely that they understand the obligations imposed upon them in their own language better than our little imitation-Frenchman understands it for them? I inquire of the doctor, does a professional training in a false theory imply that its recipient’s *noblesse oblige* requires him to practice that theory at the expense of his patient’s life, while to deviate from it would save that life? Will he continue and advise his fellow-fraudulents to continue to practice on that false theory, while all the time losing patients in that practice? Or will he and they adopt Dr. Brand’s theory and practice, and then save every one of their patients, as he saves every one of his? Will they?

I have devoted much space in reviewing the Doctor’s late great (?) speech, addressed to those students, and in consideration of the fact that he is at the head of our State institution of learning, and that he intended his words to go out as from one who was speaking for the State, and in the interest of State education; but while every line of that speech betrays demagoguery of the basest sort. He is,

evidently, using his position, as the president of that institution, to berate every other school of medicine but his own, and to parade their adherents before the people as frauds and fools, whose profession he is pleased to refer to as "ignorant, empirical and dishonest work called professional." He is simply voicing his style of medical pretenders in the effort they are making, and have been for a generation, to have laws enacted which will exclude all other schools of medical practitioners from the State ; as his school has, from time immemorial, assumed to possess the only medical knowledge in the world. I am old enough to remember—sixty years ago—the storm raised against Samuel Thompson, and other schools of medicine in their infancy ; social ostracism, personal violence and every conceivable way of opposition ; but now, since those schools have become able to stand alone against such warfare, their opposition has culminated in the present effort to shut them out by law, and in which effort they propose to utilize the head of our State institution. And in order to make his effort all the more felt on the raw material, which his schools mould into forms and while he puts on the varnish, he assumes the requisite amount of righteous indignation in his professional demagoguery, at these "professions" which he says are overcrowded in Indiana.

It is very easily understood by the reader that I champion no school of medicine, but condemn all alike ; yet I am free to say that of the great evil to the world in all of them, I believe the alopathic is vastly the greatest ; from the fact that by their insolent manner in arrogating to themselves all the knowledge in the medical world, they fasten themselves more effectually upon the mind and sympathy of the people ; and while, also, their code is more fatal, often, with their patients than the code of other schools, because, after generally first practic-

ing in the old school and seeing the need of reform in the interest of the lives and health of the people, they left the old school to reform that general practice ; while, I am free to say, that since they show the same desire for the fee, they make a poor success of it I condemn all alike, because it is self-convicting with them all that they make a business of their profession to make the most money possible out of it, without regard to curing the quickest way possible. For that reason they do not deviate from their code, only to keep up a constant experiment within it, and pass from one patient who has suffered long and, even, unto death, to another, only to repeat the same treatment again—experiments and all. To sustain my position in this, I have only to refer to what I have already so often in this part—Dr. Baruch's statistics in all those thousands of cases, where they cured every one by the cold bath. Nor is it necessary to rely on such experiences alone, although he is a regular physician, of some school of which I know not, nor is it important to know, for there have been cases all over the country, in all times, when the same success has followed the same cold bath ; but as those cases have, generally, been in charge of insignificant persons—myself, for instance—and when the great medical-mind doctor's attention has been called to them, he has met the information with a professional sneer, and contemptuous look at the presumptuous informer ; while, at their next medical society meeting he would concoct the lie—LIE—that “water is not beneficial, but hurtful, in scarlet fever,” and all others, of course. Just what action they will take in regard to Dr. Baruch's statement, and advice to them to substitute the cold bath, instead of the present treatment, will yet have to be seen. One, to whom I showed a clipping, cut from the *Philadelphia Record*, in ref-

erence to Dr. Baruch's publication in the *Medical Record*, after reading it, said : "I do not believe one word of it." And he is the same doctor who said to me, fifteen or more years ago : "Kingsley, you are right ; this doctoring is all a humbug, but the people are such fools that they will have medicine, and I may as well give it to them ; just so I do not give anything to hurt them." Say, dear Doctor ; only chalk powders and bread pills, eh ?

A few weeks ago the State Medical Society met in this city, when I addressed the following letter to them : "Gentlemen—Dr. Baruch, of Manhattan Hospital has published statistics that show that 2,150 cases of typhoid fever were treated with cold bath within five days after attacked, when every one recovered. I respectfully ask : Will your society consider the statement of Dr. Baruch, and his suggestion that that treatment be substituted in place of the usual treatment ? Do not the interests of the people demand at your hands a consideration of his suggestion ?" It was not published that they noticed it at all, nor did I expect it. So they can not retort : "A fool's expectation is vain." Perhaps they were not pleased that I addressed them "Gentlemen ;" perhaps I should have used "Doctors," and then they would have recognized themselves certainly. As a little, insignificant county society had courage to resolute that water is not beneficial, but hurtful, in fevers, it does seem that the same wiseacres, spread out all over the State, would have the courage necessary to resolute against one lonely doctor, and with their medical spine elevated sky-high, resolved against his impudence in recommending the substitution of the cold bath for their present very profitable money-coin-ing treatment.

Another point in this Dr. Baruch matter is to be considered. He published his paper in the

Medical Record, a medical journal of prominence, and, undoubtedly, with considerable circulation among the doctors, and, also, read by themselves, so that they are posted in his theory and practice, and how strongly he presented his recommendation to the fraternity for its use in place of their present treatment, but is it supposable that one doctor, or medical society, however insignificant—like our little county society—has noticed it? While they are constantly publishing their great discoveries, etc., in their assemblies; what have been discovered by their great medical minds, but which, if read at all by the people, is forgotten as soon as read, because they see nothing in it all that interests them. Nor is it intended to interest them any farther than to keep in their minds the great learning and importance of those doctors, to them and the world generally; while the people are led to suppose that those great discoveries will be used by the doctors to make sickness and suffering and death less in the world. Yet they will never realize that expectation, and Dr. Baruch may put into his eye all the information he gets from the doctors, that they have utilized his suggestions. They would be much more likely to burn every copy of that record containing his papers, than to notice it in any other way. They could not notice it to condemn it, because they are too shrewd for that, as they know it would condemn them as certainly as God has condemned all those, and pronounced a curse upon them, who oppress and destroy their fellow-beings.—His creatures—for money, for the almighty dollar. This is plain language, but the Christ has said that “He that is not for me is against me.” Are those who are causing misery and death among His creatures, for Him?

CHAPTER VIII.

JUSTICE MATTHEWS' CASE.

Here is another illustration of a most sickening case of inability, of imbecility, in failing to cure while following their code. I quote: "Justice Matthews had been an invalid for a year or more. During the winter of 1887-88 he frequently complained of indigestion and muscular rheumatism, and as the spring wore on began to suffer from obstinate diarrhea." All this time he had, undoubtedly, been attended by his "family physician," and all the time treated by the code, when, had he taken, before every meal, a teaspoonful of salt and soda in a pint of moderately-warm water, that obstinate diarrhea would not have been half as obstinate as his doctor was in refusing to yield to a little "quackery" to save his patient, when he found his code would not save him; and while the muscular rheumatism would as readily have yielded to that quackery. "This time it was thought that his great devotion to his work was, to a large degree, responsible for his illness." Not at all. His devotion to his doctor was responsible for it. The imbecility of the code doctors was so evident that a visit to Massachusetts was advised and made; but he continued to lose ground. "During the summer he had several attacks of muscular rheumatism, associated with high fever." Just so; and while he was suffering, his doctor was whining around, with his fingers in his mouth and code in his pocket, powerless to help him. But had he given him, for a constant drink, weak soda-water to neutralize the acid in his blood, the rheumatism would have disappeared, and then a cold bath would have "broken up" that fever. "During last February he suffered

greatly with a complication of *eystitis andiritis*. Those 'titis were awful, undoubtedly, in the hands of Dr. Johnson, as well as the "*ulcer cornea* with an effusion into the pleural cavity," in the hands of associate doctors, "just awful;" but had Justice Matthews ignored them from the start, and used the quackery as suggested above, those awful, "non-sensical mumblings in unknown tongues" would not have been suggested, because he would not then be anything else but a well man; those quack treatments would have saved him from all those sufferings. Then, for all of them, he would now be attending to his duties, and his family still happy with his presence, instead of mourning his absence in all their future life.

• "About the 4th of March he had an attack of high fever which lasted several days and which very much exhausted him." Even then, and in his enfeebled condition in consequence of their imbecile, but pretentious efforts to save him, had they called to their aid Dr. Baruch and his cold bath, the Justice might still have been saved. But, no; while their pretended object was to cure him, their main object was to "treat" him according to their pretended science, and if he survived it, all well, but did he not, all the same; nor were they going to risk the supplanting of their code, in saving him outside of it, by a "quackery" treatment, the same as Dr. Brand saved those 2,150 patients with it. No matter whether life or death followed, they would stick to their code of ethics. "After this passed off he seemed to be improving, with a return of appetite, but a recurrence of the chills and fever, associated with cystic, still farther added to his exhaustion and debility. Yesterday afternoon he had a prolonged chill and high fever, which brought on intense local suffering. This was followed by another chill, from which he could not

rally." Then he died, while all the time those "high professional" frauds were standing around with the useless code in their pocket, and prating against any "semblance of quackery," while to save their patient they had only to reach out to the kitchen for hot water to break that chill, and to the hydrant for cold water to break up that fever. They proclaimed in their very souls against all quackery, and obtained the usual high professional success, while standing by their patient and seeing him die.

"Until a year ago Justice Matthews was in perfect health." Then his doctors have had "high professional success" during that time—first, by applying their medical ethics upon him for some trifling indisposition, then following him down gradually from "perfect health" to the last, and final scene—a "chill from which he could not rally." Those doctors belonging to that school of medical science—of intense adulatory habits, prating about their professional importance, could not do anything with all their self-laudatoried skill to save him; but were compelled to see him sink from that perfect health to his grave. In all that time of sinking their opportunity was complete to prove their skill in all stages of his decline; but it was a most pitiful failure. Their "skill" consisted in bringing him down, while all the time claiming to be the "conservators of his health."

CHAPTER IX.

Judge Matthews' case is one of ten thousand, and is being duplicated every day. Judges, lawyers, governors, presidents, preachers, journalists, and men and women in high attainments, in all vocations of life, are, all alike, duped by the pretended

healers of all their ills. Born into the kingdom, as it were, of medical science, nourished and cherished in it by their parents, taught to rely on the doctor, as they do on their mother for nature's nourishment, and that his medicines and advice are as essential to their life and health as the food provided by their parents ; all, too, while growing up in the presence or constant care of the one whom they come to think of as a superior being to all others in the world. After all this, they—the remnant of those children who have escaped death by the hands of that same superior being, as he assumes to be, and has taught those children, by his great pretensions, to think he is—still cling to that physician as the same necessity to them and their own rising families. Every one so absorbed in his calling that he takes no time to read or even think about his own physical condition, so bound up in the opinion that he is safer in the doctor's hands than he possibly can be out of them, and that his safest alternative is to take his chances with him. And, too, while so indifferent to himself, does not take any notice of the thousands of the palpable imbecilities manifested in his treatment of the sick.

Such cases of failures and blunders would fill volumes, but the business man, the high-toned man, can not take time to notice them, nor, maybe, is he even willing to think of them, not allowing himself to think anything else than "they are not worth thinking about." The medical professional is the same high-toned, highly-educated gentleman as himself, and, of course, professional courtesy must be observed by giving him a job when it is possible to do so. But his turn finally comes, as in the case of Justice Matthews, General Sheridan, Chief Justice Waite, General Logan, General Grant, and a thousand similar cases. And, too, comes the turn of those great men in the professions, in the loss of

wives and children. With all their confidence in those would-be-thought-of-as-superior-mortals those families are thinned by death—sicken and die. The poison of their drugs permeate the child from the cradle to manhood, and until they become confirmed invalids, their physician all the time dilating learnedly on the grand medical mind, but in imbecility ; impotent to save those whom he has been guarding against disease, but really planting it in their whole outer and inner man alike.

Here is another instance as to the benefit of the medical ethics when strictly observed : “Thomas Craig, a Haughville merchant, and leading member of the M. E. church, died suddenly last night. His disease was diagnosed by Dr. Thomas as tonsilitis.” And Dr. Thomas is supposed to be one of Professor Hays’ disciples, who was, on his graduation, enjoined to a strict observance of medical ethics ; yet he did not save his patient, while our grandchildren were saved from death by that same tonsilitis, or some other simple throat trouble by the simple remedy which we used. Now, as Dr. Thomas did not secure high professional success by saving his patient, but with the usual professional unsucccess, in allowing him to die, suppose he had violated that rule which doctors have, to not take prescriptions from papers, and treated him as we did our patients, would he not have been likely to have saved him ? Dr. Boyd indirectly admitted that that “simple throat trouble” was curable, even by blistering the outside, and bathing the inside with salt water, etc. That treatment did cure our cases of tonsilitis, while Dr. Thomas’ medical ethics, as blowed into him by the Hayses, Herveys, Fletchers, etc., did not cure his case of the same simple tonsilitis. But, he sustained the professional dignity as against any semblance of quackery, if he did lose his patient. If he did allow the head of the now bereaved fam-

ily to die, he died without any smell of quackery on his dying bed, but resonant with the sound of medical ethics, with the resonance of high professional unsuccess reverberating from his coffin, and forever echoing from base to pinnacle, from the marble column erected to his memory.

Dr. Boyd carded the *Journal* not long since to the effect, that considering the fact that oxygen gas was a certain cure in cases of pneumonia, should physicians fail to use it and the patient dies, they would be "criminally culpable." Well, then, as it has also been demonstrated that tonsilitis can be cured by the remedy I have already indicated, is Dr. Thomas criminally culpable for not using it? And in the numerous cases constantly occurring, where the same "simple throat trouble" has been diagnosed as diphtheria by those physicians who, Dr. Metcalf says, are liable to make mistakes, and then fail to cure, are such physicians also to be considered criminally culpable? If not, why not? And when those physicians who do not use the cold bath in scarlet fever, since many others, as well as humble I, have demonstrated that it is a certain cure, lose their patients, are they to be held criminally culpable? If not, then why not? And those doctors who fail to use cold bath in typhoid, since Dr. Brand has demonstrated in more than 2,000 cases that it saves every time, are they to be held criminally culpable? If not, why not? If so, how many of our city doctors would be able to plead "not guilty?" Would Dr. Boyd be able to make that plea? The very professional professionals can not plead that, in those thousands of cases, they were handled by unprofessional hands, nor did the report of them originate in any other papers but an orthodox medical journal.

Right here, too: As Dr. B. claims that physicians never try prescriptions found in the papers,

does he suppose the very scientific doctors of our city will violate that rule and try oxygen gas for pneumonia, finding, as they do, that prescription in so unprofessional (?) a paper as the *Journal*? And, too, does he suppose that the judicial ermine which he dons while pronouncing those doctors, who neglect that gas in pneumonia, criminally culpable, is any more sacred than the robes which Dr. Baruch may wear while pronouncing him, perhaps, and his confreres, just as guilty for neglecting cold bath in typhoid fever? While, too, I may surmise, if Dr. Boyd sins he sins in the face of light and knowledge, by actual experience. Has he not demonstrated the truth of Dr. Brand's experience by himself using cold bath in typhoid fever? Here is an important query for those judges to answer—those judges who violate the great law of right; who violate the golden rule every time they fail to apply the speediest and safest remedy to a patient who is suffering from a fever, but instead adhere to their code of ethics and thereby allow and cause that patient to linger, suffer and die; when, were that other remedy—the cold bath—applied, he would be relieved of all possible danger in a few hours, and immediately restored to health. Is that robe of ermine purity, which those violators wear while pronouncing judgment against their confreres in medical practice, who, perhaps, do only a technical wrong—technical, because the cold bath is a ten-thousand times better remedy for pneumonia than oxygen gas—by omitting to use that gas? While that omission might be traced to professional jealousy or petty spite, because some doctor had happened to make the discovery of its utility before another did. For instance: As Dr. Boyd is a disciple of him whom Dr. Clarke claims was next to the Christ in his benevolent works, does he suppose that Dr. Fletcher, upon whose shoulders rests

the mantle which fell from him who did more good in the world than all the twelve Apostles, would accept and use a gas discovered by a disciple of even that second Christ, while belonging to a different mutual-admiration society? Does not Dr. Boyd know that his school is insignificant—"small potatoes"—in the estimation of that great disciple of Count Rumford—that renegade Yankee. And, too, while that homeopathic professional announced his discovery through the papers, which information is tabooed by physicians who have a rule to not try prescriptions found in the papers. Is that robe—can it be—of ermine purity, while worn by those great violators of the law of right due to those patients? Rather, is it not of the "skunk" variety of purity, that stinketh in the nostrils of Him who commands them to do unto others as they would be done by? The Christ said: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Is he merciful to his patients who allows them to linger in pain for days and weeks at great risk, and often to certain death, when the means for their immediate relief is within their reach? And for the self-convicting reason that he may get the greatest gain possible out of their continued lingering. Is not the thought appalling, terrible to contemplate, that in every neighborhood throughout the civilized world, this class of professionals are plying their vocation upon God's creatures, profitting from their fears or credulities?

Dr. Brand has demonstrated, beyond the possibility of a doubt, the same fact that had already been demonstrated in a small way by others, that cold bath will cure fever every time, when it is applied before some other sympathetic form of disease shall reveal itself in the patient. Then when *he* dons that real robe of ermine purity, sitting, as it were, on the mercy seat, blessing those thousands

by mercifully relieving them of all danger from disease or death by promptly administering the cold bath, he may well and truly proclaim to all his associates in the medical profession who refuse to use it, that they are criminally culpable. Would men, or women, who are guilty of that culpability, brush the almighty dollar away from before their selfish eyes long enough to see the terrible suffering and death all the time following in the wake of their pretentious professional calling, they would soon see how little would be the claim *they* could lay to that Christ's promise to the merciful. But, while all the Dr. Brands and Baruches of the civilized world are proclaiming to the pretended healers of the sick the culpability and criminal cruelty, in allowing and causing such lingering suffering and death, they are not alone culpable. The people are not guiltless. Ordinarily-intelligent people should easily see through the flimsiness of the pretentious claims of those pretenders. They do see it, too, in numberless cases, but the spell under which those pretenders have placed them reduces them to such cowardice that they fear to break away from them, in fear of a dire calamity coming upon them. They trust their lives in their hands, yet have no faith—only *hope* that they may save life. Their effort to mystify disease, and the pretended intricacies attending its treatment, should cause the people to consider well, and investigate why it is that God has placed such barriers to a successful and comfortable enjoyment of the life which He has given to His creatures; why it is that man, whom He has created in His own image, should have so many obstacles cast in his way so as to successfully prevent his enjoyment of an existence in harmony with His will, and to best promote in him a spirit of gratitude and thankfulness for that creation, and for that image of Himself. While crimi

nation and recrimination may, or may not, be indulged in between the people and their "healers," there is abundance of evidence of criminal carelessness and indifference of the former, and criminal carefulness in playing the confidence game on them by the latter.

The very fact that the doctor applies himself, so industriously, to convince them that he is a necessity to them as conservator of their health leads them to neglect that study of their own physical condition and its needs. They fancy that they have a protector of their health; and then why bother their own minds about the way to protect it? Why bother themselves about any little remedy that would even be sufficient while the doctor is always ready to respond to their calls? Such is his instructions to them in effect, if not in words; and, too should he learn that they had been dabbling with quackery his professional dignity would curve its back and, perhaps, say to them: "If you expect me to doctor your family I shall expect to do it; nor will I be responsible for the result of your dabbling in stuffs that I know nothing about." So! And should they happen to hear that Dr. Baruch, or even those Dutch and French doctors, cured their patients with cold bath, and should conclude to try that, and then be "caught in the act" by those model "family doctors"—say Drs. Oliver, Hervey, Fletcher, Hays, Jordan, etc.—wouldn't they "catch it," though? The spinal column of "Family-Doctor" Hays' ethical dignity would fairly rainbow itself at such a "semblance of quackery." And wouldn't Dr. Jordan's "heart sink within" him? *Noblesse oblige*—much obligation is due, and rightly expected, to the high station of *pater familias* of our University—*enfants perdus*—of his not "last children"—but "forlorn hopefuls." *O tempora! O mores!*

CHAPTER X.

Here is a plea for a steady job, and, undoubtedly, from one of Dr. Shrody's impecunious doctors, who is obtaining a "bare subsistence," by A. H. Smith, M. D., in April *Harper*: "The Family Physician—He should have constant opportunity to know just what is the physical condition of each member of the family, in the absence of any manifest evidence of disease. To this end periodical examinations should be made, of such a character as to reveal any morbid tendency, without waiting for its development into actual disease," etc. A grand chance, this, for those "snowy-haired" doctors who discovered the "crazy" in those McAllister boys, to get a steady job, in their declining years. And for our city doctors, who diagnose trivial cases as serious ones. Their serious and solemn faces at such times, would easily create a scare sufficiently to insure them a constant job among Dr. Hervey's "dupes." "There should be no such thing as a discoverable affection remaining undiscovered," says Dr. Smith, There is where the parents of those boys missed it. They neglected to have those venerable doctors attend to their periodical examination in time to save that "crazy spell" in them—that discoverable affection" remained "undiscovered" too long. Then he says: "Death from heart or kidney diseases, for example, should cease to be possible." For instance—a doctor fell dead of heart disease the other day, as was reported in the papers. He should have known what his own physical condition was, or else employed a family physician—say Dr. Smith. But perhaps he was too busy with his "dupes," gathering in the "fools' pence."

Here is another distressing case, illustrating the sordidly disposed, medically-imbecile, pretended

healer of the sick, occurring right under the shade of the domicil wherein dwelleth that great medically-minded president of our university ; within whose walls are to be taught the fundamental principles of true medical science, as against "ignorant, empirical and dishonest work called professional ;" and, wherefrom, the "frauds and fools" are to be kicked out at the end of the boot, whereinto the heart of the disgusted president hath sunken after contemplating that "ignorance," and all of which compels him to "doubt whether our American system of 'let alone' is a wise system." Wonder if the practitioner on that dear bride-wife's case is in the list of "Indiana's physicians, whom he is glad to honor as the successors of men thorough and distinguished in medicine and surgery"? Distinguished in their failures? "Buried in Her Wedding Gown.—Bloomington, May 29.—The Christian Church was the scene, this afternoon, of an unusually sad funeral ceremony. About four months ago, wedding invitations were sent out to a very large number of friends and relatives, announcing the marriage of Rice Holsman, deputy postmaster, and Miss Minnie Wisnand, a well-known young lady of this city. The wedding was a brilliant one, and the happy couple went out into the world with bright prospects. A few days later the wife was taken down with what seemed to be typhoid fever. At times it was thought her condition was improving, but, on the whole, her condition grew worse, and to-day, the bride in the church four months ago, was a corpse by the same altar, and large crowds were again gathered at the church. The body was wrapped in the same wedding gown, and it was indeed a sad ceremony." It made no difference what that fever seemed to be. It was a fever, and that was enough for her doctor to know ; and it was undoubtedly brought on by her exposure on

her wedding day. Winter weather, and thinly clad—much thinner than usual—was the exposure that chilled her blood, closing the pores of the skin, and resulting in that fever. A warm bath at the close of the festivities, or the first chilly sensations, would have caused perspiration and prevented the fever ; but as that was neglected the fever was unavoidable, while the final closing festivities, lasting several days, perhaps, prevented her complaining of the effect its slow approach was having upon her. Nor did she, or, perhaps, would she, yield had her friends discovered her condition, until resistance was no longer possible. Then had they given her a cold bath or pack they would have arrested the danger and saved her life. But no ; the doctor, whose sordid propensities induces him to prolong a case as far as possible in the interest of a big fee, was called in, and instead of putting her in a cold bath, as Dr. Brand would, and did—thereby saving every one of his patients—he, undoubtedly, Dr.-Oliver-like, began by giving her quinine, antypyrene, etc., to help her to “battle” with the fever ; but it battled her into the arms of death—a death most sad to contemplate.

While the death of a beloved member of any family, at any time, causes sadness and heartaches, those feelings are terribly intensified under the circumstances attending the death of a bride or groom. But the avaricious, self-laudatoried healer would, even under such distressing circumstances, allow her to linger all those months to satisfy that greed for gain. One dollar, and very likely two, a day for all those months was not, to the sordid-minded doctor, to be lost in a bath-tub, even could a bride be saved to the one who had chosen her, above all others, to be his companion through life. It does seem, though, that the very commonest humanity would have suggested to him to save that

dear bride-woman to that soul-stricken, loving and beloved spouse, the quickest way possible.

But, then, had he adopted Dr. Baruch's cold bath, he would have disregarded Professor Demagogue's instructions to avoid any "semblance of quackery;" and, too, he would then have had an unprofessional success, while, as it was, he had a high professional success in a failure—in the dear woman's death. "The body was wrapped in the wedding gown, and it was, indeed, a sad ceremony." A sad ceremony, indeed. Oh, yes, yes; but does "sad" alone express the sadness of that ceremony? The sadness of that young husband's heart? The sadness of those hearts that gave that daughter-bride away to him—him whom they had just adopted into their hearts—a living son? Had given their daughter to him, and taken him in return to themselves, then buried them both deep into their hearts, wrapped around and around with their heartstrings, there to nestle in the every heart-throb of love, until its last throb of life. "Sad" express all those broken-heart-throbs? No! Letters can not combine to form a word that can convey on paper or by tongue—a word that can express the deep-down sorrow to those dear bereaved ones' hearts. All, all brought about—all that deep sorrow, sadness and mourning—to maintain the dignity, the supremacy of the great, high-sounding medical ethics—uncontaminated by "quackery"—in the hands of the self-imposed, grandiloquently-important manipulators of its teachings on the minds and bodies of their victims. Those bereaved parents and that soul-stricken groom-husband were of that innumerable multitude who had from their infancy been taught to rely upon the doctor in case of sickness; but, then, how they were deceived in their great time of need!

It does seem that those sordidly, selfishly-minded

doctors might have yielded, for that once, their almighty-in-ever-worthlessness code in the interest of the happiness of those dear, loving and loved ones. Could they not, for once, have tendered their hearts towards saving that dear soul to the loving embrace of that dear husband, without one thought of a long-continued and growing fee? And this query applies to all doctors, everywhere, as they know in their hearts that a treatment by their code implies long and terrible suffering. They know all this every time, while their constant intercourse with the people is such as to keep them in a continual state of alarm; and the very fact of their constant failures and, in innumerable cases, blunders of the worst and most serious kinds—quarreling over cases, very especially where large fees are expected—does it not all prove beyond a doubt that they are engaged in a business for gain; yet all the time in the guise of healers of the people; of all their ails?

We hear talk about priest-ridden Ireland; but what is priest-ridden Ireland to doctor-ridden Indianapolis, and the world? The priests are supposed to control the religious mind of those people, while the doctors control the mind and body, the whole personnel, of much of our people. Our people are forced—literally forced—by the power the doctor has over them, to be continually using his drugs for some disease he informs them they are suffering from, or liable to suffer with unless they take his ounce of preventive; while that ounce is being supplemented continually, and which, in time, comes to pounds of cure, professedly “cure,” but which carries them to their graves. Hundreds of doctors are riding the people to their graves, while the number of those riding doctors are increasing three times faster, pro rata, than the people. All this professional riding over the people, while the “quacks” may walk; quacks, who ad-

vise the people how to care for themselves ; how to let the professional alone and treat themselves—like the great “he” quack, Dr Baruch, would treat them. These are the kind of *un*professionals who do the walking ; consequently the people are not “quack-ridden.” But in proportion as they accept those quacks’—“fools’ and frauds’”—advice, they have health and long life, without fee or reward—reward only in the glorious consciousness of having done to others as they would have others do unto them. O, in the interest of the spirit of Him who gave out that glorious precept to man, could I reach those doctor-ridden people, and gain their confidence, I would plead with them, for their own and children’s good, to let severely alone those doctors, and all their drugs !

O, mothers ! I would say to you : “Keep away from the doctor’s office with your child ! There is where the trouble generally begins. From the love you have for your little darling comes your watchfulness in its every physical motion, fearing the stealthy approach of disease upon it, and in your inexperience you are alarmed at the very first, even imaginary, symptom of it, and then rush to the doctor for relief, while he is the very one you should not consult, because he is only working for money, and for that reason would not discourage your alarm, but would foster it, cautioning you that it is well to be on the lookout for disease, and to let him know in time, that he may avert it, or drive it away. He will proceed to prescribe for the child, and which is generally the beginning of a treatment by him that ends, as often as any other way, in death,

Such is the history of many families whose children, in consequence of that early treatment, lie in the graveyard. Once begin, and you will never know when to stop ; nor will your doctor encourage

you to stop. These statements can not be controverted. They are verified in every community, but, in the language of the street, the great self-convicted fraud—self-convicted whenever he fails to cure ails by his code, and, while all the time failing to cure, is making disease—looks contemptuously down, all the way from his great, professionally medically-minded position, while sitting on his wonderful code of ethics, with, underneath it all, a base work of “quackery, fools and frauds”—that embodiment of “ignorance, empiricism and dishonest work called professional,” and says to me—to every one who would advise those deluded people against their pretentious claims: “What are you going to do about it?” While I answer him: “That I am ‘going to do’ just what my God and his God directs me ‘to do,’ and with all the ability He gives me ‘to do’ it—to warn the people against his false and ruinous pretenses to cure them of disease, when he does not do it, but makes disease.”

CHAPTER XI.

Here is another illustration of the imbecile, “ignorant, dishonest work called professional:” A family now residing in this city, and almost within call from where I am now writing, has had six cases of typhoid fever; the last one a young man, who died a few weeks ago. He had been employed in a bank some time, but, becoming quite feeble, from the manipulation of the doctors, of course, as the unfortunate family seems to be of those who rely upon them for health, he went to the mountains of Tennessee in hope of receiving aid there, and did to a certain extent, but, upon returning, he soon fell into the doctor’s hands again, feverish and with a

slight cough, and which, under the doctor's management, developed into what he called typhoid fever. About that time I handed his father the slip cut from the *News*, giving Dr. Baruch's statistical report of treatment by cold bath, for that fever. I had before advised him to use the cold bath, and to give him milk diet, and cream for his lung trouble, and had said to him this: "Now, you mark what I say, and that is, that if you allow that doctor to continue his treatment, he will die." In about a month's time he did die. And here is the report of the last treatment he gave him, as I had it from a young man who was present, and who also said that the young man was dying at the time, and had been for hours before. The doctor gave him four spoonsful of castor oil, with forty drops of turpentine. That to move the bowels, of course, and while it was evidently the fact, that his digestive organs were as literally dead as they were after he was laid in his coffin. His heart and lungs were all that was left alive, and they were dying with each succeeding shortened breath. Yet that doctor did not have sense enough to know that, or else was just brute enough to try an experiment upon a dying man.

And here is the history of the last case, before the son's, in that family ; the youngest daughter, as I had it from the father : He called the doctor—not the one who doctored the son—to see her, who gave him a prescription which he got filled for sixty cents, I believe it was, while that was about all the medicine she took during her sickness of five weeks, except whisky, which the doctor ordered after the fever was gone. He visited her every day, laughed, rubbed his hands while telling her some funny story, and that she was doing all right, and—and then, or soon afterward—presented his bill for sixty dollars—two dollars a visit, twelve dollars a week for

five weeks. That is the kind of treatment typhoid patients are getting all over the city, everywhere. They are not only fever ridden, but doctor ridden, and for the privilege (?) of being ridden by them, they are paying them two dollars a day. Does not the reader think that it would be cheaper for the patient to take a little swim in cold water, and thus save his two dollars and long suffering? But the doctors discourage that.

"The doctors refuse to give up liquor in their prescriptions." Here is, from one of their number, evidence of thrift in the doctors' practices, when they are "risking their own lives." Dr. Tanner, in a lecture in this city, is thus reported in the *Journal*: "The Doctor then said the medical profession refused to give up liquor in their formulas, because the ills of humanity were mainly dependent on it, and the medical profession would soon run out with the abolition of alcohol, and they knew it. The only way to conquer this insidious destroyer, is for the people to read their prescriptions and refuse to use any that contain it in any shape or form, 'for,' said the Doctor, 'such prescriptions bear the very hoof-mark of the evil one.'"

The report of the Board of Health for July this year (1889) contains food for thought. Of 176 deaths, 100 were under twenty years of age, 82 under two years, and 75 under one year. All of which prove that the doctors tampered with those babes, children and youths, from cradle to grave; and which must, in the minds of reflecting persons, justify me in the warning I have given to parents—mothers, to avoid the doctor's office, as often that which Dr. Tanner says bears the hoof marks of the evil one, is an important part of the prescription given by the family doctor, and which paves the way for an early death for that child. If mothers would attend to their children in the right way they

would be all the time healthy. It is their mismanagement that makes them worry and cry, and their digestive organs to become weak and discharging undigested food. The child should have plenty of fresh air while in the house and be in the outside air as much as possible. Yet the feeling, generally, of the mother is that the child will take cold if it is allowed to come in contact with outside air, or too near an airy place inside the house. Then, while the child frets while suffering for the want of fresh air, the mother construes that fretting to the want of food, which she proceeds to give it, when, from an overloaded stomach, it continues to fret all the more, while soon the food begins to run off from the bowels, or is thrown off the stomach by vomiting; then she rushes for the doctor, who pronounces it cholera infantum or some other "um," and proceeds to prescribe for it, all the time manifesting a great concern for the child, while imparting to the mother the same feelings of concern, from that same sinister-looking face, while contemplating in his own mind the amount of fee-bills that will accrue to him before the child will go to its coffin. He knows that such will be the end in a large per cent. of cases that he is called to treat for that trouble, or any other, in the child. The eighty-five deaths, in the last month, of children under two years of age in this city proves the correctness of my statements. The doctors know that I am correct, and should they give the mothers the same advice I do, instead of their medicine, the children would not die. Had all those mothers who have been recently brought to mourn the loss of their children attended to them as I have heretofore suggested—given them fresh air and less food, bathed them in salt water, given them weak salt and soda-water to drink freely, and dressed them carefully in flannel, and kept their stomachs and bowels covered with a

cloth wet in salt water, etc.—they would have saved them, and nine-tenths of those deaths that were reported last month would not have occurred had there been no medical treatment and with proper common sense care on the part of the parents or friends. The same common-sense treatment advised for children should also be given to adults, then there would be no real sickness and no pretended need for medical treatment. A feverish condition often attends a tired and exhausted feeling; when a washing of the whole person in cold water will change that condition. The reader will note my own case, which I have detailed—where I washed three times before I could sleep, and then slept soundly seven hours, when I awoke, arose and went out to milk sixteen cows. O, what suffering and sorrow would be avoided would people only take time to consider these things before rushing to the doctor for aid, and whose treatment is largely productive of that suffering and sorrow such as has just been experienced in the last month in those 176 deaths in our own city, while the same suffering and sorrow are duplicated in every city of our land.

The reader, by referring to Dr. Baruch's statistics, will see that in those reports, as many as one-fourth of the cases of typhoid fever, treated according to the code, were fatal, while none were fatal when treated outside that code—by cold bath, and nothing else. Not only not fatal, but all that suffering and sorrow saved. Then, here is another point suggested to the thoughtful mind: Those men, who treat by that code, claim that it is the result of a true understanding of medical science—the knowledge of the condition of physical and mental man, healthy or diseased—while the treatment by it is applied, as his healthy condition requires, to keep him healthy, or his diseased condition requires to

return him to health. Then, is not the query suggestive to that thoughtful mind? If that be such a true science, and those men who use that code, as suggested by that science, understand the application of it according to that science, why do they so often fail to cure the patient of the disease suggested to their minds according to their understanding of that science, as applied to that patient's condition? Why do they so often differ, one with another, as to the nature of disease, and the application of the code to relieve the patient of it? No variableness in all its component parts, that go to make up a perfect law of science, and they all study from the same text books, receiving instructions from the same teachers, yet are always at variance as to the definition of a disease, or its treatment. During all that time of parading that science and the code, as the only safe treatment of disease, quarrelling with each other about their differences, belittling each other's abilities, criminating and recriminating each other, professionally, morally and what not, they have been losing 25 per cent. of their typhoid patients, treated by a "strict observance" of that "medical ethics;" while Dr. Baruch's statistical report of the treatment of the same fever, with "strict cold bath," in various hospitals in Germany and France, shows that every patient was saved. Yet that is the "quackery" which the Prof. "Wise-acres," alias "Hayses," enjoin on the young limbs of the profession, "against any semblance of," if they would "secure high professional success." A success which, practically, means one death out of every four, while unprofessional success, according to Dr. Baruch, means "every one recovered," of 2,150 typhoid patients.

I have dwelt much, in these pages, on the difference of opinion and practices of those professionals; their personal feeling toward each other

when they seem to be in each other's way in pursuit of big fees while practicing on "big game"—according to the language of the street. Have also dwelt much on their claim of the great importance their profession is to the people; how they deceive the people by practicing imposition upon them in their treatment of the sick, and in all other possible ways, while working to install themselves into the position of "family physician." Then, here is a little incident, related by one of that profession, which illustrates just how they feel and act in their professional relations toward suffering humanity: "I have a good one on myself," said a leading physician the other day to a *Journal* reporter, "which I have never told, because I was afraid it would get out on me." To cut his story short—he had hung his shingle out in a little town north of this city, and "hung on" until a young man came galloping his horse into town, for a doctor. A girl, he said, living about four miles out, had swallowed poison by mistake. As the other physicians were all out practicing their confidence games, he was a "Hobson's choice" to that young man. "I saddled my horse and went with him at full gallop. When we reached the house, I saw it was filled with women, and as I walked in, saddle-bags in hand, I tried to look as dignified as I could. The girl was lying on a bed, as pale as death. I learned she had taken a dose of morphine for quinine, and, do you know, before all those women, I couldn't think of a single remedy in my whole list of medicines. But I knew I had a reputation to make, and I summoned all the presence of mind I could. I then began to search around for a plan by which I could see the book *rather than save the girl's life*, (the italics are mine), and I hit on a good one. I had with me a preparation of chalk and water, which was used then for nursing infants; it had no

more medicinal properties than water, but it looked like medicine, and so I measured out a tablespoonful of it, very caerfully, and poured it down the girl's throat. I told the women to let her rest easy, and I would return in half an hour to see how she was getting along. I mounted my horse, with all the dignity I could command, and after I got out of sight I struck for the nearest cornfield, where I consulted my hand-book, Well, the funniest part of it is to come, for when I went back the girl had recovered. I said that I was glad that my medicine had saved her life, and of all the blessings I received from those women, I have never seen the equal. *Had they known that it was chalk and water I had given her, my reception would have been different.* That was a case where luck was on my side, and that visit made for me a reputation in the place that resulted in a good practice."

Yes, a reputation as a *scientific physician*, based on a little of the most arrant humbuggery conceivable in the human mind. "I tried to look as dignified as I could, to exhibit my skill, and so I measured out a tablespoonful of *chalk and water* and poured it down the girl's throat, while she was lying on the bed, as pale as death;" and while those women, one of them, very likely, the mother of the girl, were expecting her to die at any moment, and, for all he says to the contrary, he was of the same impression; but rather than consult his authority in their presence for an antidote for poison and then administer it to her and save her life, he—"with a reputation to make; that which did result in a good practice"—preferred to practice that humbuggery upon them to save his reputation, if it did result in not saving her life.

Such was the experience of a now "leading physician" of our city—probably Prof. Hays, who enjoined upon that class of medical off-shoots a

strict observance of medical ethics if they would secure a high professional success. That smart young doctor had a "high" success with his chalk and water, and he passed it off for "professional" on those women; but, by his own admission, it had a strong "semblance of quackery;" it had no more medicinal qualities than pure water, but it looked like medicine. Yes, he pretended it was medicine, and he one of Dr. Fletcher's medical minds; yet he fooled those women and made them believe that that chalk and water, of which he measured out a tablespoonful very carefully and poured it down the girl's throat, saved her life; while he cared more to deceive them by that act, and to get to the corn-field and consult his "hand-book," than to save the girl's life. Though he was an off-shoot of Dr. Fletcher's kind, who had "sacrificed their lives by thousands" to save their patients, he preferred to sacrifice her life to save his reputation.

Then, that "leading physician," to make the story all the more funny, revealed a secret of the "professionals" for which they may go for him at the next meeting of Dr. Hervey's "howling fan-farons." "I had with me a preparation of chalk and water, which was then used for infants." Of course, every well regulated physician carried that preparation of chalk and water, because ever baby of those humbugged women patrons was liable to have a turn of belly-ache, when he would be sent for, and would go at full gallop, as he did to see that poisoned girl. Then, on arrival, would, very likely, with saddle-bags in hand—and *try to look as dignified as he could*—put on a long and serious face while exclaiming, "Madam, you have a very sick child," and then proceed to "measure out a spoonful of chalk and water, very carefully, and pour it down the child's throat;" then, too, the baby would immediately recover; when, were he to

report the case to the *Journal's* reporter, it would be about this way: "I said that I was glad the medicine had saved the child's life, and of all the blessings I received from that mother I have never seen equalled. But, had she known that it was chalk and water I had given her child, my reception would have been different."

That little story—"a good one on myself"—but which he had been "afraid would get out on him," explains a great wonderment, which has so often dazed the minds of their average dupes—that is: Why do they always look so dignified when, with fine store clothes, plug hat and kid gloves, they are riding in their fine rig on their rounds of visiting the sick? Why, they are carrying chalk and water to the babies, and dealing it out to them at the rate of a teaspoonful for \$2—that which has no more medicinal properties than pure water; while generally, the medicines they carry to old, as well as young, are of no more medicinal properties than that chalk and water, yet they collect \$2 all the same, while the patient lingers, and—live or die. Really, could chalk and water have been in the list of the veritably astute Dr. Fletcher's remedies, which he tried for typhoid fever and found no better than "pickled moonshine?" That funny "leading physician" felt that, could he get at his hand-book to consult as to the antidote to give that girl, he could save her life; but then he knew it would kill his reputation as a professional-know-everything doctor, should he take it out before those women, so he refused to do that—*rather than save the girl's life*. So! Had Dr. Fletcher, instead of using those worthless remedies, tried cold baths, he would have saved every one of his typhoid patients. He was, undoubtedly, well aware of that fact, but he had also a reputation to make and keep up among his fellow-professional-know-alls, while,

should he resort to that "quackery" before the women, or anyone else, he knew it would kill that reputation at once. What an amazing amount of medical reputation, or even of common honesty, the average "doctor" is entitled to, who resorts to such subterfuge in treating the sick for the money there is in it and the high social position in society which he is sure to attain; while the result of the evasion of true treatment—cold baths—is seen in grassy mounds at Crown Hill.

Then, here is a case, among many occurring all the time, which proves what I have before stated, that the doctors will not deviate from their code to save even one of their own family or friends: "Mrs. Anna Henson, wife of Dr. Henson, aged about twenty-six, died at her home in Alaska, yesterday, of typhoid fever and heart trouble, after an illness of only five days." Five days was the limit wherein, according to Dr. Baruch's statistics, every one of 2,150 patients recovered by a cold bath treatment; yet, Dr. Henson would not try that treatment for his own, presumably, dear wife; while many have been saved by it, after an exhaustive effort, and failures, under the code—among such, a woman in Louisville, and Charley Kregelø, of this city.

While the doctors are now—and have been ever since the saving efficiency of cold baths has been placed before their eyes by Dr. Baruch's statistics, or sounded in their ears by his eloquent appeals in its behalf—treating it with silent contempt or pronounced opposition, they are just now going wild with vociferous language, pro or con, as to the beneficial effect of Dr. Brown-Sequard's "elixir" for all physical weaknesses of humanity, and, too, with the prospect of its early consignment into a disgusting oblivion—after the cunderango craze so learnedly and professionally championed, a few years

ago, by Dr. Bliss and company. But the profession needs to have just so much notoriety and free advertising, so as to keep its pretended importance before the people, while the cold baths as a remedial agent for fevers, the beneficial effects of which the people need and would get were the doctors to discuss it and test its effect as often as they have opportunity—must remain in the background, not only unnoticed, but condemned, and its advocates sneered at as frauds and quacks. But, then, what do Dr. Fletcher and company care for the real needs of the people in case of fever, so long as they can keep their names so conspicuously before the same people as great medical scientists—though in pursuit of a phantom? What is it to him whether the people live or die, so all the while he is parading before them his pickled moonshine, or lamb's juice, for their ills—instead of cold baths for typhoid?

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

In all that I have written in these pages, I am moved by no other motive than the public's good; and while using very plain language, it is only to meet presumptuous pretenses of the medical profession; that assumes to have all knowledge of diseases which man is liable to, and just how to meet them with a remedial agency, but so often failing, both in regard to the particular disease, as well as in the remedy for any defined disease, as to subject themselves to the charge of fraudulent pretenses upon the people. And while arrogating all knowledge, it is the same arrogant feeling as was instilled into them by their teachers, in their so-called medical education. But there are physicians, of my personal acquaintance, and of such, I have no doubt there are many in all parts of our country, to whom I would not apply the term "arrogant" in its full meaning. While they are practicing according to the instruction given them by their pretentious teachers, they are, undoubtedly, not conscientious in regard to the efficacy of their code in all cases, or, no more so than that which their all-pretentious professors call "quackery;" and, too, were it not for the "honorable" standing which they desire to maintain with the pretentious profession, they would adopt, in many cases—and perhaps do, occasionally, in a quiet way—those treatments so vehemently de-

nounced by their teachers. I gladly express a kindly sympathy for that class of doctors, and also desire that they shall consider themselves counted out of the categorical position of that class, the representatives of which I have so unequivocally dealt with in these pages. I do not doubt that many would gladly adopt the course which Dr. Baruch advises and practices in the treatment of typhoid fever; also, I believe that some of my acquaintances among them have honored me in my independent and fearless advocacy of the course I have pursued, in the same treatment.

The acquirement of the so-called medical science knowledge, does not influence a man of strictly human impulses to practice that profession to the detriment of his patients; so, when he sees the failure of the vaunted medical ethics, as he must, and does so often, his heart naturally inclines to some treatment outside of them. But, then comes to his mind the consequences to his standing with the strict professionals, should he obey the dictates of his conscience and deviate from those ethics by resorting to some tabooed quackery-treatment which he might believe or know would save his patient, after his last resort had failed—Charley Kregelo's case, for instance—while the less scrupulous, those fully determined to a strict observance of their "ethics" at all hazards, would still taboo that quackery and let their patient die—as his doctor said he would, if the cold baths could not save him. For instance, Dr. Hays, who enjoined a strict observance of those "ethics," without any semblance to quackery, did he not allow a Mr. Hayes to die of typhoid fever, rather than to resort to that quackery to save him?—while the other doctor did resort to it and saved Mr. Kregelo.

I regret their lack of courage—to cut themselves loose from the profession, rather than be handi-

capped in their effort to do the most good possible for the suffering, but have no denunciation for them—only pity, and a hope that they may some day see the folly of longer holding on to so really useless a profession. It can be readily seen, in the names which are so often used in these pages, who are believed to be medical pretenders, with no other object than to keep themselves before the people as the very ones who are essential to life and health; but whose real occupation is to lay the foundation for suffering, and then prolong it, even unto death, by refusing to use such remedies as are not in their code—but, nevertheless, safe and sure. That class of medical pretenders are condemned to eternal infamy by refusing to follow the advice and practice of such physicians as Dr. Baruch, Dr. Brand and others.

I place these pages before the people, and ask a careful perusal and study of every line and every sentiment, while they study their own physical condition and needs, and then, as my object has been all along to point out common-sense remedies for all the ails that trouble common humanity, they may find a corresponding case with that which may afflict them, and the remedy suggested—such as I know from actual experience to be safe. The common ails of mankind are few, as compared with the innumerable multitude brought upon them by the manipulations of the medical profession. Irregularities in working, eating, dressing or other habits are the foundation for the common disturbances in our physical condition, and when we trust the righting of that condition to medicine and the doctor, then is the time of the greatest danger to our health and life. It is their treatment of these trivial ailings, brought on by irregularities, which brings upon us all those diseases and complication of diseases for which the doctors are so grandly

profuse with scientifically jaw-breaking names. Over-eating is the great fault of mankind, and the cause of much of the trouble, which the doctors work into serious diseases, with some one of their pet names attached, while abstinence from eating for a meal or two, or very light eating, especially for supper, would restore the patient to his usual condition of health ; but just when he should abstain from food his appetite increases, under a morbid condition of the stomach, which he gratifies until completely prostrated with a highly-fevered condition of the whole physical frame. Then is the time, too, when the doctor gets in his best licks—provided he is called, and which is too often the case.

One incident, in my own experience, I will relate : About thirty-two years ago I was proprietor of the Pattison House, which is now the James House, on Alabama street, opposite the East Market. I had over-eaten, and continued to eat with a ravenous appetite that would not be satisfied, until, at last, I retired, feeling that I would surely be sick, while all night there was no rest for me, but increasing pain and sensations of high fever, and instead of arising to attend to my business, when morning came, I was rolling and groaning in great agony. Early in the day W. A. Pattison, my landlord, came in, and, seeing my great suffering, inquired if I had called a doctor ? I answered, “ No ! Because I want to get well ! ” “ Well,” said he, “ that is the reason that I should want a doctor ; and I certainly should want one if I were as sick as you seem to be.” The next day he called, and I was so much better that he admitted that I was, possibly, right in preferring to get well without the aid of a doctor. “ But,” said he, “ you were certainly a very sick man yesterday, and I thought you needed a doctor, though I guess you understood the case better than I did.”

With my own self, that experience has been repeated many times since, with the same treatment of myself, and the same result. Many times I have arisen in the morning after a poor night's rest, and being conscious of the cause, I would not take a mouthful of food all day, and retire with as empty a stomach as when I arose in the morning, and then have a good night's rest—to arise again ready to eat a good breakfast.

All these small beginnings of disease are the cause of much suffering, and death so often, of our great men—statesmen, jurists, military chieftains, etc. Their positions in society often lead them to extravagant indulgences at the table and lunch room, while the effect of those indulgences are so manifest in their feelings that they are all the time tempted to consult the other class of high professionals—the doctors—with whom they so often associate in official life, or at the banqueting table; and while, too, they seem to think it beneath their calling to think and act for themselves, and that they are arrogating to themselves the exclusive prerogative of the medical scientist, to attend to their health—the result of all of which has so lately been exemplified in the deaths of Judges Waite and Matthews and Generals Logan, Sheridan, Grant and others. Had those great men, and many more like them, taken the same common-sense view of their condition, and relieved themselves as I and many others do and did, they would have continued to have good health and long lives; but they preferred the fashionable way, of consulting the doctors, and took the consequences. The doctors know that I am right, and those who attended the distinguished men knew that all they needed was rest for their stomachs, but they had so much human nature in them that they determined to ply their calling upon them for all it was worth—in money—and also to

obey the injunction that was blown into them on their graduation day—"to a strict observance of medical ethics, and without any semblance to quackery"—even if those distinguished and confiding patients did die.

Fever is the result of a persistent filling of the stomach after the digestive organs have ceased to work off the food ; and then, as the blood can not have a healthy action of the digestive organs, while those organs can not act without the proper aid of the blood, fever ensues, and the whole system becomes poisoned. In my case I did not apply the cold bath, but rested in bed, with all the pain I was enduring, as well as I could until that rest brought about the proper action of all my organs, when I slowly, but surely, returned to my wonted health. Up to that time I was slowly, but surely, cutting loose from the doctors, but had not resorted to cold baths at all in case of fever, but did soon afterward, in case of our little girl, with scarlet fever, which I have already referred to. Had I resorted to that remedy it is very probable that my sufferings would have been shorter ; but my case was confirmatory of a statement, which I have already referred to, in *Hall's Journal of Health*. Had I called a doctor to attend my case he would have soon reduced me to the condition those notable men were brought to by their doctors, while I, very likely, would have shared their fate—while, too, had they just rested on the bed, as I did, they also would, very likely, have shared my good fortune. But the doctors applied their vocation, as they had started out to ply it—and with the result, as it was. And while we have every reason to suppose that they had, all of them, heard and read of the thousands of cures that had been and were then being performed in the old world, as well as in the new, by the cold bath treatment—according to Dr. Baruch's report and

statistics. But they were fully determined to *not try* to save their patients by *that* treatment, while equally determined to treat them according to their code, *whether they did live or die*. Their deaths to them were of no comparative importance to a "strict observance of their medical ethics." So, with the doctors of our city, with hardly an exception, though I am informed that Dr. J. T. Boyd does practice it sometimes, and I am glad to write it, as I number him as an old acquaintance and close friend.

While proprietor of the Pattison House I had a grand illustration of the saving efficiency of water, in a case of a bruise, as well as in one of scalding. Mr. A. A. Chester, with his family, boarded with me. The balusters supporting the railing at the top of the stairs, on the second floor, were loose. Their child, Charley, just toddling around, took hold of one and attempted to look down, when he fell, headforemost, to the floor below. He shot down, straight as an arrow, striking the floor with the top of his head. I was below, and saw him fall, though too far away to catch him. I ran toward him and hurriedly called his mother, who instantly came running down stairs, seized the child, screaming, "My child is killed!" The top of his head was flattened out by the floor. Instantly, I directed the girls in the dining-room to bring in a tub, and some water from the well; had the mother sit down beside it, with the child in her arms with his head over the tub, when I began pouring a stream of water on his head, and did not cease an instant until Dr. Pleasants, who had been sent for, had arrived. That stream of water was running fully one-half hour, and the child had recovered consciousness when the doctor had arrived. He commended our forethought, and said it was the very best thing we could have done; there is no doubt but it saved his

life, as he was soon as well, apparently, as ever, excepting a soreness of the head when touched. Had it not been for that stream of water on his head the brain would have become so inflamed, before the doctor could even have arrived, that there would have been no help for him. I had little expectation that he would revive out of his stupor, but determined to keep it up until the doctor should come. That boy is still a resident of the city.

About that time our cook had her feet scalded. I had set a three-gallon coffee-boiler, full of boiling coffee, on the floor to settle, and just began to tell her not to upset it, when she moved so that her skirts caught it, turning the whole contents on to her bare feet and ankles. In an instant I had her at the well, with feet in a tub and another girl pumping water on them; the tub was filled with water and she sat there until the pain had all left; not a sign of a blister ever appeared on her feet, but they were very red.

One of our children fell, with one hand in the fire; we put it into a vessel of water and kept it there until the pain was gone. It did not blister at all. I once, accidentally, struck my little boy with the sharp end of a stick, cutting a hole clear through his lower lip. We kept it covered with a wet cloth, and it healed immediately. Any cut, or wound, or bruise, needs nothing else than a thorough wrapping in wet cloths, and kept constantly wet. That removes any possibility of inflammation, while the separated or bruised parts immediately heal. Cold water, or salt and water, which is often more efficacious, has a ready and beneficial effect on the stomach, side or bowels, or wherever a pain is located, by laying a cloth wet, but not rung out, on the affected part, covered with a dry cloth, to remain an hour or two and then rinsed, The changing is necessary from the fact that the poison, caus-

ing the pain, is absorbed by the wet cloths, and by which the pain is wholly relieved, when the application is continued long enough. I have, many times, relieved myself by such an application. The pain is generally caused by too much food taken into the stomach, or sometimes by bruises or strains.

I can present a case of my own. Only a few days ago I had filled my stomach well at dinner, and had eaten some fruit before and after. About the middle of the afternoon I ate a dish of ice cream. After retiring I had a disturbed rest until 12 o'clock, when I awoke with pain in my stomach, right side and back, accompanied with diarrhea, until 9 o'clock. In the morning I put a cloth, wet in salt water, on my stomach, reaching from my heart clear around to my liver, and bound it on with a dry cloth. It remained on two hours, and during that time the pain was entirely gone, and the discharges had assumed their natural condition. Then, after removing the cloth from the stomach, it was placed on the small of my back, where it remained about the same length of time, and the pain there was also removed. All the day I was able to be on my feet but a few minutes at a time, and during the day I drank about two quarts of skim-milk, with about a spoonful of ginger in it, and late in the afternoon ate three graham crackers. On retiring for the night I again placed the wet cloth on my stomach, where it remained two hours, after taking it off I had a good night's rest, considering my weak condition from severe suffering. I think the ice cream was the cause of my trouble, as I had a similar attack a few weeks before, after eating the cream on a full stomach of food and fruit. The next day I was much better, but quite weak; ate a very light breakfast, and then during the day took nothing on my stomach but a few glasses of skim-milk with two or three crackers. The following day my stomach

was in excellent condition—all without any medicine. Two of my neighbors, one on each side of me, have been under the doctor's care for a month, while there is no doubt but the original cause was overcharging the stomach—that which caused my suffering—and had they pursued the same course that I did, would have had no longer sickness. would have saved all their suffering and money. Ninetenths of all the cases which the doctors treat, for weeks, or months, are, originally, nothing more than of the same nature as mine, and would have been relieved just as soon as nature could regulate the whole physical man by quiet rest.

Many times, in my own remembrance, I have known persons who were complaining of some indisposition—the same, almost, without a doubt, as I have described, or, perhaps, would call it a “cold,” which supposition is founded on the fact that their overcharged stomach presses against the lungs, causing difficult breathing, which they readily attribute to a cold—to hurry off to a doctor, or send for him, when, in twenty-four hours after commencing with his medicine, they would be flat on their backs in bed, and there remain for weeks or months—often going to their graves. In all my years I remarked that fact, and which fact had much to do in determining me to break loose from them altogether.

CHAPTER II.

One instance, among many thousands of cases of typhoid as treated by the physicians of our city according to the code, may be mentioned, to show the suffering which is usually endured in a case of that fever—and a certainty of death, so often—all contrasted with the certain and quick cure by cold

bath, as detailed by Dr. Baruch. The sadness of the case I am about to relate is allied to that of George L. Phillips, of Chicago, whose case I have mentioned elsewhere : Prof. George B. Loomis died of typhoid fever, while his daughter was also suffering, a short distance away, with the same fever, and not allowed to know of his death at the time. Was not, and is not, that a sad case to contemplate by the conscientious and sensitive mind? And is it not more terribly sad when we have reason to believe that his life, and all that suffering by himself and daughter, might have been avoided, had their doctor yielded his prejudice for his code and against "quackery"—that quackery which Dr. Baruch so eloquently, earnestly and feelingly plead for before that medical society in New York City. And, while I refer to Prof. Loomis' case, it is only one among many, very many, that have occurred, and are occurring, every day in this city, all in the hands of those who *profess* to be the "conservators of the health of the people ;" yet they refuse to conserve by the only safe means within their reach.

O, what a commentary on the seeming stolidity—but worse—sordidly-disposed mind of man—he, whom God created "in His own image." The fact that man will allow his fellow man to suffer long, and die, for the gain there is in it in dollars and cents, from all that suffering and death, is terrible to realize ; there is no more strongly verified fact, in all our relations with our fellow man, than is that fact, in the face of the verified fact that cold bath will stay death, and restore to health every patient afflicted with fever. Is there a candid, unselfish mind, unawed and uninfluenced by the inflated, medically-minded, self-laudatoried professor of that vaunted code of ethics, who can come to any other conclusion, in view of those facts stated by Dr. Baruch? Yet the seemingly stoically, stolidly-

mindful pretender-of-all-knowledge to cure diseases, plods on, in the old line of quinia-antipyrine, expectant treatment, while all the time losing 25 per cent. of his patients. What have the Fletchers, Olivers, Herveys, Hayses, Jordans, and the hundreds in this city whom they represent, to say in answer to this indictment, in the high court of public opinion—that they willingly permit all such suffering, and a loss of one-fourth of their patients, rather than deviate from their code to treat by simple cold bath? What have they to say of the suspicion that rests in the minds of every one of those conscientious, unselfish and humanely-inclined persons—that all their stubborn adherence to that death-producing code, instead of treating with the quick-curing cold bath, is for the money, the gain that comes to them in that so-called, scientific practice? What answer have they to make to the thumpings at the place where “conscience” is supposed to tarry, while standing at the bed-side of a patient who is dying, or in long suffering, from their “expectant” treatment, and it—that supposed conscience, I mean, though “seared as with a hot iron”—upbraids them for letting that patient suffer, or die, when the cold bath remedy is at hand—a certain cure? Can they answer, in the fear of God and a clear conscience, that they are doing the best they can to save the suffering and life of that patient?

I merely referred, in the prefatory pages, to the subject matter contained in the pages proper, wishing to prepare the reader's mind to take in the importance, to himself and family, of every point that is presented; while he should understand, and consider the fact, which should bear with proper weight on his mind, that I have no motive other than to promote his health—the health of all the people—which must result in general welfare.

There is no money consideration with me in all this antagonism with the most powerful combination of men—and women not a few—there is in the world. And while that antagonism is, in the main, directed against the pretentious “conservators” of our city and State—who have made themselves particularly obnoxious to the best interests of the people by their high-pretentious medical-science knowledge—those of other parts of our country, and other countries, who are equally deserving of censure and exposure, have been reached after and gathered into one common sentiment of denunciation. And while I am only one against thousands, and equally as contemptibly small, in their minds, as my individuality is compared to their number, yet I am not deterred from placing them before the people in the light in which they deserve to be viewed—all the time professing so much disinterestedness in pretending to preserve their health. They contemptuously sneer at the fact that cold bath has proved such a success in those German and French hospitals for a quarter of a century, and of which every physician must be well informed from reading, in their own medical journals, Dr. Baruch’s statistical report and advice. Has one of them condescended to notice the doctor’s advice by even seeking an interview by a reporter, or trying it on a sick and suffering patient? No! Because there would be a loss of money in it. But they did condescend to notice me—a one-horse-power doctor—after I advised the people, during an epidemic of scarlet fever, from an experience of two cases in our own family and knowing of other cases, to use cold bath. From the stand-point of their medical society, when, undoubtedly in a panic from that there would be a stampede of the people from their clutches, they had a called meeting, to consider the crisis, and carded the city

papers that "cold water is not beneficial, but hurtful, in scarlet fever." Dr. Baruch may well be envious of my notoriety, from the fact that they did notice me, while they treat him with contemptuous silence. May it be a fact that they thus treat him, rather than notice a renegade professional?

Here are the sentiments of some of the people, as expressed by two, among many, public journals, which have denounced the "elixir," and those doctors who have been trying it on confiding dupes. The *News* has this: "The medical profession should pray to be delivered from 'its friends,' if Drs. Brown-Sequard and Hammond can be called such. The pretended [Note—'Pretended!' Why, the *News* is, unwittingly, using my language, so often repeated in this book, while 'going for' such 'pretended' medical minds as are esconsed under the 'plugs' of the Fletchers, Hays, Jordans, Herveys, etc.] discovery of a new elixir of life and rejuvenator of old age, to which they have given the sanction of their names, is the most preposterous piece of quackery ever promulgated. If it came from a plantation negro it would be called voodooism. Coming with the *quasi* indorsement of learned men, it is an insult to the intelligence of the age, and calculated to bring medical science into contempt." Right here, may I not ask the *News*: When is there a day, or where is there a locality, that that same "pretended" medical science is not brought into contempt by the pretended knowledge of that pretended science by that profession, represented by those "doctors" I have just named? I mean, "brought into contempt" by their pretending to know that which they do not know anything about! Here is a recent illustration of the ignorance which they possess, that I have so often referred to in these pages: "Congressman Laird, of Nebraska, died of softening of the brain, so the doctors said, when he

breathed his last. But when they made an examination, and found the brain sound, they concluded that it was blood poisoning that killed him". Can anyone think otherwise than with profound contempt of such medical-science knowledge as those doctors proved they had, when they said he died of softening of the brain? And then, too, after having discovered their mistake, they "concluded it was blood poisoning." Didn't know, though; only guessed so. Well, that is what Sir Astley Cooper says, "The art of medicine is founded on conjecture." Those medical scientists conjectured that he died of softening of the brain, and then of blood poisoning. Now, I will again suggest to the *News*, what more is wanted to bring that science, so-called, into contempt, than Congressmen Haskell's and Laird's doctors have accomplished.

Then, here is what the *Philadelphia Record* says: "After all the cackling of army experts over smokeless powder and noiseless guns, it is probable that the squirt gun of the quack (our Dr. Fletcher?) with his elixir of life, would be more deadly than any weapon of open warfare that could be devised. No diploma can give to doctors the right to subject life and health to fearful risks involved in the injection of dead-animal matter into the veins of human beings. The law should promptly interpose to suppress such recklessness." Well! Then should any diploma give doctors a right to subject life and health to the fearful risks involved in their pretended scientific "injection" of quinia and anti-pyrine for fever?—the same recklessness as in the injection of that elixir, when cold bath is so safe? And should not the law promptly interpose to suppress the recklessness of those same doctors? They profess, in either case, that they are acting under a law of natural science—stimulating physical nature by inserting into that nature a stimulus, to enliven,

or keep up, its vital energy, or to sustain it until that same energy can overcome the fever. In one case the stimulus is inserted through the mouth, and in the other through the skin. I repeat, should not the law interpose to compel those doctors, who are trifling with health and life by practicing that lingering and dangerous method, in the injection of drugs into the mouths, as well as veins, of living human beings, to use the quick and perfectly safe remedy that is always at hand?—Dr. Brand's method of cold bath.

Yet the same class of medical scientists, which the Brown-Sequard and Hammond represent, who are giving the sanction of their names to "the most preposterous piece of quackery ever promulgated," and which, the *News* thinks, will "bring medical science into contempt," are they not, all the time, bringing true "medical science into contempt" by humbugging the people, and thereby causing continual suffering and death in their practice—not only giving *quasi*, but actual indorsement to a practice no more useful, but a thousand times more cruel, than negro "voodooism." Practicing "the most preposterous quackery" in the name of science, while all the time denouncing, as "quackery," the true science of meeting fever with its opposite—water; and by which treatment Dr. Brand, and many others, save all their patients. Did not those doctors of the Marion County Medical Society, when they carded the newspapers, and said: "Cold water is not beneficial, but hurtful, in scarlet fever," thereby making a false statement to influence those parents who had, or were likely to have, children afflicted with that fever, bring their pretended "science" into contempt—as well as to deserve it for themselves? What is it but contempt which they deserve for catching on to that "elixir" craze? All as an experiment, but only the same experimenting

which is characteristic of all their practice upon "living human beings"—trying to learn, by experimenting, what frail human nature needs to keep it well, or make it well, while all the time professing to know it all, and holding such as Dr. Baruch and others in contempt for advising or practicing the true nature's science, and curing all their patients—while they are *torturing* theirs, and allowing them to die. Then, is my language any too bitter toward that profession, whose representatives, in their organized capacity, published what I know was false? and for the only explainable reason that they determined to prevent any inroads upon the minds of the people that would lose, to them, their practice upon their children, even should that practice result in death—as it often did, and does to this day. I believed that cold bath would save all those children, at the time of that epidemic of scarlet fever, and tried to let the people know of my success in two cases in my own family. What language can be too bitter to express the denunciation that that profession deserves for refusing to use that *only safe* remedy for fevers, and thus permitting so much suffering and death? It has been placed before the profession by brother professionals, who are conscientiously disposed to alleviate suffering and save life, whatever would be the results of such practice, financially; while recently, the grandly good Baruch, of New York City, presented his report and statistics of their complete success with it, and recommended its substitution for the present mode of treatment—by the code. But what notice have our doctors taken of all that array of facts; right here, in our city, where their patients are all the time suffering, and many dying, from fevers of all kinds? What notice are they taking in our neighboring city of Connersville, of cold bath for typhoid?

Read : "Connersville, August 29.—Typhoid fever is still raging in this vicinity. Several new cases have been reported to-day. The physicians are working night and day, but their aid will be of little avail unless nurses can be had. The general cry for good, experienced nurses is heard on every side. Indianapolis and Cincinnati have both been petitioned to aid in supplying the deficiency, but seem unable to come to the rescue. Whole families are stricken with the malady, and but for the tired and worn out neighbors, they would be destitute of aid. Of course the physicians are doing all they can, but in a disease which depends so much upon good nursing, they seem powerless, while on every hand the call for their attention is heard. The water of the city is being carefully analyzed, and every precaution has been taken by the Board of Health."

This, "Of course the physicians are doing all they can," is false, and if indited by one of them, he knew it was false; while he also knew he and the others are glad, in their hearts, to have such an opportunity to make big fees out of that scare, nor would they stop that "raging" fever by the method which Dr. Baruch so earnestly recommends. "They seem powerless." "Of course" they are powerless, nor would they be otherwise, for, if they wish to be, they would use cold bath every time, and then they would be all-powerful to save every patient at once. How heart-sickening it is to hear of such terrible suffering of "whole families," while their pretended conservators of their health are refusing to relieve them, by a certain and quick remedy, but, by practicing their "medical ethics" upon them, are allowing them to suffer and die—because it is a matter of business with them, to work for big fees. "Every precaution has been taken by the Board of Health;" just as though that Board of Health is

any less interested in big fee bills than the rest of those sordidly minded doctors of that vicinity, or even of our vicinity, where our Board of Health has been accused of neglecting to remove nuisances, clean up, and disinfect blocks of buildings and localities, where typhoid and other fevers had prevailed in consequence of that neglect. Is it not preposterous to suppose that men who will quarrel with, abuse and belittle one another, professionally or otherwise, in their struggle to obtain possession of that Board of Health, City Hospital, or other places of professional influence, will use their influence and position for the welfare of the people, rather than for their own pecuniary interests?

Here is another case: "An Unfortunate Family.—Fort Wayne, August 29.—About ten days ago Wm. A. Kramer, of No. 92 Hanna street, this city, was pronounced insane, and taken to the asylum at Indianapolis. His son Ernest fell sick with typhoid fever at the same time, and, while delirious with fever last Tuesday, he jumped out of bed and ran away, having nothing on him but a night shirt. He has not been heard from since. His mother and sister are also down with typhoid fever, and are in a dangerous condition, with nobody to take care of them but charitably inclined neighbors." This is indeed a terribly distressing case, but all that sickness and distress would not have happened had that family not trusted to doctors to save or cure them of sickness; but, instead, had treated themselves by cold bath, or pack, as I have always done, and as Dr. Baruch advises to be done. But the Fort Wayne doctors are of the same sort as Professor Hays represents. Those doctors of that unfortunate family, and those same ones at Connersville, have no semblance of quackery in their treatment of those suffering creatures, and, hence, have "*a high professional success*," in *not* saving them from long

and terrible suffering, and death; while with Dr. Baruch's "quackery," they would have saved every one of them. But they will have, undoubtedly, the high professional success which they most desire, and work for—a big fee bill.

Then, here is a little item, which fits exactly, just here: "Mrs. Maria M. Dean is a homeopathic physician, who took an office in Helena, Mont., three years ago. Her income last year was in the neighborhood of \$12,000." Thirty-three dollars a day drawn from suffering humanity. Ten times, or perhaps twenty times, as much as many of her patrons' daily wages. And she, too, one of that class who would sacrifice their very lives for suffering humanity. It does seem, in her case, that sordid, selfish souls are not confined to the sterner sex, and that the gentler sex is equally as successful in humbugging the people. And, too, we might have known that without going away from home, as it is said that our female nurses are claiming \$15 a week for their services. O what a luxury it is to be sick, and have a doctor's and nurse's bill of \$25 or \$30 a week thrust into the face of a poor workingman, whose wages would probably amount to half or one-third of that sum, while the druggist's bill is still to be heard from.

We are in the habit of condemning those who dispense strong drink to their customers for money. But what condemnation do they deserve compared to that due those who allure people into confiding to them their sick and suffering, only to be tortured, robbed and left to die? Such is the actual fact applied to the pretender of the medical profession. I mean the leaders, the great bloviating professors and orators of the profession, of the colleges, whence the young and susceptible student emerges, filled with an idea of self importance, and false teachings only, to go out into the world to sow diseases in-

stead of healing them, while a large part of that sowing only fits the patient more readily to become the victim of the dispenser of intoxicating drinks. I have already quoted Dr. Tanner, who said "the medical profession refused to give up liquor in their formulas, because the ills of humanity were mainly dependent on it."

CHAPTER III.

A doctor (?) ventilating his knowledge of medical progress, writes this: "Direct and exhausting experiments have been substituted for narrow and imperfect tests, and hasty conclusions." Now, does he mean, by those "direct and exhausting experiments," Dr. Brand's experiments, of twenty-five years, with cold bath? Not much. Does he mean my experiments, which were so successful in diphtheria, which I have mentioned elsewhere? Then, among other remedies, are "remedies for the quick healing of wounds, called 'antiseptic.'" Whether he means water, plain, simple water and salt water for healing wounds, it is not necessary to inquire, but such is all that is necessary to use on a fresh wound from any cause, and salt water if there be any danger from poison being communicated with the wound. Drawing the wound up with stitches, if possible, should be done, then kept covered from the air and constantly wet to keep down inflammation, is all that is necessary—and nature will do the rest. There is no doubt that had President Garfield been treated in that way, and no other, he might be still living. The doctors, outside, in the President's case, were undoubtedly right, in claiming that he was being tortured by those inside, but it was not from any humane feeling for him, but simply from

professional jealousy and a spirit of business competition. If doctors of that description have any humane feelings, they smother them for the time being. And again: "And for controlling fevers, called 'antipyretic.'" Yes, yes. "Controlling fevers" like they did in Plymouth, and other fever stricken places, and like our doctors do. Wonder if it is anything like our garrulous Doctor's pickled moonshine? They couldn't control the fevers in those localities by their ant'retic, but had they called in Uncle Baruch's anti-"fool" remedy, they could have controlled every case.

Already I have dwelt much on the power of coal oil and camphor liniment as a quick and thorough remedy for diphtheria, or other throat troubles, and have also shown that doctors disagree about those troubles, as well as all other ailments of humanity, which they pretend to treat. Here is a case, which two of that wise-know-all-profession pronounced scrofula, and which that liniment cured: I was at Mr. Garretson's house on the 20th of June, 1888, when I advised them to apply it to a lump the size of a small hen's egg, on the side of their little girl's neck. Mrs. G. wrote me July 26: "I must tell you about Mary's neck. We began using the liniment of coal oil and gum camphor, alternately with strong salt water, and cleansing well with soap and water between times, and, in about two weeks after you were here, the lump opened and run considerable corruption, after which the swelling was all gone. We were all very glad indeed to have it removed. Mary, especially, was rejoiced when she found it was open, and said she thought Mr. Kingsley was a good doctor. Two doctors here that were asked about it, pronounced it scrofula." Again she wrote: "Pendleton, Ind., December 17, 1888.—You inquired about Mary's neck. It has been entirely healed for a long time—nearly ever since I

saw you at the Fair—but it left an ugly scar.” Now, to disabuse the minds of the Professor Humbugs, who are afraid of “any semblance of quackery,” I will say that this liniment was recommended to me by my beloved old friend, Dr. L. Abbett, who is now gone. I was telling him of how much benefit I had received from rubbing camphorated alcohol on my back, and then rubbing on coal oil with a brush, and heating it by a hot stove. I had suffered terribly at times, since I was twenty years old, and had used all kinds of liniments and plasters, and been treated by doctors, all to very little benefit—two doctors of Vevay, Drs. McCutchen and Gale, assuring me that I could receive but little benefit from medical treatment, and the only relief I could have would be to give the strained and weakened muscles of my back perfect rest. Their judgment caused me to sell my little farm and locate in the city of Aurora, thirty-six years ago, and in this city the next year. But I did not escape back straining work; and, finally, after treating my boy so successfully for hip complaint—the account of which I gave in part first—with coal oil, I determined to try it, after camphor, as I have mentioned, and, finding it so much better than anything I had before tried, kept it up. I was telling Dr. Abbett of my great relief by those applications, when he then said, that the best way to prepare a liniment was to put the gum camphor into the coal oil, which would cut it the same as alcohol; and further said, that it made the best liniment he had ever used. Thus it will be seen that it is of medical mind origin, while the veriest medical mind (quack?) can prescribe it, with perfect impunity from censure by a medically-minded conscience.

I have referred to the alarming report from Connersville, of the ravages of typhoid, while next comes a denial from the secretary, and ex-secretary, of their Board of Health, and stating that there is no alarm

or cause for one ; that there are but few cases, and they are all well cared for, etc. Then later, September 3, comes an affirmation of the first report, in these words : "Notwithstanding the official denial, the appearance of a malignant type of typhoid fever in this city and vicinity, is giving great cause of alarm." Names of a number of prominent citizens are mentioned who are sick, and of some who have died. "In addition to the city and vicinity, cases are appearing at Lyon's Station, and at Fayetteville, and indeed the fever is reported all along the Whitewater valley, nearly to Richmond." And so on, in detail, and most disgusting to the mind of those humane persons, who are free from that base human nature that would profit from the suffering of their fellow beings. I write this from the standpoint that those doctors know that others are saving all such suffering by using cold bath for all such fevers. They are fully posted as to the claims of Drs. Brand, Baruch and many others, for many years, that typhoid can be successfully treated by that method.

I quote this, published in one of our city dailies : "Dr. Gregg, county health officer at Connersville, brought to the city Tuesday three bottles of water to be examined by Secretary Metcalf, of the State Board of Health." Now, if instead of making a great parade and bluster about having that water examined, he had used any of the kinds in quantities sufficient to immerse those patients in, he would have cured every one of them, and saved his trip to our city. He knew that, or else, had he tried it, honestly, he would know it. But the trouble would be, he would not, nor would any doctor who has set himself against that method of treating fevers, make a fair trial of it. Dr. Baruch mentions a case of that dishonest treatment, which resulted in death, as the administrator undoubtedly intended

it should, to stop all future demands for its use in that hospital, while the opponents would let no opportunity pass to publish its failure. In that case the patient was "placed on a Kibbe cot, wrapped in a sheet, and *sprinkled with ice-water* for a considerable time." Had that brute wrapped his unfortunate patient in that sheet after it had been dipped in cold water, and then with a blanket and quilt, or comfort, he would have felt a warm sensation in a few minutes, and with that fever broken, or materially lessened, in an hour or two, while a bath tub might have had a still better effect. I have tried both with perfect success every time. Dr. Gregg said the medical men were continually quarrelling among themselves, and that they misrepresented diseases in order to cure them, and establish reputations. Just so. Have I not, in this book, made the same charges against them, over and over again?

Only to think, for one moment, of those pretended healers of those sick people, quarrelling over them, like a gang of dogs over a rotten carcass! Is it not enough to make human nature ashamed of itself, and blush in the very name of that humanity, when it witnesses such inhumanity in those who have claimed those same people's confidence, as conservators of their health and lives? That exhibition of the real nature and purpose of those beligerents about Connersville, is not the first or only exhibition of that character among that fraternity of self-styled medical scientists, but is constantly occurring somewhere within the range of newspaperdom, telegraph or telephone. I have already recorded the numerous "shows" of that kind our city doctors have delighted each other with, and if they would only be as successful in the end as the Kilkenny cats were, in destroying each other—leaving nothing but their "tails"—it would be all the better for mankind. The same as Dr.

Holmes said of their "Materia Medica:" "Were it sunk to the bottom of the sea, it would be all the better for mankind;" and exactly the same materia which Professor Hays enjoined a strict observance of, if they would "secure a high professional success;" and, all of which, those Connersville quarrelling doctors have undoubtedly observed, with that same success—in unsuccess.

The reader, whether or not he agrees with me in my opinion of the general practice of medicine and its utility, or effect upon physical nature, will, I trust, give me credit for honesty of purpose. He can readily see that I have no secular motive to dictate my course. I have elsewhere stated that this whole matter—the utility of the medical profession—is to be judged by its effect in healing the sick, while its failure is so common as to challenge the attention and scrutiny of the whole people, when clear from any influence of the profession. They should consider the pretensions they make, of knowing all about just what the people need to cure them, or save them from disease, and then their failing in their pretensions; yet all the time, whatever their success may be—whether the patient lingers, but lives, or lingers and dies, the charge for "services rendered" are made in the day book, and bill of same rendered in due time.

The very fact that so many young men have and are continually entering upon the same professional life, proves that they consider it one of ease, wealth, and a sure road to high social life. Those men who are now conducting the medical colleges of the country, know that there is no need of the hordes of young doctors whom they are continually turning loose upon the people; and that their only hope of success lays in their ability for humbugging them, as they themselves have done before, into the belief that the people need their assistance in

keeping well, or getting well of any disease, or pretended disease, they have been instrumental in infecting them with. Infecting the people with disease may be done in a thousand ways, while pretending to treat them for some disease, or to ward off disease; and it may all be done ignorantly, or it may be done with a full knowledge of what is being done, as well as with the intention of doing that very thing, for a pretence for a necessity to treat, and continue to treat. I have no hesitation in asserting, that I have no doubt of the disposition of those men, who are turning those hordes of leeches upon the community, continually, to instruct them insidiously, or openly, how they have themselves succeeded in gulling the people into being treated in a way that would require almost constant treatment. They know that those young suckers of the life blood of the people must have practice, and, to obtain it, must gull the confiding people, while eternal vigilance is the price of their success; and, too, redoubled vigilance, as their number is increasing four to one in ratio with the people. Can it be possible that those conductors of those colleges are imbued with true feelings of humanity while turning all those hordes upon the people, when they know the same people are so overburdened with them? They know that their profession is being practiced upon them to draw from them their money, and in a way to make a pretended continual practice necessary. For instance, according to Dr. Tanner, they will not give up liquor in their formulas, etc.

It is understood that doctors understand anatomy from dissecting the human frame; then, in possession of that knowledge, they make the best use of it to allure the people into a belief that they also understand all about the needs of that live physical frame, to keep it alive and well, when, in

reality, they do not; which is beyond dispute, and so placed by their continual mistakes and blunders; for instance, Congressmen Laird and Haskell's cases. Yet they let those cases, and thousands of other similar ones, which are occurring every day, pass without an explanation, hoping and believing that "the dupes they have made"—Dr. Hervey's dupes—will allow them all to pass, without holding them to account for those delinquencies; but which they see all the time, though so imbued with their pretentious high attainments in medical knowledge, that they dare not approach them for an explanation, much less reproach them, however much they may realize the imposition being practiced upon the people. Does not the very fact that all the young doctors, who are being turned out from those colleges upon the people, must subsist upon those same people—must have a "bare subsistence"—induce their instructors to insidiously instil into their minds that they would have to control the minds of the people, by all possible ways, with high pretentious knowledge of all their physical needs, and of their ability, by their great attainments in medical science, to meet those needs? And, the way they are succeeding with the people, does it not prove that they are well following their instructor's advice? And, moreover, does it not prove, beyond a doubt, that the same people are completely controlled by those high, but false pretenders of the healing art. Those same pretenders know to just what lengths they can go in their great pretentious calling, and still retain the confidence of the people.

CHAPTER IV.

I have before referred to their habits of banquetting at their society gatherings, while having the sick and suffering in their charge, leaving them to suffer while engaging in all these rounds of hilarity at the banquet table. A few months ago there was a banquet of the usual kind at Shelbyville, in which many of our own physicians participated, the details of which were published, and could produce nothing more than a sickening sensation in the heart of one who only had in his mind the immense number of his fellow beings who were left at home, on their couches, to suffer, while their pretended medical attendants engaged in that hilarious round of eating, drinking, and light and frivolous talk and actions—all while their patients were suffering in all stages on their way to death.

Here is what is now going on in Evansville: "Evansville, Sept. 9.—The Mississippi Valley Medical Association will meet in this city on 10th, 11th and 12th instants. This will be an event of national importance. Leading physicians throughout the Union will participate in the affair. The citizens have arranged an interesting program of entertainment, the features of which will be a banquet by electric light in Garvin's Park, on Tuesday evening, and a ball at Evan's Hall on Wednesday evening. Eighty-nine carefully-prepared papers will be read. Elaborate preparations are being made for entertaining visitors." Well, the "national importance" will undoubtedly be the reading of those eighty-nine papers, "very carefully prepared." Wonder if any of them will discuss Dr. Baruch's advice to use cold bath for fever? Or maybe they have not heard of it. And will they discuss the mistakes which Mr. Laird's doctors made, in sup-

posing that he died of softening of the brain? Or, how it was that Mr. Haskell's three sets of doctors all disagreed as to the disease he had, and died of? If any of those doctors should be there, he or they will have a grand opportunity to vindicate himself, and show that the others were all quacks. His paper should be very "carefully prepared," that there shall not be a possibility of another such mistake, for the credit of the "learned" profession. Wonder if those McAllisterville "snowy-haired" doctors will be there, with a carefully-prepared paper on "crazy?" Of course they are "leading physicians." Or Dr. Kiernan, of Guiteau and Mrs. Rawson notoriety; and who also discovered the "crazy" in that Chicago reporter. Or those Connersville doctors, to discuss and enlighten their professional brethren on the art of quarrelling, and how to get up a scare on fevers, and then as to the most scientific way of quarrelling over them? Then our own city doctors, who have so often aspired to become members of the city Board of Health, should read a paper on the best way to not get there, while those who have aspired to reach the city hospital might enlighten others as to how they worked and didn't get there. And last, but not least, the great discoverer of pickled moonshine should read a paper on that important discovery, and why he couldn't utilize it in typhoid fever, while he should wind up on "The Reason Why I Don't Encourage the Use of Cold Bath in Typhoid." Then, after all this exchange of sentiment, on matters "of national importance," with light hearts, under a consciousness of having done a great scientific duty, they can repair to the ball-room, and "trip the light fantastic toe," while, all oblivious of whether their patients are living or dying, laughing or crying for more help from professional humbuggy-ing. There can be no doubt but that all those absent doctors' patients

are all the better for their absence, while they would have been still better had they never seen them at all in their sickness, or *pretended* sickness by *their doctors*.

But here we have the sad announcement that "only a few of that number (89) will receive attention." Only to think, that after the great strain upon those medical minds (?) in preparing their "papers," only a few will receive attention from all that assembly of wiseacres. Of course, Dr. Hurty's paper on "How We Didn't Get Into the Board of Health," and those doctors' papers, as to "How We Made the City Hospital Doctors and Their Lady Friends Hustle, But Didn't Get There," and those other of our city doctors, as to "How We Manage to Send Sane People to the Crazy Asylum," and all those experts in crazy, whom I have mentioned—*their* papers should all receive the closest scrutiny. They are all questions of "national importance," and those great medical minds should not hesitate to have a national love feast in discussing them; while they will be able to get any amount of free advertising by getting the result of their pow-wow into the papers. This advice will not meet the eye of those distinguished humbugs until they have danced their last jig, finished their banquetting and riotous living, and returned to their suffering people—suffering from their professional imposition upon them. But when they do see it, they will be able to know just how near they did, unwittingly, follow it, while their whole transactions will be merely a case of history repeating itself—by self-laudations, such as emanate from all their mutual admiration societies.

Here is the finale of that ball—"which was a complete success, *and all the doctors are making merry*." Did the Apostles make "merry" in a ball-room? Yet those doctors, according to Dr. Fletcher, are co-laborers in spirit, and inspirited

by him who "did more good in the world than all the twelve apostles"—Count Rumford. And disciples of the same great medical mind with Hahnemann, Dr. Clarke's idol, "than whom no man, save Christ, has ever conferred upon his fellows so great a blessing" While the physical element, composing the disciples of Count Rumford and Hahnemann, may not mix any more readily than oil and water, and while either would exterminate the other, with dynamite or bomb-shell, nevertheless, they are all inspired by the same great medical spirit god that inspired those Apostle-excelling and Christ-like medical minds. Then, unless those merry-makers in the ball-room, can aver that the Apostles *did* make merry in a ball-room, will not the world of mankind, when informed that those, inspired by a greater god than those ones who were inspired by Christ to do His bidding, stand aghast—in deep sorrow that those intensely greater in good doing than even the Apostles, had so forgot their high origin as to enter a ball-room, and make merry in the giddy dance, with gluttony, wine and women?

And here is what it was all for—that banqueting, that jig dancing, merry making, wine-bibbing (?) and general love feasting by the grand medical mind: "A. W. B." has it in the *Journal*, "All for Love of Science." Let's see: That science of which Dr. Abercrombie said: "Since cultivated as a science, medicine is fraught with the highest degree of uncertainty." And that of which Dr. Astley Cooper said: "The art of medicine is founded on conjecture." And that of which Dr. Hoffman wrote: "As regards most medicines, the physician is deceived, as their true properties are quite unknown, and we know of no general law of nature for their remedial employment." For the love of such science, or for the love of that lovely science that

enabled those snowy-haired scientists to read "crazy" in those boys? Or that, which enabled Kiernan to read insanity in Guiteau, and sanity in Mrs. Rawson, and that, which enabled him to read the same and incurable insanity in that Chicago reporter? Or, which enabled those eminent scientists to discover incurable "rabies" in that boy? Or the science that enabled doctors to "suppose" it was softening of the brain, and then "conclude" Mr. Laird died of blood poison? Or that, which enabled Haskell's three sets of doctors to discover three different diseases in him, and, while doctoring him for each disease, sent him to his grave? Or the science, the knowledge of which caused President Garfield's doctors to do what the outside scientists charged was killing him? And which did, undoubtedly, kill him? Or the science that enabled one of his distinguished doctors to discover the condition, so dangerous to health, of the plumbing in New York City, and, which discovery was charged to be the result of a large fee bill from the plumber?

In all those cases, whose science was lovely, and which was whose? Or, were they in love with that science which prompted General Grant's doctors, after they had decided that they could not save him, to prevent another one, who, from his experience in other cases, believed he could? Or that science which prompted Emperor Frederick's doctors to quarrel over his case, calling each other imbeciles, ignoramuses, frauds, and what nots, and which quarrel they are still keeping up? Or that science which the Connersville doctors have so recently been practicing, magnifying cases of sickness that they could get something to quarrel over, and make a big fee? That must be exceptionally lovely to contemplate, by A. W. B. and his medical brethren of our city, some of whom have had such

a "lovely" fight for control of the Board of Health and City Hospital—but "got left."

While cases of the disastrous effect of the practice of those—those who are banqueting, dancing, making merry with wine (?), women and self-adulation, "all for the love of science"—are as numerous as the sands upon the sea shore, yet space will not admit of a continuation of the list, but of which every reader, who is not blinded by their profuse and pretentious claims of wonderful knowledge, and ability to do so much for suffering humanity, will recall to his mind thousands of cases, that have occurred, and are occurring all the time. I must notice a few of the lovely features, as reported by "A. W. B.," and which may be the initials for "A. W. Brayton" for aught I know to the contrary. "Each State, of course, has its own State medical organization, that of Indiana being the most perfect in the Union"—on the principle that every woman's baby is the prettiest—in her own estimation, of course. Among the objects of the association, he mentions this: "Promoting all measures adopted to the relief of the suffering, and improving the health, and protecting the lives of the community" Well, then, to come right to the point: Did they promote, by advocating for the relief of the suffering, Dr. Baruch's recommendation of cold bath for typhoid fever? A large amount of the suffering in the country is in consequence of that and other fevers. But I think I am safe in saying that they did not advocate that short and sure way of relieving that much suffering, simply because it would be against "the interests of the profession," which he names as one of the objects, while he also mentions, as another object, "usefulness;" and that, too would develop itself in the cold bath treatment, but yet it would be against the interests of a big fee.

"The greatest interest centered on the tubercle

group, as this seems to be the dominating subject in present medicine," says A. W. B. Well, does the physician, who is pursuing the "bacillus tuberculosis to his lair," in his scientific way, relieve suffering? Or, rather, does he not promote suffering, by his pursuit, for instance, in his so-called consumptive patient? I can remember more than fifty years, when it has always been the opinion of observant persons, and those who are, and have been favorable to the general practice of medicine, that nine are doctored into consumption, while one is not cured by doctoring. Does he, while in pursuit of bacteria, which he finds causes typhoid, scarlet, yellow or any other fever, and finding it, as he pretends, relieve the patient of that 'teria, or the fever? After pursuing that "bacillus to his lair," and finding the patient suffering from his presence, they do not pretend to cure him, but place their fingers in their mouth and whine out that, "We do not recognize that typhoid can be broken up," etc. Of course not, with their "expectant" treatment; but, bacteria or not, cold bath would break it up right quick. They are profuse in hunting down Bacillus & Co. to their lair, but then are impotent to rout the enemy, "which, once in possession, holds absolute sway over the body of man." But by the "fuss and feathers" they make in parading their ability to "hunt to his lair," they hope to so awfully strike their readers and hearers with their great ability, that, should they fail to remove his bacillus-ship from the suffering, such ones will accept the ever present plea, that "it is beyond the reach of medical skill." And so it is always beyond the reach of those who conjecture or guess the power of the medicine they administer, and "suppose" it to be softening of the brain, brain fever, typhoid, or something else, then "conclude" it was blood poisoning, or something else. Now, suppose Drs.

Abercrombie, Astley Cooper, Hoffman and Oliver Wendell Holmes had been at that great meeting, all "for the love of science," you know, would A. W. B. have written them up? Suppose they had advanced their theories of medicine, there, would he have had a love feast over them? And suppose Dr. Baruch had been there, and presented his "little paper," such as he presented to the New York medical society on "Cold Bath in Typhoid," would they have all hugged him?—"all for love of science," that science of cold bath for typhoid fever? I trow not.

"Special mention is made of Indianapolis doctors, whom, of course, we best know and best love," says the loving A. W. B., the chronicler of that love feast. Of "W. B. Fletcher, genial enthusiast, fearing no living thing, theory or phantom." I take issue with him, because the doctor is afraid of the "living thing" of cold bath for typhoid; but, while I agree that he reaches fearlessly into the heavens for pickled moonshine, to illustrate his "theory" against any remedy for that fever; and admit, too, that he is more than brave in pursuing the "phantom" of lamb's juice, to rejuvenate rotten physical frames into young Methuselehs. Were a "layman" allowed to suggest an idea to such an eminent (?) "medical mind," I would most respectfully suggest "skunk juice," as being much stronger than lamb's.

In a long list of those "whom we best know and best love," the loving A. W. B. does not mention Dr. Earp; but, then, he is a "rival" of Dr. Hurty's, supposably because he does not belong to the same mutual admiration society with Dr. H., nor with the affectionate A. W. B. Then there is Dr. Boyd, Dr. Clarke, and a host of other "Indianapolis doctors," whom he leaves out of his list of those "we best love." Can it be that there are "hard feelin's" in the breast of such loving medical minds against

those who, possibly, did not take in their medical pap from the same wet nurses—the Count Rumfords, the Aristotles, Galens, Celsuses, Hyppocrates, or even the Hayses and Jordans? And are they consequently to be ranked as of those of whom the learned President Jordan spoke thus: “It is only when we regard the amount of ignorant, empirical and dishonest work called professional, that our heart sinks within us, and we doubt whether our American system of medical *laissez faire*—let alone—can be a wise system.” But then, if it is a fact that the Earp kind of medical minds are the rivals or enemies of the Hurty kind, and of which A. W. B. seems to be the loving champion, does that fact necessarily exclude them from the latter’s affections? and, too, while such loving creatures of the great Father are enjoined to love their enemies.

Finally, after exhausting the loving mention of Indianapolis, Indiana, and doctors in other cities outside of the State, in attendance there, and at the tail end of the list, the loving chronicler mentions “Dr. G. Smythe, of Greencastle, was present, and is remembered here because of his supplementing the table d’ hote of the Evansville hotels with a full lunch all around to everybody in the sleeping car at Terre Haute, claiming the privilege of footing all bills when within forty miles of home.” Of course, filling the empty stomachs of his loving and loved brethren should be all-sufficient to hold his memory green for all time, by those who work “all for the love of science,” when those stomachs, even after that profuse banqueting, should crave more food—all of which reveals the grandness of Dr. Smythe’s heart. And which, did he not reveal it to those loved ones in the association assembled at Evansville, he does so reveal it, in language not to be mistaken, in a pamphlet which the mail carrier has this

moment placed before my eyes. And may I not inquire: "Did he not present the subject matter of this pamphlet before those doctors? And if such be the fact, what disposition did they make of it? Did they discuss it, with A. W. B. taking part in that discussion? If they did, the loving note-taker forgot to mention it in his exuberant flow of mention of local subjects discussed. And I opine, too, that he very willingly forgot to mention anything submitted in favor of cold bath for typhoid fever.

The first sentence which I quote from the pamphlet is this: "This plan of treatment has never been popular with the medical profession in this country or England." And which emphasizes, in tones not to be mistaken, the fact that I have so often asserted in these pages, that it is not here, or anywhere, from the fact of its being such an easy and safe remedy, that the doctor who opposes it sees, in the event of its becoming popular, a loss of practice, and, consequently, fees. But he who makes it unpopular by opposing it, and pursues the old practice, according to Dr. S., "signs the death warrant of twenty individuals out of every hundred with this disease which he treats, *and a discriminating public will hold him responsible.*" This plan of treatment is not an idle tale, to be whistled down by a breath of wind." I ask, in all seriousness, will the "discriminating public" of our city hold the doctors whom A. W. B. "loves best" responsible, as well as others who allow twenty per cent. of their patients to die by practicing upon them the old mode, when the cold bath will save them—every time, and without long suffering?

When I write that such doctors are entailing upon the people all that suffering, and twenty per cent. of deaths, for the money which they are able to collect in fees, I only write what plainly appears between Dr. S.'s lines, as his statement. I appre-

ciate the Doctor's kindly feeling in placing the matter before his brethren in so gentle a manner. He says: "No one has any right to oppose this treatment on purely theoretical grounds," simply meaning that they are bound in honor to their God and their patients, to try to save those patients' lives by cold bath, instead of clamoring their theory against its use, and adhering to their "expectant" treatment.

I quote farther from Dr. S.: "All preconceived opinions and prejudices should be laid aside in scientific investigations." Now, while I refer in a few words to what I have before written, I will ask: Did the doctors of the Marion County Medical Society lay aside their "preconceived opinions and prejudices" when they published that cold water was not beneficial, but hurtful, in scarlet fever? I had confirmed my previously formed opinions of its efficacy, from what I had read and heard of its use—just as Dr. Smythe has formed his opinions of its efficacy in typhoid fever, and confirmed them by its trial, just as any well-meaning doctor would do—and then published it, just as Dr. S. has done, recommending others to use it. Those doctors had not tried it honestly, however much they may pretend to have done so, nor would they, or will they, any more readily than they will give cold bath an honest trial for typhoid fever; and, in both cases, simply because it would, and will all the time, be against the interest of their pockets. They will prefer to sign the death-warrant of twenty per cent. of their patients, while reaching after a big fee. O, what a commentary upon depraved human nature! The medical profession of our city arraigned by one of their number—of the same school of medicine, on whom A. W. B. lavishes his affection, and slops over with, "we best know and best love"—and charged with signing the death warrant of one-fifth

of their patients. Nor can they vindicate their course, or escape the responsibility which a "discriminating public" will fasten upon them.

How different is the course of one whose heart is for his patient's recovery—treating him the safest way, thereby escaping the charge of signing his death warrant. Here it is, as I quote from Dr. Smythe: "This plan of treatment has been so successful in my hands, that I shall continue its use, at least until something better is offered." Then again, "since publishing my last report, I have treated fifty-one additional cases, with two deaths. Of the two deaths, both were treated by antipyretic medicines and no baths. In every case where the bathing was energetically used, the patient recovered." In this the doctor completely sustains Dr Baruch's report of 2,150 cases, where every one recovered. While Dr. B. reached over into Germany for those cases, Dr. S's cases are within telephone reach of A. W. B's loved ones of our city.

CHAPTER V.

What answer have our erudite minds, of that medical society, for Dr. Smythe's enthusiastic words in behalf of cold bath? It was easy to mystify the minds of the parents of those children, suffering with scarlet fever, by contradicting me, because I was not one of them—only an insignificant layman; but what are they going to do about that doctor's forty-nine cases with no deaths, and 157 with no deaths, which was reported to the Mississippi Valley Medical Society in 1883? Had not Dr. Oliver better take some lessons from him? In fact, did he not know of his success with cold bath when he made that remarkable statement to the *Journal* re-

porter? Did he not hear, or had he not read, that report of 1883, made in this city? Then, again, would he risk his veracity in making that statement to the reporter, or did he disbelieve Dr. Smythe's statements? It is easy enough, with a discerning mind, to understand why he did "not recognize that typhoid fever can be broken up." He, with all his brethren—always excepting Dr. Smythe—will shut their eyes and stop their ears against any such information, from any source whatever, because they have, long since, determined that there shall be no such innovation upon their long-established and lucrative practice by their "expectant" theory. No breaking up or heading off the fever, but a feeding the patient with quinine and antipyrine to give him sufficient strength to battle with it. No heroic treatment, that would save the patient from the necessity of that battle. No. For then their purse would be limpsy—their brick and mortar, and bank accounts would not show up in such grand proportions, as is so common now.

And all that gush and slop which "A. W. B." poured into the *Journal* about that Evansville medical meeting, they think is necessary to keep the people's minds dazed as to their great importance, and to cover up their continued practices of fraud upon them, notwithstanding the light the Doctor Baruches or Smythes may attempt to shed upon them; to enable their selves to see and feel the great benefit it would be to their lives and health, could they be induced to tear away from the hold those imposters have upon them. But I believe the day is dawning when the public will realize the enormity of that fraud, and, can I be an aid in bringing on that day, by my humble efforts in these pages, I shall then be content to surrender to the fast ebbing-away of my life from time, and go hence to receive my reward.

The gushing affection of "A. W. B." for those "whom we best know" among our city doctors, does of course include those who magnify trivial cases into serious ones, so as to get credit for curing them; and Dr. Thomas, who couldn't cure Mr. Craig of tonsilitis; and those doctors in Wabash, including "some of the most eminent physicians of the State," who could do nothing to stay that epidemic of croup and sore throat, tonsilitis or diphtheria; and those all over the State, and adjoining States, who have been so panic stricken, so often, in cases of typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria, etc., all "leading physicians," and including the "leading physician" of our city, who carries chalk and water for poisoned girls and babies. All such were there.

That chalk and water doctor, in his illustration of how he saved that girl by it, and the happy effect it had on the babies, must have created intense excitement among his fellow-scientists, especially when he related the scene of those women showering their blessings upon him for saving that girl, though, perhaps, he mused, *soto voce* to them, as he did to the *Journal* reporter. that, "had those women known that it was only chalk and water he gave her, his reputation would have been very different," while they, very likely, agreed with him, and congratulated him that he "made a good reputation" by that humbugging exhibition of fraud and quackery.

In discussing some of their papers, the able chronicler said: "The interest was intense—almost painful." So, it must have been when those Wabash doctors recited how they, and those other eminent physicians, could not remove the bacillus from "his lair" in those children; as well as all the other "leading physicians," from everywhere, when they recited their vain efforts, in all their great skill, to find and throttle him in their patients afflicted

with the various diseases—scarlet and typhoid, pneumonia, diphtheria—all: and especially Dr. Thomas, when he related how he could not throttle him in that case of tonsilitis, or “some simple throat disease.”

In listening to all those cases, and contemplating the suffering of those patients, how “painful” it must have been!—and when Dr. Smythe read his paper, and detailed how he not only throttled that fellow in his lair, but drowned him every time in a tub of water, it must have been “painful” in the extreme to all those other doctors who love their pretended science—“not wisely, but too well”—while applying their “expectant treatment”—quinine, anti-pyrine, pickled moonshine, all—to their patients, and consequently signing the death warrant of one out of every five of them, *while a “discriminating public will hold them responsible for the death of every one of them.”*

O, how terrible it must be for these imposters, who are sending their patients every day to their graves, to contemplate the responsibility which God, and “a discriminating public,” will fasten upon them, for refusing to follow the treatment which Dr. Smythe has found so safe, and which he and Dr. Baruch advises them to use.

What have those “all-for-the-love-of-science” doctors to say in answer to Dr. Smythe’s appeal to them, in a way more powerful than words—his own example in demonstrating the truth of his theory—to throw away the old and life-destroying code, and follow him in his grand way of saving every patient by cold bath? In the grandness of his heart, and in the earnestness of a soul in its full determination to obey the word of his elder brother, the Christ, who commands every living soul to do to others as he would have them to do to him, he determines to follow that mode of treatment which he has found

best, and will, more certainly, restore his patient to health. What answer have they to make, to that discriminating public, for refusing to follow him in that laudable and unselfish mode of saving their patients? It is no longer a theory, but a demonstrated fact, placed right before their eyes, that every case of typhoid fever being treated now in this city, in the usual way, by the code, and lingering in suffering, while one in five will go to his or her grave, can every one be saved, if the doctors in attendance would adopt Dr. Smythe's advice, and follow the example he places before them by his own treatment. What he has done and is doing, and others have done and are doing, they can do, and would do, were they to try to do so. But trusting in their ability to still hoodwink the people by their continual bluster about science—the science of “hunting the deadly bacillus tuberculosis to his lair,” “all for the love of science,” and all kindred twaddle which they indulged in at Evansville, and do all the time indulge in—in private, and in the public prints—they determine to defy Dr. Smythe: even after repeating the success of cold bath treatment as reported by Dr. Baruch in the 2,150 cases: and who then uses this language: “No one has any right to oppose this treatment upon purely theoretical grounds. He who does so, and refuses to adopt it, signs the death warrant of twenty individuals out of every hundred with this disease which he treats, and a discriminating public will hold him responsible. This plan of treatment is not an idle tale, to be whistled down by a breath of wind.”

What brave words, coming from one of their number, in the medical profession, and how grandly different in all that which goes to make up the kind the Christ referred to when He pronounced, “Blessed are the merciful,” from that kind of whom A. W. B. so gushingly reported, “of In-

dianapolis doctors, whom, of course, we best know and best love." Why does he best love those doctors, before Dr. Smythe? Because he best knows them. Well, does he best love them before Dr. Smythe, while in his grand work of saving suffering by cold bath? Or does he best love them because in their mutual admiration society meetings they discuss the principle of cold water for fevers, and then agree that it is "hurtful," and so publish it to the world? Or the reason "we best love" those doctors, is it because "we" and company are trying to run out the Dr. Earp kind, so that "we" can have a clear field in "our" work of humbugging "our" patients? And while they best love each other, is it because they, in those love feasts, post each other in regard to their experience, as to the best road to travel, in that humbugging expedition? Does he know one of those loved ones who is not turning a deaf ear to Dr. Baruch's and Dr. Smythe's appeals to their medical brethren to adopt cold bath for typhoid fever? Or one who is not opposing it, with all his professional ability, and influence among the people—those over whom he has such unbounded control?

There is no ground for two opinions on the subject of cold bath for fever; it is settled beyond cavil by honest practitioners. But the question in their heart, with those who refuse to use it, is whether they shall use it and destroy a large part of their practice, or refuse to continue and increase that practice, and emoluments thereof, in the almighty dollar. There is no alternative for them but to take one horn or the other of the dilemma, though, really, there is no dilemma, only in the sordid mind, as to whether to push their business for all it is worth, in hard cash, or to apply it in a way to save the most suffering, and the most lives of their patients.

Their position before the world, and in the face of all those beneficent, humanely-minded professional brethren, is defiantly, immovably fixed, in their determination to still practice their fraud upon a confiding people; still relying upon their ability to continue to hoodwink them into a continued belief that they are a necessity to them in sickness or health.

The fact is revealed, through public prints, that prominent people are dying every day, everywhere, and all under the doctor's care, and who are powerless to save them, with all their flaunted display of skill. Just the other day it was announced that Dr. Bayliss, a distinguished divine, had died of a carbuncle on the back of the neck. Of course his doctors could not save him, but they hastened his death by cutting it open. Had they applied a liniment of coal oil, croton oil and camphor gum to it, it would soon have come to a head, when it could have been opened, and after the pus had run out, it would soon have healed, and he been a well man. Or had it been thoroughly rubbed with camphorated alcohol, it would have disappeared. I have applied that, many times, to boils on the back of my neck—but which would be “carbuncles” in the hands of the doctors—and never failed to make them disappear. Some people, especially “old granny” doctors, will go into hysterics at the suggestion of “scattering” a boil or carbuncle; but I know that it is the best way to get rid of them, and if another one comes serve it the same way. I know that that which would be a boil, carbuncle, or felon, would grow no more after camphorated alcohol is well and continually rubbed on to and around it. I have, at three different times within the last five years, suffered from a swelling of the calf of the leg, which, I suppose, a doctor would call erysipilis. I used that liniment during the day, and at night washed

the leg with salt water, and kept a cloth, wet with it, wrapped around it during the night. It swelled to twice its natural size, while large-like boils—the same as I have described, that came on my boy's thigh, when I was treating him for hip disease—appeared, but, by a persistent application of the treatment, for two or three weeks, all traces of the disease disappeared.

And now the death of Dr. Newcomer, of heart and other troubles, is announced, and which is a reminder of Dr. A. H. Smith's plea for a family physician—"that he could make periodical examinations," etc. According to Dr. Smith, did not Dr. Newcomer make a mistake in not having a family physician? And, too, Dr. Ferree, had he employed Dr. Smith, or some other "smart" doctor, to make "periodical examinations" of his physical condition, might he not have been saved? And such stuff as Dr. Smith blubbers out, in *Harper*, is not the world full of it? All to make it appear that every family should have Dr. Smith, or some other humbug, pensioned, ostensibly to watch and ward off disease, but really to create and foster it. Many, many families sustain that relation, really, to some doctor, while the consequence is that there is continual doctoring and continual ailing, enfeebled health and premature deaths.

Then, here is announced, "Another Victim of the Faith Cure," from Elkhart. "Elijah Gunn, realizing that he was under the weather a few days, visited a 'Christian Science' healer, and was treated by him. He refused medical assistance, but continued with the Christian science man until death took place—the result, it is understood, of neglect. Physicians say his sickness at the outset was insignificant, and that regular treatment would have brought him around in a day or two." Just so, but are not people, everywhere and all the time, obtain-

ing "medical assistance" in "insignificant" cases, but dying the same as Gunn died in that Christian scientist's hands? C. F. Holliday realized that he was under the weather, with a slight chill, yet his doctor couldn't save him; and many others, whom I have elsewhere mentioned, whose doctors couldn't save, in "insignificant" cases—"under the weather." But regular physicians don't "blow" those failures of their own, but when a man is humbugged by a "pretended Christian scientist," or a doctor of another school, a rival—Dr. Earp, perhaps—they blow *him* hard.

CHAPTER VI.

Here is a case that comes near to my home, and my heart, and which has caused me much sorrow, sadness, and many tears, and aspirations to Heaven that the dear boy may yet be relieved of his sad condition: Our son's wife's babe, when only a few months' old, fell on the floor and bruised the muscle just below the knee-cap. I knew nothing of it at the time but later saw, when she was dressing the child, that his knee-joint didn't allow his leg to straighten, and inquired the cause, when she related to me what had happened to him. I then inquired what she was doing for it, when she answered: "O, nothing. Dr. Long says never mind it; he will outgrow it." I remonstrated, and assured her that she should do something to stop the growing of the callus under the knee-cap, which was growing, preventing the knee from straightening. But, that "doctor" having obtained such a hold upon her confidence, anything I could say had no influence on her mind. So it went, and the callus continued to grow, so that when he was able to walk he could

only touch the floor with his toes. About that time Dr. J. B. Long came into my business room, took the boy up, placed him on the counter, and began to examine his knee. I then inquired of him: "Are you the man who advised this child's mother to 'never mind,' that he would outgrow that bruise on his knee?" He stammered, and a'hemed, and finally blubbered out: "Upon certain contingencies," which of course meant if it didn't outgrow him; which it did, and has to this day, while he cannot walk a step without crutches.

The poor boy's dear mother died two years ago, when the father and two boys returned to our house. At that time his knee was badly swollen, and often was so painful as to cause the boy to fall on the floor in a spasm of pain, when the blood would rush to his face and he would scream with agony. I then began to bathe his knee with the coal oil and camphor liniment, and soon had the swelling all gone, and the knee and leg entirely free from pain. The joint is not injured, only the callus below the joint prevents the straightening of the leg, but he can draw the leg up to his hip joint. Circumstances beyond my control prevented my continuing the treatment, which, I believe, with perhaps a little of the croton oil, to irritate the callus, would remove it entirely.

The reader may well imagine the feelings I have always had toward that "fool" doctor. Would it be very strange were I to characterize him as "either a fool or a knave?" That boy's father I saved from a crippled condition, for all his life, while some of the vaunted medical minds, of our city, allowed young Huey to become a cripple, from the same disease, and at the same time that I saved my boy. So much for the reliance that can be placed in those pretended know-everythings.

Elsewhere I have dwelt much on the proper

treatment of what those know-alls call diphtheria, but which is simply a diseased condition of the glands of the throat, presenting itself in different ways, and which is their reason for giving it so many scientific (?) names: but any of those different forms of the disease can all be treated by the same method and the patient saved. All that that diseased condition—which is an inflamed and enlargement of the glands—requires, is to blister the outside, in order to draw the inflammation to the outside, on the same principle of using cold bath for fevers, to draw the poison, which causes them, out through the pores, by the perspiration that always follows the bath—then following the blistering with a thorough washing with soft, salt water, to cleanse and heal the blistered part; and, while all this is being done, a constant wetting of the inside with salt and water should be kept up. This treatment will relieve the throat of any disease which the doctors make so much fuss over, and not able to cure the throat of, the fact of which is demonstrated all the time, in this city and throughout the State and country.

Now, here comes up the Connersville trouble again. The *Journal* says: “Dr. J. N. Hurty last night completed the analysis of the four samples of water submitted to him by the Connersville sanitary authorities.” Then: “Dr. Hurty said that without a thorough sanitary survey, the analyst is unable to deliver a positive opinion.” And, finally, “He would advise that all these waters be avoided; especially should sickness occur in the locality, the waters would occasion digestive and bowel complaints.” Then, of course, he don’t say that they produced all those typhoid cases, when it would seem that that trembling in the boots and quarreling of those physicians was all for naught, while, if there can anything at all be made out of that

water scare, it can only be a case of locking the door after the horse is stolen. The little danger, which Dr. H. only suggests, has only been verified since all those suffering and deaths; when, had those doctors, who made haste slowly to have that water analyzed, used it as Dr. Smythe has done, and advises all others to do, there would have been no occasion for hieing themselves with a sample of it to Dr. Hurty, for him to hold an inquest over. But, then, "science" would suffer without all that publicity over it, by Dr. Hurty and those "sanitary" humbugs. Dr. Hurty "would advise that all these waters be avoided." Now, why does he not advise that those waters be used by those Connersville doctors, and all others, as Drs. Baruch, Smythe, Brand and others advise their use, in case of those fevers?

An article appears in the *Journal*, in the editorial column, but, evidently, written by a doctor, headed, "Cheerfulness as a Faith-Cure." He says: "There is a faith-cure not often considered." Then, "It is the cure brought or assisted by the patient's faith in his doctor." "It is only in part a question of medical skill." The "medical skill" consists in his doctor's inspiring him with a faith that he needs his aid in every little ail, and that he can cure him of it, while, of course, he displays a "cheerfulness" characteristic of the profession, by putting on a serious face, while assuring the patient that he needs to be "treated." Then, after he has gotten him onto his back, on the bed: "It is the gospel of cheerfulness that this man (the doctor) unconsciously teaches." "He comes into the house of sickness, and the patient forgets that his ailment is hopeless"—see, his ailment is hopeless—"in watching the cheery smile and listening to the pleasant talk that is more strengthening than medicine." "He says the right thing in the happiest way to the

anxious family," etc. Now, suppose that this case, which that writer, on "cheerfulness as a faith-cure," uses to illustrate a bed-chamber scene in a "hopeless" case, is one of the twenty per cent. which Dr. Smythe charges the physician who refuses to use cold bath with signing their death warrant, his physician *had done* the "right thing in the happiest way," by putting his patient into the cold bath, would he, according to Dr. Smythe's experience, have had occasion to go "into the house of sickness" where his patient's "ailment" was "hopeless?" And, if not, then might not the language of that writer on "cheerfulness" be changed to read thus: "It is the gospel of *mercy*, that which makes cheerfulness, that this man (Dr. Smythe, for instance) unconsciously teaches by his practice." Should that faith-cure physician go into a "house of sickness" where his patient's "ailment is hopeless," nine times out of ten his hopeless condition is the result of "his faith in his doctor." "Every physician knows the desirability of inspiring this feeling (the patient's faith in his doctor), and the best methods of establishing this confidence in persons under his treatment are made matters of professional study." Just so. They are trained as to the best way to get hold of the "confidence" necessary to bring his patient "under his treatment." By "professional study" he learns that "pleasant talk is more strengthening than medicine." But what is that to the patient whose "ailment is hopeless?" Yet, it is all the same to the pleasant-talking physician, while he draws the "two dollars a visit" more easily from the "anxious family" after *exhibiting* that "gospel of cheerfulness;" but, really, harboring the sinfulness of covetousness in his heart, which crops out under the guise of that "pleasant talk" and "cheerfulness," whenever he makes a record of "one visit, \$2." That "pleasant talk" and "cheery smile" are

particularly indulged in by the doctor who is practicing his "faith-cure" on his patient, and from day to day, until he realizes that his "ailment is hopeless," and the doctor is "signing his death warrant." The death warrant of that patient who trusted in the "faith-cure" taught by his doctor, who had learned "the best methods of establishing this confidence" by "professional study." Drs. Brand, Baruch, Smythe and others teach that "the best methods of establishing confidence in *their* faith-cure," is to practice the method that don't lead to a "hopeless ailment," but to a speedy "cure" every time; when the "pleasant talk" and "cheery smiles" would be in place, not to an "anxious family," but to a happy one. Evidently the *Journal's* doctor-editor is not writing of the Smythe kind of his profession, but of the other kind, who, Dr. S. says, signs the death warrant of one-fifth of his patients by refusing to use cold bath. Then, premising the possibility that his "faith-cure," doctor may be "taken out of life," that doctor-editor writes thus: "Those to whom he has ministered (those, of course, whose death warrants he had not signed) remember his ever ready sympathy, the inspiration and refreshment of his cheerful presence, mourn for a friend who has been a physician to soul as well as body." But, suppose those who mourn for him should learn from Dr. Smythe that they could have been saved all that suffering, which gave occasion for "pleasant talk and cheery smiles," and the inevitable daily \$2 visits, for a month or two, had he used cold bath in his treatment of them, instead of his disease-producing and life-destroying medical ethics, would not their crop of "mourning weeds" be soon cut down? And what kind of "a physician to soul" would he be who would prolong that suffering of "body" for weeks, for the sordidly purpose of gain in dollars? And now, what is all that twattle of that doctor-

editor for, and the same that is indulged in all the time by such editors and orators of the profession, but to cover up their delinquencies. Those revealed in their every-day practice of their profession; and even to those anxious families, and those who "mourn" their demise, and who are led, by their "pleasant talk and cheery smiles," and their practice of their "best methods," learned from "professional study," to place their "confidence" in them.

There is another class of "professionals" who also make their "methods a matter of professional study," and who "know the desirability of inspiring" a feeling of "confidence" in persons whom they propose to treat to a knowledge of their skill, in their professional business, and who study the "gospel of cheerfulness," "cheery smiles," "pleasant talk," and say "the right thing in the happiest way." But they only reach after their victim's money, while the other kind make it a "professional study" to inspire their patient with a "faith in his doctor," so that, after getting his confidence, they not only reach after his money, in the guise of professionals, looking after his health, at the rate of \$2 a visit, but also "sign the death warrant of twenty individuals out of every hundred," while "a discriminating public will hold him responsible."

There is one species of the genus doctor, termed "horse doctor." Then may it be probable that one of those has clothed himself in the garb of a "regular," and, in that guise, wrote his "Cheerfulness as a Faith-Cure," in the hope of earning a promotion to the ranks of the regulars? Perhaps, in reading A. W. B's "slopping-over" manner in writing his gushing notes of that medical gathering—"all for the love of science"—he had become so enthused with that same love as to take in its importance so completely that he could but slop over, in the same gushing language, in that same "doctor-editorial"

column of the *Journal*, so profusely used by A. W. B., whom, perhaps, he does "best know and best love."

May it not be proper to inquire: Who is this "discriminating public," who, Dr. Smythe says, will hold the physician responsible for the deaths of those patients whom he refuses to treat to cold bath? And, may I not answer, that it is the same people whom I have appealed to, in all these pages, to beware of that same physician, when he attempts to palm upon them his great medical attainments, and knowledge of disease, as a surety of his ability to care for them, in sickness and health. Drs. Brand, Baruch, Smythe and others have demonstrated that every one who is treated for typhoid fever by cold bath can be saved, while Dr. S. boldly declares that he who refuses to do it will be held criminally responsible for their deaths, and, in this declaration, undoubtedly voices the others with the same sentiment. While they confine themselves to the treatment of typhoid fever alone, they do undoubtedly have the same estimation of cold bath for other fevers, when they come in their way for treatment, because it has been demonstrated by many that it is equally efficacious in all fevers; and the mind that reaches after a safe treatment for one fever, cannot be confined to that one alone when it sees patients suffering from others.

The reader recognizes the fact, that I am not only censuring the medical profession for refusing to use cold bath for fevers, but am equally bold in denouncing that profession for not treating other diseases in an equally common sense way, instead of by their pretended scientific treatment, and which allows so many to suffer long and die, while a common sense treatment would save them. I have many times, in these pages, appealed to that same "discriminating public" to discard these doc-

tors, such as Dr. S. has placed his ban—his anathema—upon, pronounced them guilty of the death of their patients—signing their death warrants—not only for refusing to save their patients in one particular disease, but the same in all. For adhering to their code, when they knew, all the time, that it was powerless to save, but, rather than resort to what they term quackery, would let the patient die. And it is easy to read between the lines of such emphatic language as Dr. Baruch and Dr. Smythe use, that, were they free from the trammels of their profession, as I am, they would be no less emphatic than I, in exposing the frauds of their professional brethren. Nor would they hesitate to assign the same reason for their practice of their fraud that I do.

If they started out in their practice to deal honestly and truly with the people, in all things pertaining to their health, with no purpose of making the most possible out of their practice, they would treat them to that end, and by the mode that would best accomplish it.

I do not deny the fact, that many doctors are moved by a proper feeling, and earnestly try to save suffering and life; but, while tied to the rules and regulations of the profession, they are powerless; while suffering and death are as common in their hands, as in the more sordidly-disposed of them. The only way for men who would save suffering and life, is to cut themselves entirely loose from their pretended science treatment, and adopt such methods as those doctors, whom I have so often quoted, have adopted. The facts are before every physician in our city, as emphatically as if a case of typhoid were treated by cold bath before his eyes, by Dr. Smythe. He placed it before the physicians of the whole State at the last meeting of their State Medical Society, as well as at other

meetings in previous years, and when, he says, "it met with a great deal of adverse criticism." Then he says, to his brethren of the State society: "The apparent neglect or indifference with which the brilliant results of this treatment have been received by the profession, together with the severe and unjust criticisms which it has received from those opposed to it, is my apology—if any were needed—for bringing it before this society." And the same is my apology for arraigning the profession for that indifference and adverse criticism, with which it is treating this method of saving their patients, and thereby causing them to die at the rate of 20 to 40 per cent.; and with charging them with a brutalized propensity for making the most money out of them, regardless of suffering and death.

Dr. Smythe, in consideration of his relationship in the profession, supposably, uses a little milder language, while he can be construed to mean just as I write, when he charges them with signing the death warrant of those whom they refuse to treat with cold bath, and that "a discriminating public will hold them responsible." Responsible for what? Their deaths of course. Then, what is it to be held responsible for one's death? Does it not imply that he caused that death by negligence, or in some other way, which he might have avoided? And does it not imply that he had some reason, largely supposably for gain, in the absence of any other reason? And, can there be any other reason assigned, when he allows his patient to linger for weeks, at a profit of \$2 a daily visit, when he could cure the same patient, without fail, by cold bath, in one or two visits? How far from right would Dr. S. be had he written "a criminating public will hold him responsible in law"—a jury of that public criminating him, charging him with the *crime* of causing that patient's death?

The physicians of our city and State not only deny the truth of these doctors' words by their actions, but in words also, as Dr. S. says his paper, on the result of his treatment, has "met with a great deal of adverse criticism," besides, "the apparent neglect or indifference" with which doctors have received it. Their "adverse criticisms" are not made before the people, but in their society meetings. They dare not make them in the public prints, or before the "discriminating public." No, indeed. Their "neglect or indifference," means silence. They do not wish the people to know that such treatment is even suggested by one of their number, for then they would be called on to explain the reason for such a difference of opinion, and treatment, by a profession who are supposed to be so wedded to their medical ethics, *en masse*, so that what one would practice all would practice, because it is "science." No, indeed, from professionals. Those inspired by some one greater than the Inspirator of the Apostles; because he did more good in the world than all of them—thirteen times, at least, more than any one of them. This, according to the language of Dr. Fletcher, one of the "great medical-mind" descendants of that wonderful "Doctor" (?)—"Count Rumford," Drs. Brand, Baruch, Smythe and company must be illegitimates of the "Count," else, why do they suggest and practice such innovations upon his teachings, as was shed upon the "medical minds" of Fletcher and company? Illegitimate or not, Dr. Smythe will hold those of our city doctors, who make "adverse criticism" on his suggestion of cold bath, or neglect its use in fevers, responsible, and convict them, by a jury of discriminating people, of *causing*—signing the death warrant of those who die under their treatment by the code—that code of medical ethics, the fruit of the wonderful medical minds of Rum-

ford and company. They may treat him, as they do, with contemptuous silence, before the jury of that people, and, likewise, the small-fry, like myself, only when they do condescend to publish a false statement, to counteract my influence, in time of an epidemic of scarlet fever, in favor of cold bath treatment to save the victims of it; but the final judgment of that jury will be "guilty"—guilty of the death of those patients—guilty of refusing to save them by cold bath; but, while treating them by the "expectant" plan, allow them to linger for weeks—for the \$2 daily visits—and then to die. They will have to plead to that indictment sooner or later, and then will have to open their mouths before the discriminating people, and be compelled to give the whys and wherefores, in their defense of the charge of signing the death warrant of those patients.

Here is an item, and can it be that the horse doctor has again broken into the "doctor editorial column" of the *Journal*: "In view of the numerous recent deaths resulting from dependence on 'Christian science,' the faith-cure fraud should be renamed. 'Barbarous ignorance' would be a much closer fit." Now, "in view of the numerous recent deaths" in the hands of "medical science," in this city, Connersville, and everywhere, what renaming would that "horse doctor" do in the case of all those imbeciles who allowed their patients to die? "Quintessence of barbarous ignorance and brutal cruelty." How would that do for a "closer fit?" But then, he, of course, thinks the people will accept their *excuse*—that those cases were "beyond the reach of medical skill." But, while they were not within the reach of the skill of those who "reach" after money alone, they were all within the reach of Dr. Smythe's skill. That horse doctor sneers at Christian science, yet Christ was the authority for that science, and, if we believe in His

teachings, we must believe that cures of disease can be performed to-day, just the same as when He clothed His Apostles with power to heal the sick. And there have been, undoubtedly instances of such cures; but, the trouble is, frauds are springing up in that, claiming to do just what the *medical science frauds* are pretending to do; while the latter are shedding hypocritical tears over those cases which they failed to get, and the cash which they thereby lost. Drs. Baruch and Smythe have already settled the question, as to who is the "scientist" that treats his patients with "brutal cruelty," because Dr. S. charges him with signing that patient's death warrant.

As Dr. Smythe said to the assembly of physicians of the State Medical Society, recently held in this city, "No one has any right to oppose this treatment upon purely theoretical grounds," may it not be proper to inquire: What are Dr. Oliver, Hays, Fletcher, Hervey, Hodges, Woodburn, Jameson, A. W. B., and the horse doctor editors of the city papers, as well as all the other doctors of our city and State, "going to do about it?" Are they going to treat his cold bath treatment as an "idle tale," and attempt to "whistle it down by a breath of wind?" But then the good Dr. S. says "it has come to stay." Then, here is something else he says, and which establishes the correctness of everything I have said in these pages, as to its same utility in scarlet and all other fevers: "The fact remains that it is the most successful treatment which has ever been proposed for typhoid fever, and is equally successful in all forms of fever. Dr. Currie demonstrated clearly, over one hundred years ago, that typhus fever could be abated by it, that small-pox and scarlet fever were rendered mild and tractable diseases by its early adoption." Yet, those "quintessence of barbarous ignorants," of the Marion County Medical

Society, published to the people of our city, while their children were suffering with scarlet fever, and to discredit me, when I advised them to use cold bath, "cold water is not beneficial, but hurtful, in scarlet fever." Published a lie to hold their patients—to get their money. Dr. Brand convicts Dr. Oliver of signing the death warrant of all his typhoid patients, whom he loses by his "quinine and antipyrine" treatment. Thus: "Brand opposes the use of this class of medicines (quinine and antipyrine) and claims that they reduce the mortality but little from the expectant plan." My experience, in various cases which I have treated in my family, was, that inside of one hour, whether we used the tub or cold pack, with water from a well of usual depth—thirty feet—the fever had gone and perspiration followed freely, and in a few hours the patient was well as usual, save a weakness from the sudden reaction, and excessive perspiration.

CHAPTER VII.

Dr. Smythe told his associates in the State medical meeting, that he began his treatment of typhoid fever by cold bath as early as nineteen years ago, and read a paper, eight years after that, before the District Medical Society of Western Indiana, and which paper was published immediately after, in the *American Practitioner*, and it met with a great deal of "adverse criticism." Now, does not our professedly ignorant Dr. Oliver, and every other doctor in our city, know of Dr. Smythe's success with cold bath in typhoid, as he published it? Or do they claim to not read their medical journals? They will hardly deny reading them; and, too, what share did they have in those adverse criticisms?

And, what do their adverse criticisms mean? Do they mean "we'll have none of your 'heroic' treatment; it don't pay; but we'll still have the lingering kind, in which the patient battles with the fever while it is wearing him out; that pays better?" That is the only reason which they can give for their adverse criticism; and, they give it orally in their medical society, assembled; but, before the people, they give it in a stiff, independently-consequential look, as though the people had no right to know their reasons for torturing their patients while signing their death warrants. To that, "I am holier than thou" feeling, and acting, and the "hush-up-before-the-people" policy, and confining their adverse criticisms within their closed doors, is largely due the fact that the people continue to be their dupes—to die in their hands. They dare not discuss the relative merits of cold bath and their "code" treatment before the people. They hope, by their assumed importance, and consequential silence, to keep them in ignorance, and to remain, in quiet submission, victims to their confidence games upon their lives. By the way, I wonder if the ignorant, Oliver kind, those who make adverse criticisms on Dr. Smythe's short and sure way to health, and, while signing the death warrants of their own patients, are of those whom that horse doctor editor mentioned as "physicians of soul as well as of body?" Well, they would have plenty of time to pray (?) *for* their victims while "*preying*" *upon* *them*, until they had come to realize that their "ailments were hopeless," and, for much "pleasant talks," and to "say the right thing in the happiest way," with "cheerfulness and a cheery smile," while they were lingering and battling with the fever, which made their case "hopeless," by their expectant treatment. And, too, they might find time to indulge a little in adverse criticism of Dr. Smythe's

“quackery” treatment, that would cut their fee bills so short. But then, would it not be better to turn the “physician of soul” part over to the Christian scientist? Prayer is his *materia medica*, and, whether he fail or not in the cure, he adheres to it, “without any semblance of quackery,” and thus obeys the injunction of Prof. Hays. This, simply, because their adverse criticisms would be so very likely to place their minds in such an attitude against the Christ’s teachings, that He would rank them with Pharisees and hypocrites; while, then, their prayers would be just as availing, and no more so, than the liquor seller’s prayer for his victim, when he should see him in the “hopeless ailment” of the last stages of delirium tremens. Dr. Smythe’s happy state of mind, after relieving his patient so quickly and easily, would fit *him* to pray for the soul, while the body would not need any prayers—the Lord had already shed a general blessing on cold bath; while, too, that body, and its mind, would, undoubtedly, send up an ejaculation for a blessing on the doctor, for his merciful and humane treatment.

Reasoning from cause to effect, is it not plainly visible, that such reasoning and facts as Drs. Baruch and Smythe present to the people, for their consideration, will soon arouse that “discriminating public” to demand of those self-adulated, high-pretentious professionals, to come down to the level of common humanity, and treat their sick by the mode that will relieve them the easiest, quickest and surest way possible; or be held “responsible”—criminally responsible in law—for refusing to do so? Should not their treatment be construed, by our courts, as “mal-practice,” after such testimony as those humane doctors would give, as to the certain and safe treatment with cold bath, compared to the cruel and dangerous treatment by their “expectant” plan?

Should they not be held criminally responsible by the courts of justice, for "signing the death warrant" of their patients? For, according to those hydro-pathist doctors, they could save every one of *them* with cold bath. Their quarrels with, and influences against, one another, often lead to prosecutions for malpractice; and, then, why should not the "discriminating public" turn "criminating public," and hold those, who refuse to treat their patients in a way that has proved to be safe, *but rather let them die*, "responsible" for those deaths? Let those who "don't recognize that typhoid can be broken up," "recognize" the weight of the law in all its severity on some of the leaders and advisers of the young, and less experienced, into adverse criticisms of the only safe way to treat their patients. They "sign the death warrant" of their patients—cause their death. "Constructive murder," is it not? Doctors have done, and are doing, service in the penitentiary for malpractice, according to the testimony of other doctors. Then why not let some of our guilty doctors try the realities of prison life for that malpractice—that which leads them to sign the death warrant of their patients? Let Drs. Baruch and Smythe be called into court to testify.

What did those "lovers"—"All for the love of science"—at Evansville, think of Dr. Smythe's arraignment of themselves, for "signing the death warrant" of their patients? Of course they treated it with "adverse criticism" with their mouths, but what was their conscience doing all that time? Did it hie them away to the ball-room to dance off the convictions of "constructive murder" in such cases, on the principle, supposably, of "whistling a-going through the graveyard?" While Dr. Smythe said: "This plan of treatment is not an idle tale to be whistled down by a breath of wind," they varied the exercises to dancing it down, under the noise of

the violin, to "the tune the old cow died on," perhaps. And, by the way, were those dancing doctors of the "physicians of soul as well as of body" kind, which that horse doctor editor mentioned?

CHAPTER VIII.

While I have written so plainly and emphatically in denunciation of the pretended healer of fevers, but who does not heal, I do not wish to forget to again mention their other delinquencies—which I have already mentioned elsewhere—as to their treatment of other diseases, notably diphtheria, Bright's disease, etc. In the last few days a school in our city has been suspended in consequence of diphtheria, while one family has lost three children by it, all in a few days, together with many others, sick and dying in the city, as well as in other localities. Yet, the same pretender fails to stop that suffering and death. I have, elsewhere, detailed a process which is easy, and the means always at hand, and, I believe, a certain cure—at least worth trying. It is not in their *materia medica*, and hence is scouted at, by "adverse criticism," as in the case of Dr. S.'s cold bath treatment. But, are they not equally guilty, and sign the death warrant of their diphtheria patients? The same covetous disposition in a sordid soul will prevent him from using a safe and speedy remedy in that disease, the same as in typhoid fever. And, too, we are reading of deaths from "Bright's disease"—a disease which Dr. Bright discovered that he could improve upon, so as to make the patient linger longer in dying, thereby causing such a thrill of horror to pervade a patient, whom he, or his imitators, had assured had the disease, as to cause a rushing to him, or them, for

help, and so insuring to themselves long drawn out fee bills. They pursue the same treatment that has failed in every preceding case. The treatment, which the doctor undoubtedly discovered along with the disease, is not in the *materia medica*, of course, because that was discovered long before the doctor was; but, nevertheless, disease and cure both came to him simultaneously—from the spirit of Dr. Fletcher's god, "Rumford," perhaps. Nor, would they deviate from that treatment to prescribe a dish of milk and crackers, that which some quack, like Dr. Smythe, prescribed for Gen. Schenck, and which cured him so effectually, and Mr. Robinson, also.

The same gloating desire for big fees impels them to treat in a way that will prolong their patient's life to the utmost extreme in those diseases, the same as in treating a fevered patient, in the old expectant way, with the same purpose in view—big fees. The same sordidly, greedy, selfish disposition that prompts them to sign the death warrant in one case, also prompts them to do the same in the other. I am, undoubtedly, writing in all this just what can be read between the lines of Dr. Smythe's plain talk to them.

I again quote Dr. Baruch's language before the New York Medical Society: "I ask you to follow me carefully in a fair, conscientious and exhaustive, yet brief, review of the results of the various methods in vogue during the last twenty-five years, and to compare it, as I have done for myself, with your own experience. You will then, I opine, agree with me, that we stand to-day upon the threshold of a great epoch in the treatment of typhoid fever." Now, did those lovers of "science," of whom the loquaciously facetious "A. W. B." wrote, follow the spirit of Dr. Baruch's advice, in his address? It was suited to them for consideration, the same as it

was directed to those doctors under the sound of his voice. And, too, are the doctors of the late State Medical Society also following his advice, while, Dr. Smythe reminded them of it, in his address to them? I think the answer can be ventured, "not much;" only in "adverse criticism"—opposing in mind and language. And I "opine" that all those pretended healers of fevers will fight against the arrival of any such "great epoch," so far as the use of cold bath for fever is concerned. There are too many obtuse Olivers, medically-ethically hide-bound Hayses, facetious Fletchers, utility Herveys, and heart-sunken Jordans to allow the approach of any such epoch on the threshold of their bailiwick. Why, Dr. Jordan's heart would sink into the very earth in view of such a state of "ignorant, empirical and dishonest work called professional," as Drs. Baruch's and Smythe's *standing* upon the threshold of an epoch of cold bath treatment for fevers would be; while the Marion County Medical Society would convene, in called session, to resolute that "cold bath is not beneficial but hurtful in fevers." And the great President of our University would cry out in the anguish of a quack-sick soul: "Haven't we had enough of the work of frauds and fools?" for "the patient is dead and the quack has taken the fees."

There is, however, one question of bathing on which all doctors agree, yet disagree. "Doctors disagree materially as to the effects of water upon the system. Some advocate cold baths every morning; others say that these baths are injurious. They all manage to agree, though, on one question, and that is that everybody should consult their own physician as to the best and most beneficial kind of bath for the person to take. While they were talking on this subject of bathing, they all of them had an eye to business." Yet all of these "family

physicians" have been filled full of that medical science, in which there is no mistake, at some medical college, and then blown up by the profound Fletchers, Hayses, Jordans and company, but only to go out and "disagree very materially as to the effect of water upon the system." But all do agree that it is injurious in typhoid and scarlet fevers. While the advice they do give, pro or con, is, undoubtedly, with reference to a future fee bill, or a \$2 fee for that advice to start with.

Then, here is a little item, and which goes to show that the physicians in New York have not the same slop-over love of A. W. B. for those whom they best know: "Allopathic physicians in New York are making a foolish exhibition of their hatred (see, *hatred*) of homeopathists by endeavoring to make a license instead of a diploma the basis of medical standing, and necessary for admission to local practice. Their scheme is based on the theory that the examining board will always contain a majority of alopaths, in which case the little pill man will have no show." That is a very plain case of the great metropolis imitating our little city of concentric circles, wherein Dr. Hurty tried to oust Dr. Earp, of "little pill" fame from the Board of Health—but didn't—was left to pout, and which those New York haters will be likely to have to do.

So, while those imitators are claiming to be working "all for the love of science," "hunting the bacillus to his lair," and consigning the hated homeopathist to sheol, they claim the right, also, to be left alone, in New York, to continue to "sign the death warrant" of 24 to 41 per cent. of their typhoid patients. Those doctors there are imitating ours—fighting for the big money there is in their "expectant" treatment, and against the little money there is in the cold bath.

I have referred to Dr. Shrady's words, that there

are too many doctors, and have also censured the medical colleges of our city for turning loose upon the people, continually, such hordes of young doctors. The managers of the colleges know there is no demand for one, of all they have now in training, and that there has not been any demand in the last five years; yet what do they care for all that so long as they knew that every doctor, though his name be legion, is able to dupe enough to obtain a "bare subsistence."

CHAPTER IX.

Here is the flippant way they have of disposing of this question of a great increase of doctors: "The opening of the medical colleges, with a prospect of an increased attendance, would be alarming were it not remembered that former crops have not devastated the country. In fact, they mysteriously disappear, and, with few exceptions, are not heard of more. The question of what becomes of the doctors will have to go into the list of unanswered conundrums." "What becomes of the doctors?" Why, don't we hear of their trying to prevent disease, everywhere, from devastating the country; yet it goes on to "devastate," while they are powerless to prevent it? How about the numerous places mentioned in these pages where disease is reported to be devastating the country? And ten thousand other places, all over the country, where the doctors are not able to stop the devastation, but are able and willing to quarrel over the patients for the money they hope to get out of them. "Former crops of medical graduates!" Haven't we got a crop of them here who couldn't stop the devastation by diphtheria, so but what that school had to

be stopped, just the other day? And the devastation in that Voight family of three children, the Vondorsaar family, and hundreds of other families where devastation has gone on? "And not heard of more!" Have not all the scores of families in our city heard of and seen the incompetency of those, and other medical graduates, who, if they have not devastated the country, have not prevented disease from devastating it, but have, all the same, "devastated" their patrons' pockets? "A prospect of an increased attendance would be alarming." Is it not alarming to every humane mind, that great increase of doctors? In view of the fact of so much terrible suffering and death all over the country, all the time, and which medical graduates cannot stay—do not stay—with all their vaunted medical knowledge, the question of what becomes of the *doctors*, cannot be a mooted one. They are everywhere, where that sickness suffering and death are all the time occurring; but, while pretending to try to stay, are sowing the seeds of disease, causing it to linger, and refusing to stay it by a proper method; but treating with adverse criticism those methods which humane physicians, and others, have proved to be the true remedies for disease. But in that list may be this conundrum: What has become of the *healers* of the people's ailments? The doctors—of adverse criticisms—are found everywhere, signing the death warrants of their patients.

Here is a case in point: "Fremont, O., Oct. 22. —The village of Woodville, this county, is a terribly ravaged place. Nearly one third of the eight hundred persons in the town are victims of the typhoid fever and diphtheria. Last week there were ten deaths from typhoid fever and nearly that number from diphtheria. Dr. Busch, the leading physician, has about fifty cases under his care. Great excite-

ment prevails in the town, and business is entirely suspended. Woodville having no Board of Health, the State Board was not notified of the scourge until last week." *The State Board was not notified!* Well, what good would it do to notify that Board? Did they have power to stay that epidemic, or humane soul enough in them to advise to throw away their code of ethics and use cold bath for the fever, and to blister the throat and gargle the mouth with salt water for diphtheria? Not at all. That would be quackery, and Dr. Busch would meet it with adverse criticism. He is not going to lose his \$2-a-visit fees, in that cold bath treatment, if he could save all of his patients by it. He's one of those lost doctors—medical graduates—right in the midst of all that sickness, suffering and death; adhering to his "medical ethics without a semblance of quackery," all by the instruction of the Prof. Hayses. Is it at all probable that these doctors, in charge there, have not heard of Dr. Baruch's paper on cold bath for typhoid fever? Of course they have, but do they care for that? Rather, does not the brutal instinct for accumulating big fees predominate, away above any humane instinct, to save their patients from suffering and death? O, is it not heart-sickening to realize that there is such a class of men and women—many of them, too, wearing the garb of religion—who will shut their eyes and stop their ears to the appeals of others, of their profession, to throw away their death-dealing code, and adopt a method that will save their patients, so easily, from death.

Then, here again, am I not vindicated in reference to woman's greed for big fees? "Medical Women of the World.—There are 3,000 medical women in the United States, whose incomes range from \$5,000 to \$20,000 a year. The number is increasing every year, and the supply of 'lady doctors' bids fair to

be as great as that of the male physicians." And, am I not also vindicated by these figures in my charge that the love of fee is greater than the desire to save their patients in the shortest and easiest way? Is it not evidence of an exclusively sordid, selfish mind in one who will hoard up such incomes, secured from those who are languishing upon a sick bed? Just as though God afflicts one part of His creatures, that the other part may enrich themselves upon their sufferings—like the wild beasts seizing their prey to satiate their brutal greed for food. Woman—who is often termed an "angel of mercy"—treating her patient, who has appealed to her to relieve her of her suffering, with her long-drawn-out, suffering-producing code, while accumulating those thousands of needless wealth! In her mind—imitative of the brutally instinctive propensities of the sterner sex—she reaches after that wealth at the expense of her patient's life. She "signs the death warrant" of her patient, as he does of his, by refusing to save her by cold bath. I have referred elsewhere to Justice Waite's treatment by a woman—Dr. Winslow—and, as she hails from Washington City, she must be of the \$20,000 kind, so, of course, she would not save that valuable life by the short and sure way, simply because it would materially affect that big pile of money—reduce it to honest people's incomes. What a sad, a humiliating thought, that such a loud, clamoring, high-pretentious class of our common sisterhood, claiming to be the *benefactors* of their race, conservators of its life and health, should demonstrate, by their selfish, sordid actions, that they are really *misanthropic*—that they will sacrifice the life and health of their fellow beings, those who have been led by their pretentious claims to trust their lives to their pretentious skill; but, only to be sacrificed upon the altar of unholy mammon. Those mammon-wor-

shipping doctors are, without regard to sex, showing their skill in gathering in their great incomes, every day, and all the time, while wholly failing to prove that pretentious skill in saving life by their code; and, while utterly failing in that, they refuse, and oppose, a safe and certain mode that will save them. They are always ready to manifest great alarm when an epidemic of disease comes upon a people, and often proclaiming their inability to stay it, when, in reality, they gloat over it as their harvest day, often quarrelling, one with another, as to who shall gather in the most sheaves. I have no compunctious feelings in making these charges, from the very fact that they refuse to use such remedies as others, equally skilled in their pretentious science, recommend them to use, and which they have found to be efficacious in staying those epidemics. Suppose Dr. Busch had called Dr. Smythe, or accepted his advice, and treated those sick at Woodville to cold bath, would he not have been likely to have saved all of them? Yes; but his object was not so much to save lives as to gather in his harvest. Now, in all candor, I ask the unprejudiced reader—Dr. Smythe's "discriminating public"—is there—can there be any other deduction than that which I have drawn from the Woodville doctors' conduct, that they would not stay that epidemic by cold bath treatment, while they could, without a doubt, do it; but determined to brace against any humane promptings they might feel, with a selfish, sordid purpose to make the most out of it, possible, in daily fees? They may whine about a misrepresentation of their motives, and what not, but the fact remains, all the same, that they place themselves in a contrary attitude toward Dr. Smythe's advice—meet it with adverse criticism.

Dr. Smythe confines his work of reform to fevers, while it does seem as though he can see the

same need of reform in all the practice of the average doctor. He may be disinclined to admit that the refusal of the profession to adopt his recommendation, in regard to the treatment of fevers, arises from a determination to continue in the old way for the money consideration, yet, it is very certain that there can be no other motive explainable; with the fact, that they will continue the same course of treatment, and which treatment often amounts to no treatment at all, in all other forms of disease, and, while refusing any outside treatment, the patient lingers long, and often dies.

To come right home, to our city, our doctors, who are, almost without an exception, as far as I know, of that same class of sticklers for their code, are practicing it without any deviation from it; and with the same result, as Dr. Smythe frankly told them a few months ago. And what effect did his words have upon them; for, are they not allowing their typhoid patients to die, all the same? Acquiescing in the dictum of their Hayses; yet knowing, as he knows, that there is a vastly safer remedy in Dr. Smythe's cold bath, they "whistle it down with a breath of wind," while he charges them, boldly, with the criminal responsibility of their patient's death. I charge them with a criminal guilt, the same, in intensity, as though they acquiesced in a victim's death, for their share of the money that would be found in his pockets. There is no moral difference in the two cases, as the evident object is the same in both—money. The power they have over the minds of the people is wielded for the same purpose as the club of the assassin is wielded over his victim—money, money all the time. While death, by the club, may be instantaneous, and, so far, preferable; but long suffering, and which amounts, often, to many deaths, is the result from "code" treatment.

Here is a case in point, which I clip from the *News*: "Four deaths in a family. Typhoid fever of a malignant type has invaded the home of Albert Frauer, an Archer street implement dealer, and brother to the East Washington street druggist. The baby of the family died a few days ago, and then a daughter. Day before yesterday his married son died, and yesterday morning the eldest daughter died, her corpse lying in one room when the funeral of her brother occurred. A small daughter was reported yesterday evening in a critical condition. The widow and child of the dead son are both bed-fast with the disease, and Mr. Frauer, who is also sick, yesterday became delirious, and so much beyond control that he had to be taken to the hospital. Surely affliction can go no further." Now, suppose the physician, in attendance on that family, had used the cold bath, according to Dr. Smythe's advice, instead of his code treatment, is it not altogether likely that every one of those patients would have been saved, just as Dr. S. did save all that he treated by that remedy? The evidence being convincing, that they all would have been saved, and, beside, all their terrible suffering, then is the language I have just used too severe to apply to him? I boldly charge him with the criminal responsibility of those people's death—would let them die rather than save them by the quick method of cold bath. He allowed them to die, while knowing just how he could save them. And, why did he do it if it were not coupled with the determination to resist the introduction of any "semblance of quackery" into his treatment of them? And then, was he not more willing to let them die than to save them by the "quackery" of cold bath? And, then again, morally considered, how much better is that doctor, who treated those cases, than the assassin who clubs his victim to death for the money he gets from his

pockets? Then, would not a court of justice consider a charge of malpractice against him, as it would against the assassin for murder? And, too, how could his crime, for letting those people die, be, in a criminal construction of law, any less than manslaughter.

Here is a case which a doctor calls murder—the killing of Frank Holmes on a railroad crossing: “I find that Frank J. Holmes came to his death from injuries received by being run into by an O., I. & W. passenger train. I find that the accident was due to criminal neglect on the part of the railroad company, which, for years, has utterly ignored the demands of the people of Haughville for protection, by gate or flagman, at a crossing peculiarly dangerous. I refer the case to the Grand Jury for further action.” In a conversation about it he says: “A crime it is, and nothing else.” Now, if Coroner Wagner were not a doctor, would he see any difference between the neglect of that railroad, to guard against the destruction of life, and that doctor’s neglect to guard against the loss of life in the Frauer family? Had they accepted Drs. Baruch’s and Smythe’s advice, to use cold bath as a protection to those lives, they would have been saved; so, had that railroad company listened to the demands of the people, to guard against the loss of life at that crossing, Holmes’ life would have been saved. Where’s the difference, criminally, in the two cases? One was in the hands of the railroad, whose interest it was to save the cost, in money, of protecting life at that crossing; the other was in the hands of a doctor, or doctors, whose interest it was to make the most, in money, out of those cases of fever, and, to do that, they preferred to “neglect” the certain and quick cure by cold bath, and risk the loss of life by their code treatment; just as that company did risk life by neglecting to use a flagman at their crossing.

Here is another wail from Coroner Wagner: "Something should be done to stop the killing of human beings in this city by the cars." But he does not call for something to be done to stop the killing of the people, or letting them die, while in the doctor's hands, and by their treatment—the Frauer family and Geo. B. Loomis, for instance, and hundreds of others right in his bailiwick. "The violent deaths average four or five a month. The case of little Jimmie Williamson, who was killed while in his goat cart, is a sample of it. The evidence shows that the flagman at the crossing was negligent and that the train was running at a high rate of speed. I shall report the case to the Grand Jury for further investigation." That is all well enough. If that was a case of carelessness on the part of the railroad employes, let the Grand Jury indict them. But that is only one death by *their* carelessness, while there have been hundreds of deaths, right here in this city, in consequence of just as gross carelessness about saving their lives; besides a predetermined purpose by the doctors to risk all those lives, while treating them with their life-destroying code. And, that it was a reckless risk of life, can be verified by calling Drs. Baruch and Smythe before the same Grand Jury which Dr. Wagner proposes shall investigate that boy's death. But his indignation, about the reckless carelessness in risking life, will, undoubtedly, ooze out at the end of his little finger before he reaches the cases of all those doctors, who deserve an indictment by a Grand Jury, and punishment accordingly, the same as any railroad employe, who causes death by his indifference, and carelessness of human life.

CHAPTER X.

But, "holiness doctors" are to be prosecuted for "praying for a Mrs. James Lytle," the wife of a wealthy farmer of Livingstone county, Missouri, and for her sister, Mrs. White, a wealthy widow. They were believers in Christian science, and relied for their recovery on the faith-cure. They belonged to the "Holiness settlement," while the leaders, who attended them during their illness, are to be "prosecuted for malpractice." But, then, had the Frauer doctors attended them, and they had died, all the same, the Coroner Wagners would not think of prosecuting them for malpractice. No, indeed. It makes a difference whose bull gores whose ox. The Christian science bull must not gore the judge's ox; but the medical science bull may gore a thousand coroners' oxen with entire impunity; for he is the lineal descendant of the bull that did "more good in the world than all the twelve apostles," or, from the one "next to Christ." No matter how much goring to death the Fletcher or Clarke kind of bulls may do, it will be all right with the Coroner Wagners; for, in the language of the slopping-over A. W. B,—they being all residents of our city—"whom they best know they best love," and it would be soul sickening to see those *beloved* ones behind the bars, with the hated Christian scientist and careless railroad employes—though guilty of like offenses.

The very righteous indignation—though evolved from unrighteous souls—of the medical science coroners, over an occasional death by railroad carelessness, or under a Christian scientist's prayers, is proclaimed, as conspicuously as the same ancient hypocrite said his prayers, on the corners of the streets. But, when it comes to a hundred deaths, from the

carefully predetermined purpose to treat the sick by their code process, to one from the other causes, those coroners have no indignation to evolute, though every death was the result of that purpose, combined with the same predetermined purpose to not use the cold bath; and, too, by which every one could have been saved from death.

Here is another case, conspicuous at this time, as the sister of President Harrison's wife, Mrs. Scott Lord: "Her illness began last summer at Nantucket, in the form of a malarial fever," while the doctors have been working at it ever since, encouraging it rather than trying to allay it. Had they had an honest purpose to save her from it, the quickest way, they would have used the cold bath at once, and when, according to those doctors of a beneficent heart, whom I have so often quoted and referred to, they would have restored her to immediate health. But like Judge Matthews' doctors, they preferred to use the dallying process, and which resulted in death—after they had piled up a big fee bill. It is said that she knew that she had a tumor, and had little hope of recovering from its effect. Of course her doctors led her to that conclusion, knowing, as they did, that any treatment which they would give would not restore her. But, knowing, as they do, of the efficacy of salt in cleansing and healing abscesses, had they applied it in a liquid form, with a syringe, if necessary to be applied in that way, or in its dry, or natural state, if necessary in that way, she would have soon recovered. But, then, it was not in the interest of "medical science" to do so, and so she died. Mrs. ex-President Tyler was reported as having died in a congestive chill; and, of course, because it was not in the interest of that science to put her in a hot bath, to save her life.

Here are two items clipped from the *Journal*:

"A distressing case of affliction is reported from Mary's Station, Rush county, in the family of Albert Rhodes, who has just died of typhoid fever. Of thirteen children only one was able to attend the funeral of the father, all the others being confined to their beds with the same disease. The mother succumbed to the terrible malady and was buried last week." Then this: "The original faith-cure 'college,' established at Boston, has closed its doors. The founder gives an elaborate explanation, to the effect that the institution has fulfilled its mission, and that the believers and would-be healers must go on by themselves to a higher spirituality and holiness. This explanation is very metaphysical and impressive, but there is reason to suspect that the growing inclination of courts to punish faith-curists who permit their patients to die of neglect, may have something to do with the matter. The sending of three of the fraternity—or is it "sisterhood?"—from Brooklyn to the penitentiary, at one time, must have a tendency to discourage faith in the safety of the system." Just so. And what would the *Journal* horse doctor editor do with the *medical* scientist who allowed all that suffering, and those parents of the Rhodes family to "die of neglect," the same as is charged of those faith-curists? The evidence against those faith-curists were those of the medical-scientist-curist-professionals, undoubtedly. Then, suppose those Rhodes family doctors were to be prosecuted, they would not have to call on the Christian science sisterhood curists for evidence against them. They would only have to call Dr. Smythe, a medical scientist, to the stand, to prove that these brethren of his own science, signed the death warrant of those patients, and allowed all the suffering of their children, by neglect to use the cold bath; and which, he would be ready to "solemnly swear," would have saved all that suffering, and those

parents' lives. Now, were a layman allowed to slip in a word edgewise, in regard to the mooted question of faith cure, he would suggest that, while the garments of the doctors of the Rhodes family, Frauer family, Loomis, Phillips family, and those of the doctors in the tens of thousands of cases in this city, and elsewhere, are all reeking with the blood of their dead patients, those frauds of the medical science cure had better "subside," while Dr. Smythe's "discriminating public" takes the matter in hand, and sends all those medical scientists to the penitentiary, to keep those three faith-curists, who are already there, company. Is the letting their patients to die of neglect, any worse in those three faith-curists than the same neglect by those Rhodes doctors and company, who permit their patients to die of neglect? A layman would trow not. Besides, he "trows" that Drs. Baruch and Smythe would pronounce them equally guilty—signed the death warrants of all those patients.

Here's another: "Attleboro, Mass., December 24.—Rev. Charles Pinney, in charge of the Second Advent Society, had, about three weeks ago, his nine-year-old daughter sick with typhoid fever, but he was an ardent believer in faith-cure doctrine, and did not call a physician or notify the Board of Health." The father was ready to leave her in the hands of the Lord, but "the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has been notified, and will, doubtless, take prompt action." Now, how would it do to have that society for the prevention of cruelty, etc., notified about the cruelty practiced on that Rhodes family, and our society in our city, for the same purpose, notified about the cruelty which was practiced on the Frauer family, Loomis family, etc.?

They signed the death warrant of their patients, by refusing to save them by a remedy that is within

their reach—all the time; then do they deserve any better fate than that which is assigned to those who, it is claimed, neglect *their* patients while *praying* for them? And, too, while there is no evidence that those faith-curists practiced their faith-cure for money, there is abundant evidence that those medical-science-curists do refuse to save their patients by cold bath, for the very reason that there is more money in their pretended science treatment. But, where is the one who will move in their prosecution? *They* are prolific in moving to prosecute those Christian science practitioners who are in their way, while in pursuit of a fee; yet no one dares to open his mouth against those who are sending tens of thousands to their graves, by malpractice—for the fee which they obtain by that practice—to one who goes there while under the faith-curist's prayers. There *is* an undercurrent of *murmuring*, throughout all the land, by the press, as well as people, against the fatality of disease, while the profession is attempting to head it off; but that is all. No *attempt* to *investigate* their practices or pretensions, only to murmur, while standing in solemn awe in their august presence, witnessing disease and death mow down their victims—and then to receive their bills for services rendered.

Why are the press and people so slow to express sentiments of condemnation against the medical profession when they see such evidences of inability in it, while attempting to handle disease? Why? Why, because it has obtained such a control over the same press and people that they dare not utter a word, only in incoherent murmurings. And that same power they use to cast a mist before the eyes of the people, that they shall not see their real motive in their affected indignation against faith-curists, as well as against the carelessness of railroad

employes, in which death is the result—one death to ten thousand by their predetermined “carelessness” of health and life, in that same predetermination to practice their fraudulent profession upon them,

All this may be considered strong language, yet I am led to believe that it is the secret sentiment of every intelligent person in all the broad land, who has taken the time to reflect and weigh the evidence for and against them, as shown in all their practice, and failures, as against their self-laudations—of great pretentious worth. The world is full of their own high-sounding self-praise, much, very much of which finds its way into print in the form of editorial matter, or self procured interviews, while, all of which is supposed, by the unsophisticated masses, to be so much volunteer evidence, of knowing ones, as voiced by the papers, of their great worth to mankind, thus obtaining for their business any amount of free advertising not accorded to any other business.

I have referred to the fact that men in the various professions, and high positions in life, pay no attention to their physical condition, ails or needs, but rely upon the doctor, unreservedly, for all that attention. I have named many such whose deaths have so recently occurred, and while, in every instance, they were attended through all their sickness, whether long or short, by the “family doctor,” or some other high professional’s or high official’s doctor of high “renown.” Not renowned for curing people of their ills, great or small, but renowned for their great pretensions in medical science, adulated by their professional brethren—those with whom they have not had occasion to quarrel over a patient—but those with whom they associate in their medical society, and from whom they expect the same adulation when it comes their turn to seek notoriety. Such are the ways by which doctors

become renowned, so that when any of those high officials, or professionals become sick, or fear they will become so, and feel that they must have a doctor, that "renown" recommends them to the attention of those suffering officials and professionals and secures them a job.

But that renown didn't save Gen. Grant, Garfield and company, all of whom I have mentioned, who succumbed to Old Death while in the hands of those renowned, fraudulent, medical pretenders; while some of the same, or others equally skilled in the practice of the same fraud, are still plying their confidence game on others equally susceptibly impressed with their importance to them—to restore them to health.

Young Waite has very recently succumbed to the same fraudulent, scoundrelly treatment under which his father, the Chief Justice, went to an untimely grave. It was not enough for his doctors to know, as they evidently did, that Gen. Schenck was saved from death by the simple, but "quackery," treatment with milk and crackers. Bright's disease in him had to succumb to that diet, while Waite had to succumb to that disease when being subjected to a strict observance of the fraudulent medical ethics, in the hands of the humbugging Hayses of Washington City, or of Ohio—and those, Gen. Schenck's neighbors.

Then again, it comes Walker Blaine's turn to succumb to death after a little chill and a succeeding fever, while in the hands of those medical science frauds. I have no remorse of conscience in terming them frauds of the deepest dye. How can one be a greater fraud than he who practices false methods on patients, while by so doing he lets them die, when, by resorting to a simple method, and a real law of nature, he could restore them to health in a few hours?

Young Blaine was attacked with a chill—so said his doctor—then, had he been placed in a warm bath, that chill would soon have been broken, when by proper care, he would have been all right in a few hours. Yet, had a fever succeeded the chill, then he should have taken a cold bath, and after which, by a proper care of himself, that would have been the last of his sickness—and there would be no grief-stricken family. But those frauds—those Hayses—call that “quackery,” while the Jordans call those who practice it “fools and frauds.”

The same trusting to those fraudulents, of our city, is going on, all the time, by high officials, and professionals, while death is the result. Only a few days ago the family of a distinguished lawyer and judge was called to part with a beloved daughter, just blooming into womanhood. O, how sad the thought that he did not lay aside his professional duties long enough to attend to the more important duty of investigating the real science, or law of nature, which requires a fever to be met by its opposite—water—and then apply it to that beloved daughter. Would she not then be saved to that now weeping family? And, had that doctor, who practiced his fraud upon her, adopted Dr. Smythe's method of using cold bath in fever, and then practiced it in her case, instead of indulging in his adverse criticism of that doctor's successful method, he undoubtedly would have saved her.

That fraud represents hundreds in this city, who are consigning their victims, every day, to the grave—the same as that dear girl was consigned to her grave—while Dr. Smythe's method would save every one of them.

Walker Blaine was a well man three days before he was a corpse; but yet, while in the midst of all that great array of medical talent—and where it is all the time supposed to center—he was allowed

to die. No one of those great medical minds there, could find anything in all their great *materia medica* that would save him. Nor did they intend to try and save him if, under their stereotyped application of their code, he did not successfully "battle" through—*a la* Dr. Oliver. But they did intend, had they not already done it, to impress his friends, by their "mumblings in unknown tongues," with their great medical attainments, that, could *they* not cure him, he was beyond the reach of medical skill. That is, medical frauds, like themselves.

The bereaved father, with all his political and other high attainments, had not thought to inform himself as to the best, the safest and simplest way of restoring the sick to health.

The unmistakable evidence of dishonesty of purpose, in all their practice and pretensions, of the medical profession, should not escape the observation of so astute a logician as Mr. Blaine, as well as all others who move in all the higher walks of life.

It is only necessary to compare their practices and pretensions to a few of the same profession, who have broken away from the masses of it, and determined to treat the sick in a way to insure their safety, and a quick cure. A few such men as Drs. Brand, Baruch and Smythe, who have resolved to treat to cure, alone, without reference to a big fee bill, are enough to condemn every one who rejects their mode as contemptible frauds, who are alluring the people to constant suffering and death.

I have dwelt much on this subject in the preceding pages, and the reader may query: why continue it? Just so. Why continue to dwell on the scenes of death, all the time going on in so many families, while in the grip of a profession of men and women who will only treat their sick in a way that suits themselves, without regard to the best and

quickest way to save them. In the grip of a profession who seem to look upon the matter of treatment of the sick in the same way the butcher looks upon the steer, sheep or hog—the best way to get the most money out of their carcasses. As a lady wrote me: “They put human life in the balance with money.” Do they see the mourning, the weeping now going on in that family in Washington, in that distinguished jurist’s family in our city, in that young Waite’s family, and which was so recently bereft of its distinguished head? Do they see the weeping, the very tears of blood, being all the time shed in those families whence a dear child, a loving parent, a beloved husband or wife, has been snatched from love’s embrace by the cruel hand of death, while they were heartlessly applying their worthless code?—placing those lives in the balance with the money they hope to realize out of their case.

Now, another member of the Blaine family has succumbed to their fraudulent treatment—Mrs. Coppinger has gone to join her brother and an uncle—all victims of the pretentious medical ethics worshippers of the Hayes stripe.

And, too, we have the information that young Abraham Lincoln, grandson of the lamented President, is at death’s door from the manipulations of his case by doctors, one set claiming that another set brought him there by their malpractice. A clear case of the Fletcher medical mind doctors at variance with each other. In his case those of different nationalities, as in Emperor Frederick’s case. While the Dutch doctors belittled the Johnny Bull-McKenzie kind, now the Johnny kind are belittling the French kind, but all wearing mantles from him who “did more good in the world”—thirteen times more than any one of the Apostles—*a la* Fletcherism.

Just now, while that astute doctor's medical mind is developing itself in such dubious ways over young Lincoln, in London, it may not be amiss to revert to its same dubious ways in our Boston, as recently developed by a *Globe* reporter. After reading, in the *Globe's* own words, the experience of that reporter, I opine, as Dr. Baruch would say, that the reader will come to think that we are in an epoch of time when the medical profession is standing on the verge of an *exposure* of the most and greatest impositions, and fraudulent pretentions, since, as the able Jordan would say, "the times of Galen and Esculapius."

The same able Jordan quotes the words of a medical student who killed himself: "*Room for no more doctors,' when it is the very best time in the history of the world to be a doctor; and all this while the science of medicine stands on the verge of the greatest discoveries since the times of Galen and Esculapius.*" Wonder if the doctor had in his mind's eye the diagnoses of that reporter's case as those "greatest discoveries?" Here is the *Globe's* editorial of Saturday, July 21, and, after reading it, and pondering it in his mind, will the reader have any difficulty in deciding, from the account of that reporter's experience with those pretentious medical scientists, how much more evidence, besides what I have produced all through these pages, is needed to verify the title page?

"After the failure of Garfield's, Grant's and Emperor Frederick's physicians to cope with the maladies of their distinguished patients, many people were of the opinion that doctors did not have the wonderful knowledge which years of study should have given them. Now and then they succeed, and again they often fail. As their failures are fully as frequent as their triumphs, the impression prevails that the curative art is still in its infancy,

and medical colleges do not teach all that is to be known about the ailments of the human body.

"In this belief a *Globe* reporter has lately called upon a dozen or twenty of Boston's leading physicians and got them to prescribe for his ailments. To all he told the same symptoms, from all he received a rigid examination, and then all of them gave him prescriptions, which they felt certain would relieve and finally cure his malady.

"The reporter was perfectly healthy when he started out early this week. Now he has the highest medical authority in Massachusetts for saying he is a very ill man, and if he did not have a good appetite and sleep sound of nights, he thinks he would at once prepare to make his will."

On Sunday, July 22, the *Globe* gave the reporter's experience in full, which forms a very interesting and suggestive study. One doctor, after a thorough examination, pronounced his trouble lumbago, and prescribed for the same. Another pronounced his spine injured, and prescribed for that. Still another, after the same symptoms had been given and a thorough examination made, declared the reporter's kidneys to be affected, and prescribed for that trouble. Another physician pronounced the young man a sufferer from rheumatism of the spine, and so on. Every one of the leading ten doctors who carefully examined this reporter, who was enjoying perfect health, differed in diagnosis. On Monday, the 23d, the *Globe*, editorially, had the following to say, under the caption of "Doubtful Doctoring":

"The clever exposure of doctors' disagreements by a *Globe* reporter, published in the *Sunday Globe*, yesterday, will command wide attention, not so much as an example of newspaper enterprise, as because it brings home to almost every individual the realization that when he consults a physician he

places himself at the mercy of a man who, most probably, does not know anything about it.

"A man in perfect health—indeed, a perfect athlete in his physical make-up—told the same story and described the same non-existing symptoms to each of ten well-known physicians. Result: Ten different diagnoses and ten different prescriptions.

"Obviously, at least nine of these learned gentlemen must have been mistaken. Probably all were. Certainly not one had the skill to discover that nothing ailed the athletic reporter.

"So we have the comforting assurance that the doctors, nine times out of ten, doctor their patients for the wrong complaint. If that isn't a fair inference from the *Globe* reporter's experience, we don't know what is."

What a field for the loving A. W. B.'s to work in—that territory in which those Boston reporters vibrate! Such lovers of science—all for the love of science, you know—what grand work they would have in "hunting the bacillus to his lair." Ten *bacteria*, all of different nationalities, of different flesh and blood, devouring one lone reporter, and he, too, all the time, supposed to be a "perfect athlete in his physical make-up." Those "Bosting" doctors must have visited our gushing A. W. B.'s doctors, of our city, the "whom we best know and best love" kind, and taken in some of the inspiration which they all took in at Evansville, while teaching each other how to "hunt the bacillus to his lair." Probably were inspired by the humbug Hays' "medical ethics, without a semblance of quackery" in them, and which must materially have aided them in discovering the *bacteria* which was eating up that athletic reporter's anatomy.

But, may be, they deviated from those kind of ethics long enough to prescribe the Rumford-Fletcher pickled moonshine kind for some of his

ails. Of course, "even the twelve Apostles" were "no where" compared with that reporter's doctors, in their "work for the happiness of the human race"—*a la* Fletcher—because they are of the "Count Rumford"-Fletcher-Hays-Harvey and company "medical mind" variety. And, may be those doctors are some of the former crops of our medical colleges who mysteriously disappear; and then, they are not in the category when the question of what becomes of the doctors, goes into the list of unanswered conundrums. Then Dr. Potter, one of those "crops," disappeared, only to reappear here, just the other day, with a potato in the "grippe" of live *bacteria*—a regular Irishman killer—while the other ones, who turned up in Boston, went there, evidently, to capture the baked-bean kind of 'teria that appeared in a dozen different maladies in the *Globe's* naughty reporter's gizzard.

Then, another set, of some crop, reappeared the other day—turned up—in our Grand Jury room, with empty belly and weeping eyes, to testify that Dr. Gun Wa was robbing them of a "bare subsistence," whereupon he was required to pay into the pauper fund \$100, to insure them from further starvation. Dr. Wa should also have been required by the court to examine those witnesses' over-charged, medically minded brain, to ascertain if there is not a deadly *bacteria* eating it up. He should hunt the deadly bacillus to his lair. Those suffering ones—all for the love of science—should be rescued.

Our city is just now all agog over the harvest of young doctors, those who entered at the opening of the medical colleges mentioned on page 275. The "crop" is immense, while the graduating exercises are pompous. I quote a few sentiments of the speakers, coupled with some advice to the graduates: Professor Allison Maxwell's address was on "Our Professional Life and Duty." He quotes

another doctor's sentiment: "The grave nod, the mysterious air of infallibility, produce no more their old-time effect upon the people." Just so. That admission of a pompous feeling of infallibility, does it not agree with the same pomposity that I have charged them with? Whatever the old-time effect was, no matter, but the new-time effect is to the effect, that that "mysterious air of pompous infallibility," is still in the air, all the same. That fact developes itself wherever that graduate breathes that air. Whether he be in his medical society, resolving that water is hurtful in scarlet fever, or standing by the bedside of his patient, who is battling with that, or typhoid, under his expectant treatment, telling him a funny story, all while preparing to record, one visit, \$2; or standing before that crop of graduates, and, in that pompous air, telling them something like this: "You know that in this age the successful practitioner must understand the pathology of disease, to be able to reason from effect to cause, and thus arrive at the proper diagnosis, and then apply the remedy. *But not cold bath.*" Then, "*hope* the graduates will go forth with a due sense of the dignity and worth of their calling, and professional pride, to raise the profession higher in public estimation than ever. *But no cold bath in fever.*"

Then comes J. R. Ball, a very young sprout of the Fletcher medical mind, and, parrot like, has learned to imitate the older minds in talking, that "superstition had degraded medicine from the earliest times." He also denounced the faith-cure people in the strongest terms. "Quackery," he said, "was closely allied to superstition. But of all nations," continued he, "the United States is par excellence the quack's paradise" Yes, such quacks as Dr. Smythe, Dr. Baruch and company, who are so superstitious as to believe that cold bath is the

only mode which the scientist, of which young Ball is chirping about, should practice, and upon his refusal to do so, and lose his patient, Dr. S. even charges him with "signing his death warrant." Dr. S.'s quackery is closely allied to superstition. What was "Monocrates, the greatest quack the world ever knew," compared to Dr. Smythe?

Then he proceeds to rank our good hydropathist doctors—Smythe and Baruch—with "the long-haired Indian doctor, the herb doctor, and all sorts of doctors with all sorts of long testimonials of terrible diseases and miraculous cures," and even with Christian science, which "attempts to *corrupt the practice of medicine*, as it has already desecrated the altar of religion."

One fact Dr. (?) Ball should remember, that, while those long-haired companions (in quackery) of Dr. S. have to pay a round sum to the *Journal*, and journals, to get their "miraculous cures" before the people, those whom he is imitating in his parrot-like talk, get their wonderful pretensions to cure, but all the time failures in curing, before the people free of cost. "Dead beats" are they, in the journalistic world. Does not that parrot Ball see that he has got his name, and eloquently scientific speech, which so effectually demolished quacks, quackery, Christian scientists—all, into the *Journal* free of charge?

Then, here is Dr. Çoulter's language: "Much that is put forth as science is nonsense. The absence of facts gives innings to the romance of science, for facts are dead weights to science." For instance, cold bath fact is a dead weight to the science of the code treatment for typhoid fever. And the absence of facts gives innings to the romance of the science that teaches "a strict observance of the medical ethics" in the treatment of that fever, scarlet fever, or any other, and "without any semblance

of quackery"—the quackery of cold bath—for them; yet the blatherskites of that romance of science still resolute that cold water is hurtful in scarlet fever.

Prof. Curtis, in presenting the diplomas to graduating students, said: "We recognize the fact that the State Board of Health has been using its influence for the people, and our efforts in medical education have been in accord with the Board." Now, with due respect to Dr. Curtis' position in the religious and medical world, alike, I inquire of him, has that influence for the people been in favor of cold bath for fever, instead of the cruel and deadly code—expectant—treatment? Is he using his influence, personally and professionally, with his grand townsman, Dr. Smythe, to have the cold bath substituted for that torturing and dangerous treatment? And, in a three years' course, will they make the matter of a medical education something that will be a value to the people, by teaching those students to use cold bath for fevers, instead of that romance of science, their code of ethics?

Dr. Curtis exhorted the graduates to virtuous lives. Then, again, I would query of the doctor: Can doctors lead a virtuous life who treat their patients in a way to endanger their lives, as well as causing long suffering, when there is a safe and quick way to treat them; and, too, while it is self-evident that that lingering and dangerous treatment is followed for the more money there is in it, than in the cold bath, quick cure? And, I inquire of Rev. George L. Curtis: In the three years' course, will they take time to instruct the student from this Scripture, which he has, undoubtedly, often quoted: "Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men shall do to you, do ye even so to them;" and, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Prof. Wishard uttered this: "There are doc-

tors and doctors. Some are indispensable and useful members of the body politic." Does he mean Dr. Smythe and company, who use the cold bath for fevers instead of the hurtful code remedies? Then, "Some are useful to a degree incidental to their personal gain and glorification." And in this does he mean those \$25,000 kind who could not save our beloved President? Of course they were only useful to a degree, to their personal gain. Then, how many such can he name among A. W. B.'s loved ones in our city? Are not their name legion, who are piling up their brick and mortar and bank accounts, but could not cure Mr. Hendricks of a sudden cold, while every day they are letting their typhoid and all other fevered patients die; and the same with all other diseases? Leaving out the Dr. Baruch and Smythe kind, where is there one "useful," only in *personal gain and glorification*? The glorification crops out in such gush as A. W. B. bespattered the columns of the *Journal* with, and such as crops out just now, in the city papers, in the descriptions of the harangues before the medical graduates, about the medical gods who have passed away, from Hypocrates all the way down to the very latest, Dr. Harvey. Yet he, I think, never had the reputation of treating his typhoid patients with cold bath; for had he done that, and recommended it in his medical society, his advice would have met the same adverse criticism as did Dr. Smythe's, and he would have met the same silent notice from the gushing A. W. B. at Evansville. Nor, unless while on their way home, and he had opened his really generous heart to fill their empty stomachs, would he have received any notice at all. The glorification is given in advance to those graduates, provided, always, that they adhere strictly to the medical ethics, and without any semblance of the Dr. Smythe quackery of cold bath.

The personal gain appears just here in a full crop: "Dr. Knorr, of Germany, the discoverer of antipyrine, the great grippe remedy, is reported to have acquired more than \$1,000,000 by the winter's epidemic." And how much personal gain did our doctors reap, while distributing that grippe remedy? It was published that they were all very, very busy; one was reported as having nearly two hundred patients. Of course, they were all as innocent as lambs, in getting up that scare, but willing to profit by it, nevertheless. That was what the scare was started for—for the benefit of the doctors. Every word, from the first telegram that *la grippe* was making its way from Russia, until it was announced that it had appeared on our shores, was the work of the Knorr stripe of doctors. While it was known, and so intended, by every one, to the most sordidly inclined of our own city, that it would produce a terrible scare among the people; and which it did, causing nine-tenths of the people who felt the least unwell, to rush to the doctor, and who was only too ready to assure them that they had an attack of *la grippe*—proceeding to treat them accordingly.

Nine-tenths of the suffering, and every death that occurred throughout the country, was the result of that scare, and the treatment they received from the doctors. Had they been honestly disposed to save the people from that scare, they would have cautioned them against it, and said to them, that all they needed to save them from any serious consequences, was to take a warm bath. That, in nearly every case, would be all that was necessary; but, should a fever follow, after one or more baths, then a cold bath should be taken; and then, should a fever develope on the approaches to the lungs, a cold cloth should be laid on the stomach, or should it be preferred, an onion poultice in its place, while a diet largely of onions, and onion tea, should be

used. But no, the doctors preferred to let that scare go on, so that they could sell Knorr's remedy to the terrified people, for \$5 or \$10 an ounce, but which could not, nor did it, save them from suffering and death. There would not have been an hundredth part of the suffering had that disease come unheralded.

Dr. Knorr's fame, as the discoverer of antipyrine, the great gripe remedy, will be sounded in the next century by the Braytons. They will, probably, imitate our Prof. Brayton of to-day, who "reviewed the great English physician's (Sydenham's) life briefly, and in a highly interesting manner." Thus: "Others killed their patients; he, more wisely, let them die." Then proceeded: "To the study of such a model, young doctors, I commend you." Of course, he was not of the Drs. Baruch and Smythe kind, for he let his patients die, while they do not, but save every one whom they put in a cold bath. Dr. Sydenham need not have let his die, had he done the same with them, but he was not of that kind; hence his eulogy, by the Braytons and company.

They don't eulogize Dr. Currie, who: "demonstrated clearly, over one hundred years ago, that typhus could be abated by cold bath; that small-pox and scarlet fever were rendered mild and tractable diseases by its early adoption." The Braytons don't commend young doctors to study such a model as Dr. Currie, nor Smythe, Baruch or Brand.

Would not the Rev. George L. Curtis dictate to Prof. Curtis to commend those young doctors to study such models as Drs. Currie, Smythe and company? If not, why not?

All such gush, over the history of medicine, the divine Hypocrates, Sydenham, and all, while patients are every day, and all the time, dying in this city, while the slopping over of the worshippers of

those divine gods is going on; and, too, while being dosed with the same medicine, by those worshippers, which was discovered and handed down by the *divine* Hypocrates.

Young Ball, after hearing all this twattle about the divine "father of physics," etc., chirped out: "Monocrates was, perhaps, the greatest quack the world ever knew."

Wonder if "Monocrates" was not a nickname for Dr. Currie, who proved the utility of cold bath so long ago? Of course, Currie was a quack, in the estimation of all of Ball's instructors, and whose sentiments had been so filled into him as to cause an overflow, with that chirping sound. What else but that "mysterious air of pompous infallibility" was that young parrot breathing when he uttered those sentiments about quackery? And where else did he learn it, only in those halls, filled full with that same air? He had only just been let loose from his mother's apron strings and his natural "pap," to imbibe the "pap" from those wet nurses, who, with that pompous air of infallibility, are dilating all the time about the "divine Hypocrates, the father of physics."

Of course the Ball—not poll—parrots, will continue to imbibe that pompous air—all the three years—learning to talk more glibly about the United States as "par excellence the quack's paradise"—always excepting Boston—then, at the end of that time, to receive, at the hands of the Braytons, "those scrolls, which bear the name forever of Sydenham."

Then, it may be absolutely necessary for them to hie themselves to "Bosting," to take the places of those disciples of the divine Hypocrates, Sydenhams and company—always not excepting the Fletcher, Hays, Jordan, Brayton and company kind, offshoots from those divine gods, and lineal descendants of "Count Rumford," of him who "did more

good in the world than all the twelve Apostles." The places of those who so exhausted themselves in hunting the bacillus to his lair in that unfortunate *Globe* reporter's athlete anatomy.

It must have been very exhausting, that diagnosing, or rather "nosing" after that dozen of bacteria, of so many different nationalities, so they will need to be reinforced by young and robust medical minds. Nor, should our grand medical minds, whom I have just mentioned, fail to enjoin upon them, ere their departure, the great importance of a liberal use of "lamb's juice," "a strict observance of the "medical ethics," and "to beware of fools and frauds;" while the loving A. W. B.—all for the love of science—might tell them of the "divine" Brown-Sequard, the father of "lamb juice," while the writer's name might be included as the father of "skunk juice."

They should stop at New York City—at least the little parrot—long enough to wipe out the old *he* quack, Baruch. The Marion County Medical Society will attend to resolving the quack Smythe, and humble me, into oblivion, for being so "hurtful" in typhoid and scarlet fevers.

I have before quoted the words of Dr. Shrady: "There are more doctors, or persons holding the degree of M. D., now than can make a decent living. The country, in fact the world, is overstocked with them. The sober facts show that in the medical profession the market is crowded to overflowing; that the supply far exceeds the demand. While the increase in population is less than 2 per cent., the increase of doctors is more than $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.," while many obtain merely "the necessities of life."

Yet, the very erudite Jordan, president of our university, and from whom we have a right to expect honest, truthful talk about educational matters,

and the necessities of our professions, thus delivers himself about the medical student who killed himself in New York, after leaving behind him these words: "I die because there is room for no more doctors." "'Room for no more doctors,' when it is the very best time in the history of the world to be a doctor. When the theory of evolution begins to throw its electric light down thousands of avenues which were closed to the fathers of medicine." And he died right where those words were uttered by Dr. Shrady. Did he not realize that the doctor's words were true? He despaired of gaining "The bare necessities of life." The bombastic Jordan should have continued: "But you will have to gull the people to obtain riches, or even the bare necessities of life."

Here I quote the heading over all the bloviating that has just now been going on in this city: "Honors for Young Doctors—A Time of Congratulation for Medical Students and Their Professors—It Begins with a Dinner and Ends with Diplomas and Prizes." Where is the room for honest congratulations by those professors, and their duped students, in the face of the fact that the doctors are increasing four times faster, *pro rata*, than the people; while to-day "the country, in fact, the world, is overstocked with them?" Does not the congratulation consist in the fact that *they have, so far, been able to gull the people*, while disporting before them in that "mysterious air of infallibility?" And, are not those young doctors encouraged by their professors to hope to be able to continue in those footsteps of their illustrious predecessors?

And what is the instruction from their professors? Why, the model of their divine Sydenham, who wisely let his patients die, is presented by the facetious Brayton to them, with these words: "To the study of such a model, young doctors, I com-

mend you," Then he should have continued: "Go forth, in your mysterious air of pompous infallibility, *humbug* the people, treat their sick, or *treat so as to make them sick*; then, more wisely, let them die, if you cannot save them by your expectant treatment; and, too, rather than save them by Dr. Smythe's cold bath. And, be sure, too, to treat his advice, to use that, with adverse criticism. And, too, you need not read, and we will not tell you, that the quack Smythe told us and company, a few months ago, in this city, that your model god, with all of us, who refused to use it, signed the death warrant of every one who died in our hands with typhoid fever."

Will the garrulous Brayton & Co. give to the people the number of patients they left, in this city, and all over the State, to "more wisely, let them die," in their battle with typhoid, or any other disease, rather than to treat them with cold bath, or other simple remedy, for other diseases, while they went to that dinner to indulge in gluttony, wine (?) and, with women, in light and hilarious talk? And, too, how many of those \$15-a-week nurses, left the bedside of the sick to join in that congratulation for those students? Of course, those high-priced nurses expect to "profit" while all that battling and dying is going on.

Here are some high priced doctors, who, of course, kneel at the same altar with the Braytons, in their worship of the divine Hypocrates, Sydenham, Rumford & Co., and the study of whose model they would commend to young doctors: "The doctors who attended the late King of Portugal, during the last days of his illness, presented bills for their services amounting to nearly \$100,000. One of them demanded \$14,000 for ten visits, and another \$17,000 for fifteen, while a third thought that \$30,000 was not too much to ask for his attend-

ance at eighteen consultations. Eventually the new king succeeded in effecting a settlement of their claims by means of a lump sum of \$60,000." And, too, they, *more wisely, let him die.*

This incident is mentioned to again illustrate the cupidity of the profession, whenever it has a chance to thus prove itself. It is not every one who has a chance at a King, but, whatever the chance is, it is improved by the "small fry," such as blow on the young doctor, while starting him out to more wisely let his patient die, while making his \$2 visit to him.

I have before stated, and here repeat it, that the average doctor cares no more for the health, life, or best interest of the people than does the dispenser of strong drink for his victim, as the object of each is to get all the money possible out of him. Whenever the doctor can establish it as a fact that his human nature is better than is the liquor seller's, or his of any other business calling, then he may claim a very small justification for the great pretensions he makes as a healer of the ails of mankind. Yet, taking the medical worth of those Boston doctors, who came in contact with that reporter's anatomy, as a standard with which to judge the average ones, in our city, and the world over, the evidence is conclusive, to any reflecting mind, that they are a consummate fraud. The every-day history in our city, and every village and hamlet in this and other States, show that they are the same consummate frauds as those Boston doctors.

Here is an incident which occurred during the recent "blowing" of the medical mind in this city: Dr. A. W. Brayton was presenting the Mears gold medal prize to Dr. Ryan, and said: "This medal is given by Prof. Geo. Ewing Mears, a loyal, loving son, in memory of the work done by his father, Dr. George W. Mears, who laid down his life that the lives of others might be saved." Now, the

“loyal, loving” Brayton does not say *that* life was given up, or “laid down,” on the cross; but as it was laid down, that the lives of others might be saved, the Braytons of the next century will, very likely, point the young doctors to the Divine Mears as a model for them to study; while hereof is suggested a little history: About a score of years ago a woman was on trial, in our court, for the crime of poisoning her husband. Drs. Backesto and W. H. Kendrick were the physicians who attended the sick man, and who, also, found arsenic in the food prepared by the wife for him to eat. They also had the stomach analyzed, and found the same poison there. The doctors were eclectics, of good standing, as doctors, and Dr. K. a minister of the Gospel. The defense made a stubborn resistance, calling in a Dr. G. W. Mears, Dr. Woodburn, and perhaps others, of the alopathic school, and the burden of whose evidence was that those electics were unworthy of confidence, were frauds, quacks, and whatever else that could be used to prejudice the minds of the jury, so as to induce them to acquit the woman. Dr. K. had his diploma as a graduate of a medical college, but, as he was not a “regular,” and, too, was a rival, the same as Earp was a rival of Hurty’s, our Mears and company were willing to kill him—professionally, morally and socially, of course—even should a murderer be turned loose—was willing to lay Kendrick’s professional life down that a murderer’s life might be saved. It is very supposable that such “experts” get a big fee, conditional, perhaps, upon the criminal being acquitted. A murderer was acquitted a few years ago, at Kokomo, this State, on an expert’s evidence on “emotional insanity,” although it was a premeditated murder, approved of and encouraged by his father, who stood by his son’s side while he did the shooting. Big fee, perhaps, as in the case of Kier-

nan, who testified in the case of the millionaire Rawson, *against* his naughty wife's emotional insanity, while it is very likely that both those experts on emotional insanity knew no more about insanity than did those McAllisterville "snowy heads."

The pretended knowledge of the sanity or insanity of murderers, is governed by the fee which the expert gets from the party who employs him. And he is just as open for a dicker with one as with the other—the size of the fee being the governing quantity. The medical mind, in all its departments, is in the market, and always striking for the highest bidder. This fact is verified in our courts, all the time, when murderers are on trial.

Dr. Mears would not give his life, that other lives might be saved, any more readily than any one of those blustering professors who blowed on those young doctors, while holding up those divine Hypocrites, for their model. His name should be spelled *Hypocrite*, to represent the true character of his followers, in their intercourse with the people, whom they dupe. Such hypocrites as those who impose on the people by refusing to use cold bath for fevers. They would no more lay down their lives for the people than did Judas; but, like him, they betray them, every day, and all the time, for the thirty pieces of silver, more or less, by the "kiss" of pleasant talk and cheery smiles, while treating their sick with their *materia medica*, without any semblance of quackery; and finally, sign their death warrant, just as the anti-hypocrite, Dr. Smythe, told them they do, as often as they lose a patient by refusing to use cold bath.

Dr. Brayton should be ashamed, for himself and for the myriads like him, who put forth such stuff, in all its various forms, to young doctors, whose minds are so susceptible of impressions, true or false, such as are put into them by their professors.

The unselfishness of voluntarily laying down one's life for others, has not been common since that scene on Calvary, but, the accidental laying down of one's life while in pursuit of riches, or a big fee, is not uncommon; and the only ones that occur, among the windy Braytons, are of that kind.

The disposition of doctors to lay down their lives that others might be saved, was exemplified by those of the Medical Society who were willing to lay down, not *their own* lives, but the lives of their scarlet fever patients, if, in doing so, they could only and forever break the force of any influence I might have with the people, in advising them to use cold bath, to save their children from that fever. Those doctors hoped to destroy that influence by telling them, in effect, that I lied when I published that I cured our child by putting her in a cold pack.

I now submit this query for the consideration of the reader, and I trust he will reflect well before maturing an answer, because it is of vast importance to the people in all time, while it will open his mind for serious reflection as to the amount of suffering and deaths that have occurred, that could have been saved had the people believed me instead of the doctors:

It is fully fifteen years since I first placed before the people, in the *News*, my proof of the utility of cold pack for scarlet fever. It may be assumed that, from that time on, the doctors used their private influence against my experience, as unworthy of even an attempt to test it by trial; but, until about five years ago, they did not attempt to discredit my statements in the papers; then they published a direct contradiction to my theory as to its utility; a statement, after deliberation and mature reflection, from their Medical Society standpoint, that "cold water is not beneficial but hurtful in scarlet

fever." Now, here is the query: Suppose that my experience had encouraged every parent, who had a child attacked with scarlet fever, to try the same remedy, and it had proved, as it did in our child's case, a perfect success, then how many lives would have been saved in this city alone, in those five years, after the doctors had publicly announced that my remedy was not safe? And in those fifteen years, in which they had, undoubtedly, been discouraging, in a private way, its trial?

But, here a question of reliability may be suggested, as between the doctors and an unprofessional: Is his judgment to be trusted against doctors' scientific knowledge of disease, and the cure for it? And which places the querist in a quandary from which, it would seem, he will have a difficulty in extricating himself. But first he should remember, that I *did prove* its utility, that is, if he believes I told the truth; and, while the doctors *did not say* that they had *proved* its hurtfulness, but only left the people to infer that, and also to infer that their knowledge of the science of medicine led them to know just what *was* hurtful.

Then, judging from the standpoint from which the people judge the reliability of the doctors—their pretentious claims of the positive correctness of that science, in its relation to physical ails, and their remedy—they are ahead, while my isolated case is not to be considered, only in the supposition that I was mistaken in the disease. And, too, were there no other evidences than that isolated case, in my own family, I would remain in the background, while the people would, very naturally, think that all those deaths of their children, in the hands of those doctors, were unavoidable, and they should not murmur against the dispensation of Providence in their deaths.

But, to their shame—that which should consign

every doctor to eternal infamy who has lost a child, while treating it for scarlet fever with his code treatment, in this city, during all those fifteen years—there is *proof* that I was right in my claim that all those children *could have been saved* by the very treatment which I gave our child; while the proof is equally plain that those doctors were well aware of that fact all those years in which they were letting them die.

To relieve him of that quandary, the querist, after reading that, while I proved the utility of that remedy, he has only to, read and has already, the fact, that I am fortified by Dr. Smythe, a neighbor, and a member of the same medical society with many of those doctors, all the time they were using their professional influence, and the public papers, to discredit my experience.

Their crime was not only in allowing scarlet fever patients to die, but typhoid and all other fevered patients, all those years, during which Dr. S. was sounding in their ears that *he was saving every one of his* by the same treatment which I advised the people to use to save their children. And he was only reiterating in their ears what they had already read of the same success by Dr. Brand, and other foreign doctors—the same that Dr. Baruch has laid before their eyes.

Now, presuming that that querist is satisfied, from Dr. Smythe's testimony as to the benefit of cold water—that which those doctors pronounced hurtful—in scarlet fever, that I was right in my advice to all those people, and during all those fifteen years, will he not now believe, and will not all those people who have lost children from scarlet fever, or others, and friends, from other fevers, determine in their minds that all that suffering, and all those deaths in their families, might have been saved, had they listened to me, instead of those selfish, sordidly-

minded doctors? Those who cared more for their money than they did for saving their children to their loving embrace; cared more for money than they did for saving the beloved father to the loving embrace of a devoted wife and loving and dependent children, or for saving a devoted wife and mother to the embrace of a loving father and loving children.

O, how does the heart sadden and the sympathetic tear flow when we reflect, and while we know, that these bereaved family ties were sundered, torn apart, never to be again united in this world, for the purpose of hoarding up that riches, of which the Christ says its possessor can no more easily enter heaven than a camel can pass through the eye of a needle. But, no matter what the purpose was, that bereavement was all the same, and is all the same to-day, and all the time; while it is still going on, by the treatment of the sordidly-minded doctor, who would publish a lie to the people to prevent them from saving themselves; or to induce them to continue to trust themselves and friends in their hands, that they may continue to sign the death warrant of as many as do die by their death dealing code.

It is not left for me alone to denounce the more than heartless doctor for his impositions upon the people, in thus detailing suffering and death upon them, when I thus denounce them. The reader can see that my language can be only a legitimate following of Dr. Smythe's sentiment, when he tells them that they sign the death warrant of all those who die by their code treatment—the same that I have all those years advised the people against.

Why don't those heartless, soulless, sordidly-minded doctors, who published that cold water was hurtful in scarlet fever, come to the front again, and,

to counteract Dr. S.'s advice to use the same element for typhoid fever, publish that cold bath is not beneficial but hurtful in typhoid fever? They dare not do that, but do meet his advice with "adverse criticism." But, to meet my advice to the people, they present themselves in the public journals to the same people, and, with the grave nod, the mysterious air of pompous infallibility, which Dr. Maxwell's "observing physician" is sure produce no more their old-time effect upon the people, to say to them that cold water is not beneficial but hurtful in scarlet fever. And that air of pomposity has its intended effect upon the same people.

Many of the same doctors, who have been signing the death warrant of the people of our city, all those years, or some portion of them, are educating young men in their colleges to follow the same life-destroying mode of dealing with the sick, or such as they can induce to believe themselves sick. For instance, that *Globe* reporter was induced (?) by ten of the same kind of doctors, who are teaching the young "parrots" of our colleges to "talk," to think that he had ten terrible ails in his anatomy, that must be attended to, or else he must prepare to make his will. Can the reader, after reading the account of those Boston doctors' diagnoses of that reporter's healthy anatomy, come to any other conclusion than that our vaunted medical minds are of the same fraudulent stamp?

Those doctors were, undoubtedly, selected in consequence of their eminent renown as medical minds; the same as our eminently medical-minded Fletcher, Jordan, Hays, Brayton and company, whose name is legion, in our city and State, are celebrated for. I mean celebrated in their own medical societies, colleges, and the public journals, as often as they can get a reporter to interview them, as to their great knowledge. What reason have we

to suppose that their real knowledge is of a different stamp, or more reliable than those Boston doctors? Are we to suppose that their medical schools, or their training in them, are inferior to our own? But, rather, have we not the same reason to doubt, in our doctors, that the *Globe's* managers, as well as other journals, and reflecting minds in all relations of life, had to doubt the ability of doctors; the same reasons, as the *Globe* suggested, and as I have also suggested through all these pages, of their oft failures to save from death so many distinguished personages, many of whose names the *Globe* mentions, and I have mentioned. Yet the same failures follow their practice, in all relations of life, from Emperor, President, Judge and General, down to the humblest walks in life. They have the same line marked out for their practices on every human being—the medical-science line of hypocrisy and fraud—and with which they humbug the people, from President to pauper. Do they not pursue that line of practice for the money alone that is in it? The same as the butcher deals in brute flesh and blood, for the money that he gets out of it. Put human life in the balance with dollars and cents. Why do they resist Drs. Baruch and Smythe's advice, to treat their sick with cold bath, and persist in following their code, thereby causing them to sign the death warrant of their patients, if that determination is not the result of their purpose to make the most money out of their practice upon human life? Let the people of our city—Dr. Smythe's discriminating public—those who have suffered the loss of so many children, husbands, fathers, wives, mothers, and friends, reflect that a very large portion of those deaths have been the result of a determination, by the doctors of our city—those who are making themselves so prominent before the public, in every conceivable way—

to practice their pretended science upon them, regardless of life or health. Then let that same discriminating public turn *criminating* public, and, by unanimous sentiment, hold them responsible for signing the death warrant of their friends. And, by a unanimous effort, secure a law to punish them, for their deaths, the same as any other crime is punished.

CHAPTER XI.

I have referred several times to the profession as refusing to save one of their own number, or members of their own family, by laying by their code to treat with cold bath, and especially to Dr. Woollen, who treated his brother by that code—supposably, at least—and who died. Now, what does he think of his professional brother, Dr. Smythe's charge, that he "*signed the death warrant*" of that brother? This is coming home to Dr. Woollen, but it cannot be any greater crime—his signing that warrant—than had he done the same in a neighbor's case; yet it seems as though he would have *tried* cold bath, after his own code had *failed*—still hoping to save a dear brother. But, no; and very likely, he would not try it to save even his wife, children or mother. And all of which illustrates the tyranny of the professional god—or, is it devil?—who governs them.

Also, I referred to the death of the wife of Dr. Henson, of Alaska, of typhoid fever. Then, since, the mother of that, supposably *dear* wife, is reported insane, in consequence of grief over her daughter's death. All of which might have been saved had that brute (?)—shall I call him?—deviated, for that once, from the false teachings of the

fraudulently scientific, and sordidly minded Hayes and put his wife in a cold bath. But, no. Rather than admit the possibility that Dr. Smythe was right, and did not lie to his medical brethren, he would let her die—to show his bravery in resisting any remaining conscience. What did that transcendently eloquent Jordan mean when he proclaimed—“*it is the very best time in the history of the world to be a doctor?*” Did he mean *such* doctors?—those who would not save members of their own family by cold bath—but, *rather let them die*. And, does he mean such as those Boston doctors? If so, then, he means all, of our city and State. They are as prolific in discovering “disease” in our people as were that reporter’s doctors; and too, just as prolific in entailing real disease upon the same people, as his were—in discovering what did *not* exist in him.

“The very best time” to be a “fool doctor,” a “fraud,” a “quack,” and do “ignorant, empirical and dishonest work called professional,” the same as the same eloquent David Jordan depicted in that harangue before those “young doctors”—the same as those, to whose mind’s eye the loving Brayton presented: “Others killed their patients, but he”—the sainted Sydenham—“more wisely, let them die.” Our indignant Jordan says: “*These professions are over-crowded in Indiana.*” “*Indiana is their paradise.*” He cries out: “Haven’t we had enough of the work of *fools and frauds?*”

Of course, our President’s epithets were not intended to apply to the wonderful Fletcher-Rumford-medical-mind progeny; that which is spread all over the country—even to Boston; but if they do not aptly fit that whole progeny, where will he find any that will fit?

Evidently, all that bluster before those graduating “doctors” did not mean anything more than

to show them just how much wind was left in the President's stomach (?), after blowing on all those students in his official bailiwick. Yet it did fit, and cover all the pretended medical profession, everywhere; and *this*, his *lamentation*, verifies the fact: "The fittest physician may survive." See? He "may," but the Doctor does not know, for he is evidently among the "lost doctors," before mentioned—"but, meanwhile, the patient is dead and the quack has taken the fees." Facetious, isn't he?

Now, in all candor, taking the doctor at his word—these: "*the patient is dead and the quack has taken the fees*"—will the reader consider, in all seriousness and great sorrow?—because it affects hundreds of families in this city alone, and a corresponding number in every community, village and city in all our land. *The patient is dead!* O, how sad to contemplate! Our child, or the dear father, mother, brother or sister, dead! Why dead? Because there was no "fittest physician," only a "quack," and he to not save life, but ever ready to take the fees—ready to place upon his day-book every day, for weeks, "one visit \$2."

Is it not more eminently fit to inquire what was that quack's remedy for, say typhoid fever?—which is the prevailing sickness everywhere. It could not have been cold bath, nor could that quack be of the Smythe kind, because his patients are not reported: "the patient is dead!" But it is easily understood that that quack is of the Hays kind; the kind who adheres to his medical ethics without any semblance of the Smythe quackery, whereby he sends 20 to 40 per cent. of his patients to their graves. That is the kind of quackery which the Jordans encourage, and, too, all the time "busting" with indignation over fools and frauds—*the patient is dead and the quack has taken the fees*—while all the time, of course, "our heart sinks within us."

O, David! David! "Much learning hath made thee mad," provided, always, if it hath not made a "phule" (?) of thee; or, at least a little "fraudy." The mountain labored and brought forth asses and frauds—just such as those Boston doctors proved to be; and, do such even curse our city and State today? Did thee, David, when thou didst use the term "fools and frauds," refer to our city and State doctors? They are all the time prating about science, hunting the bacillus to his lair—imitating those Boston doctors' laborious efforts—yet all the time refusing to drown him—in a tub of cold water. So tley more wisely let their patients die, thus imitating their god—or is it fool and fraud?—Sydenham.

That superabundant flow of blatant indignation about "dishonest work, called professional," and "the very best time in the history of the world to be a doctor," what is it all for unless to encourage those young doctors to go forth with the full-grown idea that while there *are* frauds, the people can be hoodwinked into the idea that *they* are the kind of doctors who are to be a necessity to them "when the theory of evolution," etc. Does that "evolution" mean when those young doctors begin to *unfold* to the people's gullibility—supposably the "thousands of *avenues* which were *closed to the* 'fathers of medicine'—their great worth to them, they will be so successful, even after the quadrupling, pro rata, of their number over those gullible people, that they will, at least, be "useful to a degree incidental to their personal gain and glorification?" So useful as that—according to Dr. Wishard—but not "indispensible and useful members of the body politic." Is such the true character of those Boston doctors, as well as of those of our city and State? That is just how useful that reporter's doctors were to him. And, just so useful were

President Garfield's doctors; besides, the same usefulness of the scores of doctors who allowed all those noteworthy men to die, those who have been mentioned in these pages. Nor, omitting our own doctors of our city, and State, who have been, and are all the time, sowing the seeds of disease and death, and then powerless in their pretended efforts to stay them; yet powerful in harvesting their crop of "personal gain and glorification"—gain from their dupes' pockets, and glorification in their self-adulations, and co-adulations by those whom they "best love," at the next meeting of their mutual admiration society.

Should the reader be one of the hundreds of our city who have suffered the loss of health or friends, at the hands of the fraudulent doctor, he may appreciate the sentiment advanced in all of these pages, in regard to their general benefit to the people, and, laying aside their pretentious claims, may also come to the conclusion that their real knowledge about our physical needs is only at par with those Boston doctors. No reflecting mind can believe that those doctors are inferior to the average doctor, in all the country. There can not be one iota of an argument, sustained by fact or theory, that they are, in any particular, inferior to the average medical mind. Did they hail from a heathen country, where they had enjoyed the advantages of heathen superstitions and education only, then there might be a plea set up that they were unworthy of notice. But, not so. They were educated in just such colleges, and by just such medical minds as ours are; those who are going out after being laden down with all the wonderful information about "Count Rumford," "fools and frauds," "divine Hypocrates," "Monocrates, the greatest quack the world ever knew," and Sydenham, who, while "others kill their patients, he, more

wisely, let them die." All this by the Fletchers, Jordans, Braytons & Co.; and, too, while the Hayses enjoin a "strict observance of the medical ethics;" and so on for quantity, to a disgusting length—disgusting to the mind of one who sees sickness, suffering and death going on all the time; but, while circulating all the time in the midst of the suffering people, those same doctors—so calling themselves—are permitting it all to go on, even to death, by refusing to use remedies that would stay that death and suffering.

While it was positive proof—that reporter's discovery of fraud in those doctors' pretentious knowledge—the same proof of the same fraud in the pretentious doctors is everywhere apparent, whenever human ails need or seem to need their aid. The falsity of their pretended knowledge has become so apparent, and more and more so, as one after another of those noted and valuable personages succumbed to death, under their treatment, that the sentiment so freely expressed in these pages has pervaded public sentiment so universally, that it has begun to find vent through the public journals, and which culminated, so effectually to the disgrace of the profession, in the Boston *Globe's* detective work. That same fraud develops itself wherever and whenever the "doctor" permeates the body politic. That body politic shows it by the suffering entailed upon it, and by the deaths that follow that same diagnosing and prescribing, which those doctors performed for that reporter. Fortunately, his fraud upon those doctors' confidence was commendable, as it uncovered to public view the fraud which the profession is continually practicing upon the people, and which fact was the moving cause of the *Globe's* determination to demonstrate, beyond the possibility of a doubt, the fact of that continued perpetration. That *Globe* man knew he was in perfect health,

but, to ascertain if they knew it, and were honest enough to tell him so, he feigned sickness and presented himself before them, with the result as published. Then, suppose he had thought he was ailing, and had applied to any one of that dozen doctors, received the prescription, and dosed himself according to orders, would he not have been likely to have shared the fate of Judge Matthews, young Waite, Gen. Sheridan, and the thousands of others, whose deaths, in the hands of those same pretended medical minds, of the Fletcher stripe, caused all that stir in public sentiment, and that little detective work of that Boston reporter?

Should the reader, while perusing the first part, conclude that the sentiment against the profession is rather strong, he will, very likely, about the time he gets this far along, conclude that I was about right in the outset. And to help him along to that conclusion, I will repeat the *Globe's* conclusions about that reporter's case: "So we have the comforting assurance that the doctors, nine times out of ten, doctor their patients for the wrong complaint. If that isn't a fair inference from the *Globe* reporter's experience, we don't know what is," while it should have continued: "And nine times out of ten, for no complaint at all, only as they create an invalid out of such an athlete person." Every one of those doctors would have made an invalid of that reporter could they have induced him to follow their prescriptions.

It must be beyond dispute that those Boston doctors are just as intelligent, well-versed in the so-called science of medicine, as are the ablest medical minds of our city or State. Then, supposing our doctors are called upon by the hundreds of people, who do call upon them every day, while thinking they have some kind of an ail, for which they wish a prescription, would they not be just as likely, in

nine cases out of ten, to prescribe for a disease with which the patient is not afflicted? And knowing, as they do know, that nine-tenths of those callers are not afflicted with any disease—but while their sordid propensities might dictate that they are so afflicted, that they might treat them—are they any more honest than that reporter's doctors were, and then tell them that they need no prescription—that they have no ails?

The fact is, that there are scores of those “younglings,” with their “shingles” at the door of their offices, scattered all over the city, who are compelled “to obtain the bare necessities of life,” to look out and allure the confiding people into their offices, that they may prescribe for them; and, from those very necessities, justify themselves in that practice of fraud upon them; and, as they have set out in their professional life to make a living off their afflictions, to hope that one prescription may induce the patient to think that another is necessary. And thus nine-tenths of the diseases for which our city doctors to-day are treating, are detailed upon the people; and nine-tenths of the suffering and death the legitimate consequence of it all. All doctors of experience know that this is the result of their business, and that the business is followed for the money there is in it, without regard to those results.

Then, can the conclusion of this whole matter, about the work of the medical colleges in sending out such hordes of young doctors to prey upon the people, be anything less than a general denunciation, by the same people, for that wholesale determination, by their fraudulent practice, to continue to make this whole nation one of invalids and sufferers unto death? What more apt comparison can there be made, than to compare those graduating exercises, where all sorts of twattle is indulged in by their teachers, while starting the young doctor out to

commence that preying; and, to view with their mind's eye, the field o'er, to a flock of mother-buzzards, gabbling to their younglings about how to scientifically (?) start out to navigate the ethereal regions, while surveying the terrestrial, sublunary space in pursuit of a carcass with which to fill their empty gizzards?—"to obtain a bare subsistence."

Every "doctor," whose name I have mentioned in these pages, knows that their science is a fraud, when applied to suffering humanity, or when applied to athlete anatomy, such as that reporter's was; but to apply it that way is the only chance for those young sprouts, whom they are all the time sending out to obtain a living, or more, as the fact may develop. They also know that the legitimate result of their encouraging them to engage in that practice is sickness, suffering and death. I have no hesitation in saying, and with a realizing sense of my responsibility to my God, and their God, for saying it, that the hundreds of widows and thousands of fatherless and motherless children now in this city, is the result of the fraudulent practice of that pretended science upon the people, and that the same doctors know that to be the fact. While they also know that their influence, by their pretentious knowledge of the healing art, leads the people to be duped by them.

IN CONCLUSION.

I will say this in my own behalf: The aggrieved (?) doctors, should they feel that a "layman" has wielded his club upon them, rather severely, must remember, and as they do know, that I obtained the club from some of their own number, who had and have conscience enough and honesty enough to listen to it, to dictate to them a humane treatment for fevers, and to advise others to do the same. And

that their dishonesty in treating fevers leads me to also club them for the same evident dishonesty in treating any other disease, as well as for making disease *to* treat. While *I* believe that Dr. Smythe's discriminating public will commend *me* for my fearless course in charging them with signing the death warrant of so many thousands of our citizens, *they*, should they feel that *grievance unbearable*, can invite those Boston doctors to visit them occasionally, for mutual commiseration, and abhorrence—of “fools and frauds.”

PART FOURTH.

[The reader will notice, in the following papers of Drs. Baruch and Smythe, that they are reasoning with doctors, and from doctors' standpoint, about the various treatments of typhoid especially, but incidentally of other fevers; and, after all their reasonings, in doctors' language and terms, it all comes right down to this, in plain, simple language, and means just this: Every patient afflicted with a fever can be saved from death by putting him in a cold bath, or pack—even in five days after the attack he is sure to recover, every time. And while those doctors are talking to other doctors, every reader may consider himself the person talked to, and apply that water just as safely as either one of those doctors would do it, without the delay and expense of obtaining one to do it for him.]

THE TREATMENT OF TYPHOID FEVER,

BY SIMON BARUCH, M. D.,

Attending Physician to the Manhattan General Hospital and the New York Juvenile Asylum.

I desire to confine my remarks to the treatment of typhoid fever, because I have recently revised my experience, with the result of reaching some decided views, which differ radically from those advocated here to-day, as well as from those entertained by the profession generally in this country, and, up to a recent period, by myself also. These views are the result of mature deliberation and sifting of evidence afforded by clinical and experimental data obtained from various sources and compared with my own.

The various methods of treatment advocated during my professional career of thirty years are doubtless familiar to you. About ten years ago I had settled upon the Ziemssen graduated cold-bath treatment as the most promising, and I obtained

more satisfactory results from it than from any other. Still, when other antipyretic methods came into vogue, with so much promise of success based upon the idea that the reduction of high temperature was the chief desideratum, it was natural for me to be carried away upon the tide which so completely swept over the profession, especially as the treatment by cold baths involved so much trouble, and proved so disagreeable to many patients and their friends. Gradually the milder forms of bathing, by wet-pack and sponging, with quinine, thallin, kairin, antipyrine, the ice-coil, and later antifebrin and phenacetin, have assumed potent sway over the profession.

A review of my experience in the last decennium, derived from personal observation in private and hospital practice, and in that of many colleagues, as well as from society discussions, develops the fact that the mortality of typhoid fever has not been reduced by the antipyretic method of treatment. I ask you to follow me carefully in a fair, conscientious, and exhaustive, yet brief, review of the results of the various methods in vogue during the past twenty-five years, and to compare it, as I have done for myself, with your own experience. You will then, I opine, agree with me that we stand to-day upon the threshold of a great epoch in the treatment of typhoid fever.

You have heard how fatal is typhoid fever at the present time, and I might offer you additional evidence by statistics I have gathered from the New York City Board of Health, from 1876-1885, during which time 7712 cases of typhoid fever had been reported, with a mortality of 3184, or 41.28 per cent. But as these statistics may be doubted by some, I will quote to you the mortality of typhoid fever in the New York hospitals, as stated by Dr. Delafield in 1885, which he has computed at

24.66 per cent. This mortality is even larger than that furnished by the recently gathered careful statistics in Germany, which show that, under the expectant treatment, of 11,124 cases the mortality amounted to 21.7 per cent. These statistics, to which others may readily be added, were they not sufficiently large, present to us the appalling fatality of typhoid fever under the now prevalent expectant, antipyretic plan, which seeks by nourishing the patient, placing him in good hygienic surroundings, combating complications, and reducing the temperature, to conduct him to a safe issue. Much stress has, as you are aware, been placed during the past quarter of a century upon high temperature, as the predominating element of danger in typhoid fever. It has been claimed that parenchymatous degeneration of the heart, kidneys, and other organs was the direct result of prolonged high temperature, and the chief energy of therapeusis was expended upon this hydra-headed monster. This idea was indeed sustained by, if it did not originate in, the marvellous success of the cold bath treatment, which Brand, of Stettin, brought before the profession in Germany, and which was adopted, after some modification, by Liebermeister, the high-priest at the altar of antipyresis, as well as by Jurgensen, Ziemssen, and others. The history of this special subject is indeed instructive, inasmuch as it illustrates how surely bedside experience will, sooner or later, demolish the most stately structures erected by theoretical reasoning. Brand never claimed that this bath treatment was chiefly directed against the high temperature. On the contrary, this was a secondary object with him. Liebermeister's criticism (*Hand-book of General Therapeutics*, William Wood & Co., 1885) is at once its best exposition and the highest encomium of Brand's method. On page 15 he says:

"The work of Brand, which was published in 1861, ranks high above the level of the publications of the professional hydropathists of to-day. Still the author occupies pretty much the ground of Priessnitz. The pre-eminent importance of abstraction of heat is not sufficiently recognized; the main action of water is more that of stimulation," etc.

Now I propose to show that the standpoint of Brand is correct to-day, and that it is sustained by the most incontrovertible evidence of experimental study, seconded by clinical experience gathered from carefully recorded data. A few days ago I heard a faithful adherent of drug medication remark that it is singular how antipyretics are falling into disuse. Thinking men are, indeed, beginning to ask themselves the question: Has the introduction of these powerful antipyretics reduced the mortality of typhoid fever? Two years ago I answered this question in the New York Academy of Medicine, affirmatively, but I stated my belief that the small improvement was attributable to the comfort afforded the patient more than to the removal of danger from high temperature. To-day, after an exhaustive review of the whole subject, I am prepared to agree with Brand, that the only advantage from antipyretic medication seems to be that the patient is able to die with a nearly normal temperature. The fact that the statistics of private and hospital practice show a mortality reaching beyond 24 per cent. since the introduction and abundant use of antipyrine and its substitutes, proves their inadequacy. And the fact becomes more glaring when statistics of the cold-water treatment reveal the astounding reduction of mortality to 3.9 per cent. We have reached a point in the study of this subject, so wrought with deepest interest, when it is our solemn duty to pause, weigh the reasons of this enormous difference in the mortality, and to ascertain if it may not be reduced. The purpose of this effort is to establish the fact that this mortality may be re-

duced by adopting the cold-bath treatment, and that it may even be reduced, as Brand has reduced it, to 1 per cent. ! Those who, like myself, have personally witnessed the fatality of typhoid fever in our city, may, as I once did, shrug their shoulders in doubt. But if you will follow me in a brief analysis of the reasons for the faith that is in me, I hope to convince you that this is not a chimera, but a substantial fact based upon the most reliable clinical data.

Brand offers the statistics of 19,017 carefully gathered cases of typhoid fever (*Deutsche med. Wochensch.*, 1887), which demonstrate that under the general influence of all kinds of cold-bath treatment, without, however, its strict enforcement, the mortality has been reduced from 21.8 per cent. to 7.8 per cent. But this is not all. As I have said in a recent paper read before the New York County Medical Society, Brand has obtained from twenty-three German and French distinctly designated sources, the reports of 5,573 cases, statistical evidence which has not yet and cannot be controverted, and by which it is clearly shown that the cold-bath treatment originally recommended by him has reduced the mortality to 3.9 per cent. The latter, however, still contains many imperfectly managed cases. Eliminating these, the number treated strictly by Jurgensen, Vogl, Brand, and others, up to January, 1887, amounted to 1,223 cases, of which 12 died, a mortality of 1 per cent. And yet this is not all, for the most significant fact deducible from these statistics remain to be told. Not a single one of these twelve deaths occurred in any case that came under treatment before the fifth day.

Brand boldly asserts, on the strength of these 1,223 cases, of which he treated one-fourth in private practice, the remainder coming from Jurgensen's hospital at Tubingen, Vogl's at Munich, and the military hospitals at Stralsund and Stettin,

that all cases of typhoid fever coming under treatment before the fifth day should recover. Medical statistics are proverbially unreliable, but the exactness of the figures presented by Brand, in his able polemic in the *Deutsche med. Wochenschrift* for 1887, cannot be doubted, nor the deductions gained, because they are furnished from civil and military life, from university clinics and military hospitals in which the cases were observed by competent and well-trained men.

Valuable as these statistics must be as an argument in favor of strict cold bathing, the results of the latter are better illustrated by some comparative statistics made by several clinical observers. For instance, the official records of the Second Prussian Army Corps, quoted by Brand, show that while, from 1849 to 1866, the mortality among 1970 cases was 26.3 per cent., it was reduced, among 2711 cases of strict cold-bath treatment, to 4.3 per cent. This enormous reduction is the more glaring when this mortality of 4.3 per cent. is compared to that of other armies; in the French Army it was 32.2 per cent; in the Italian, 28.6 per cent.; in the Austrian, 27.4 per cent.; and in the English 23.8 per cent., during the same period. Indeed, so striking was the reduction of mortality wrought by this treatment in the German military hospitals, that the Prussian War Department deemed it incumbent upon itself to issue, on January 25, 1883, a circular to the medical service, in which it was urged that, inasmuch as the Brand treatment had been instrumental in reducing the mortality of typhoid fever in the various hospitals from 25 per cent. to 8 per cent., "we are justified in expecting that, with an increased perfection and more general adoption of this treatment, it may become possible to save a still larger number of sick men."

AVERAGE MORTALITY UNDER VARIOUS METHODS OF TREATMENT IN TYPHOID FEVER.

Reporter.	Source.	Treatment.	Number of cases.	Percentage of mortality.
Brand	Various sources	Expectant	11,124	21.7
Delafield ..	New York Hospital, 1878-83.	Mixed expectant	1,305	24.66
Brand	Various sources	All kinds of cold baths.	19,017	7.8
Tripier, Bouveret and Teissier	Red Cross Hospital, Lyons:			
	1866-77.....	Expectant	229	26.2
	1873-81.....	Intermediate.....	629	16.5
	1882-87.....	Exclusive cold baths in severe cases.	376	6.9
	1887.....	Strict cold bathing ..	139	5.0
Vogl	Military Hospital, Munich:			
	1841-68.....	Without water, ex- pectant (?)	5,484	20.7
	1868-81	Intermediate, with water.	2,841	12.2
	1875-81 (Second Division)	Baths and antipy- retics.	702	7.6
	1880.....	Strict cold baths.....	428	2.7
	1882-87.....	Strict cold baths...	141	3.5
	1882-87 (Second Division).	Increasing baths and abolition of anti- pyretics.	144	4.1
Ziemssen ..	Tibingen Univers- ity, Clinic for 1877- 87.	Graduated cold baths and antipy- retics.	2,000	9.6
Naunyn ..	Konigsberg Univer- sity Clinic.	Strict cold baths.....	145	6.9
Brand	Collected from var- ious sources.	Strict cold baths.....	2,198	1.7
Brand	Same cases, omitting those not treated before the fifth day.	Strict cold baths.....	2,150	0.0

The preceding table, which I have gathered with care to exclude all unreliable statistics, presents at a glance the comparative merits of the various methods of treatment.

The above figures astounded me when I sought

them out, and I trust they will impress the lesson they teach indelibly upon your minds.

But I do not ask you to accept this statistical evidence alone, although you will doubtless concede, that never in the history of medicine have statistics of such magnitude, from such reliable and diversified sources, been brought to bear upon a question of therapeutics.

Let us divest ourselves of the empirical influence of mere figures, which, it has been said, may be marshalled in any cause to prove anything, and study the reason why the cold-bath treatment of typhoid fever is superior to the antipyretic expectant plan.

In the first place, the idea that high temperature is the chief determining cause of fatality in typhoid fever must be abandoned. The sooner we cut loose from this bugbear the better for suffering humanity. I am glad that Dr. Burt has taken strong ground on this subject. Rather than enter upon an elaborate discussion of the present status of the question, I will refer you to the clear and sagacious review of the pathology of fever by Professor Welch, of John Hopkins University, in his Cartright Lectures last spring. Study these lectures carefully, and you will find a cautious, painstaking weighing of all the evidence bearing upon the lethal influence of heat elevation in fever, sustained by experimental and clinical data that must be convincing to any unbiased mind. He says, in summing up (*The Medical Record*, April 28, 1888):

"We find that animals may be kept at high febrile temperature for at least three weeks without manifesting any serious symptoms. The only functional disturbances which could be attributed directly to the influence of the elevated temperature were increased frequency of the respiration and quickened pulse. No definite relation could be established between the variations of arterial tension which

occur in fever and the height of the temperature. Although the experiments narrated showed that prolonged high temperature is an element in the causation of fatty degeneration of the heart, they also indicated that other factors, such as infection, are concerned in the production of the lesion. Moreover, experimental evidence was found in support of clinical facts, showing that this alteration may exist without serious interference with the functions of the heart, so that the conclusion seems justifiable that failure of the heart's power, in fever, is *less* an effect of high temperature than of other concomitant conditions. The lessened perspiration, the renal disorders, and the digestive disturbances (with the possible exception of constipation), are referable also chiefly to other causes than the increased temperature. Both experimental and clinical observations strongly support the view, now widely accepted, that the disturbances of the sensorium, which constitute so prominent a part of the group of so-called typhoid symptoms, are dependent in a far higher degree upon infection or intoxication than upon the heightened temperature. Although no attempt was made to analyze in detail the clinical evidence relating to the effects of high temperature, attention was called to the fact that the absence of all serious symptoms in many cases of relapsing fever, and in the so-called aseptic fever, in spite of prolonged high temperature, strongly support the conclusions derived from the experimental study of the effects of heat upon man and animals. Even in fevers, such as typhoid fever and pneumonia, where the height of the temperature is undoubtedly a most important index of the severity of the disease, there exists no such parallelism between the temperature and the nature and severity of other symptoms as we should expect if the symptoms were caused by the increased heat of the body."

I might offer you many clinical observations on this point, but two of these, from men whom you all know and honor, will suffice. In the discussion of a paper on antipyretics which I had the honor to read before the Section on Practice of the New York Academy of Medicine, the lamented Dr. Wesley Carpenter said that:

"With regard to heart failure and degeneration of the muscular fibres of the heart, I had an opportunity, in connection with the pathological department of Bellevue Hospital, to examine microscopically the cardiac muscle in a sufficient number of cases to make it quite evident that it did not occur with the frequency one might be led to expect from reading the writings of the German observers."

Dr. A. L. Loomis said on the same occasion:

"He was not certain, for he had been in the line of observations similar to Dr. Carpenter, that failure of the heart is due to parenchymatous degeneration, of which we have at times heard so much, and it had seemed to him to be due to failure in nervous supply as much as to muscular changes."

This is clear evidence from two pathologists and clinicians, which I might corroborate by other native and foreign testimony.

Since it may now be regarded as an established fact that high temperature, minus infection, does not produce those serious degenerations formerly ascribed to it, we must seek in the infective process, and the ptomaine-intoxication resulting from it, those deleterious effects upon the vital organs which undermine the system and eventually cause death in typhoid fever.

The cold-bath treatment yields the most triumphant results in combating these very effects of the infective and toxic agencies, with whose true entity we have not yet been brought face to face. It has been clearly demonstrated by numerous trustworthy

observers that the reflex stimulus aroused by the shock to the extensive peripheral nerve-endings so energizes the nerve-centers which furnish innervation for circulation, respiration, digestion, tissue-formation, and excretion, that the system is enabled to tide over the dangers which would ensue from failure of these functions. This is the effect of cold bathing in a nutshell; the simple cooling effect on the blood occupies a secondary, though not unimportant, office.

The fact, as shown by Winternitz, Quinquand, and others, is that cold-baths actually increase oxidation in health, and that while the skin is cooled and the blood vessels contracted, the deeper structures are slightly increased in temperature and their vessels dilated. As the opposite condition, viz., dilatation of the arteries and superficial vessels, evidenced by the dicrotic pulse and loss of elasticity and contraction of the vessels, with diminution of the blood-pressure in the inner structures, are manifestations of the fever, the effect of the cold bath appears primarily to be directed against these manifestations, as has been demonstrated by Winternitz's sphygmographic investigations. The vivifying effect upon the nerve-centres referred to produces a vigorous cardiac action, which is evinced by the slower and more regular pulse and an improved tension of the vessels; it improves the appetite and digestion, enabling us to enforce a more perfect nutrition; it deepens and slows the respiration, preventing stasis of bronchial secretions, and obviating pulmonary complications; all the secretions are enhanced; the patient is refreshed and invigorated, and fights the battle for life with all chances in his favor. How different is the aspect of the case under the expect treatment, and how different is the effect of pure antipyretic medication! The temperature may indeed be reduced, but the stimulating effect

upon the nerve-centres and secretion, except on the perspiration, is absent. Vinay (*Lyon Medical*, 1888), who has made some creditable investigations on the subject, tells us that antipyrine does not relieve the delirium, which is in accordance with my own observation; it does not, like the cold bath, increase the flow of urine, by which noxious elements are eliminated. Vinay has confirmed Vogl's observation, that there was a rapid gain of weight after cold baths have reduced the fever.

Kairin, resorcin and antipyrine diminish the excretion of urea and nitrogen; hence they diminish the excretion of the *materies morbi* through the kidneys, while baths increase it. The liver, in patients dying after treatment by antipyrine, is from 6 to 12.50 grammes heavier than those dying after cold baths. Indeed, there is an entire absence of effect upon the circulation after antipyrine, an effect which is marked after the cold bath.

Briefly stated, cold baths are antifebrile remedies, while antipyretics are simply antithermic. Hence the superiority of the former over treatment by antipyretic medication. A mixed treatment is advocated by Liebermeister and Ziemssen. The latter, who is one of the staunchest defenders of the cold bath (not, however, as an antipyretic alone), regards the gradually lowered bath as better adapted to the exigencies of private and civil practice, while he concedes that the results of Vogt and others, in military practice, leave nothing to be desired. Liebermeister insists on the cold bath as an antipyretic to produce remissions, and orders quinine to render these more enduring. Naunyn, on the other hand, uses a modified and more temperate bathing, rejecting all antipyretic medication.

The statistics of these different methods have been presented to you, and I have now added as briefly as possible the reasons why the results are

more favorable in the cold bath treatment first suggested by Brand in 1961. The latter is thus demonstrated to be the ideal treatment for typhoid fever, and that, whenever a diviation is made from it, Jurgensen's opinion, given at the Congress in London, is sustained, that "whenever he has attempted to deviate from the rigorous cold water treatment, he was compelled to return to it in order to obtain the best results." This, then, is the standard for our guidance. It is to be carried out as follows: Whenever the temperature reaches over 103 degrees F. in the rectum, the patient is placed in a bath of 65 degrees F. A half bath of this temperature, with affusions three or five degrees lower, is sometimes used. This is to be repeated every three hours, so long as the temperature is not reduced below 103 degrees F.; and the patient is to remain fifteen minutes each time. Patient should be gently rubbed while in the bath; when he is removed from it, he should be wrapped in a coarse linen sheet, the extremities dried and wrapped in a blanket, and a stimulant may be administered. In extreme cases of muttering delirium, or when there is decided adynamia, a stimulating bath should be administered, even if the temperature is below 103 degrees F. This consists of a half bath in warm water with cold affusion. A wet compress should be kept over the abdomen constantly when the patient is in bed. Judgment must be exercised to adapt the baths to the condition of the patient and stage of the disease. The Ziemssen bath, which may be used when the patient, his friends, or the doctor is timid, consists of submerging the patient into a partial bath, about 9 or 10 degrees F. below his temperature, whenever the latter reaches 103 degrees F. in the rectum. While two assistants gently play water over him and rub him, cold water is added gradually near the feet, until the tempera-

ture is lowered to 68 degrees F. He remains altogether twenty or thirty minutes, or until there is decided chilliness and chattering of the teeth. (Simple pallor of the skin and smallness of the pulse do not indicate removal.) He is now removed and wrapped in a dry sheet. The bath is repeated as often as the temperature reaches 103 degrees F. This bath also requires judgment, as does every valuable remedial measure. The clinical picture as a case of typhoid fever treated by the cold bath, as given by Brand and Ziemssen, and as I have personally observed, indicated that the whole aspect of the case is changed; the patient is bright, cheerful, eats well, sleeps well, all his functions are properly performed, and, what is most important, complications are prevented. Even disease of the intestinal glands does not go beyond infiltration; according to Brand, if the case be treated early.

Ziemssen and Vogl furnish from personal experience a description of the beneficial effect of cold baths upon themselves when they suffered from typhoid fever.

We must not be deterred by timidity from rigorously executing the plan of three-hourly bathing so long as the temperature is 103 degrees in the rectum, or when the sensorium is deeply depressed with a lower temperature. Even sleep should not prevent resort to the thermometer and bath, if needed. The object of this treatment, it must be understood, is not to subdue the temperature, but to vivify and energize the vital organs, and thus insure a vigorous resistance to the toxic influences arising from the infective processes. This is the great aim to be kept steadily before us.

In presenting this apparently heroic treatment to the reconsideration of the profession, I am aware that there are serious objections to its general adoption, which seem almost insurmountable. The

profession must first be educated to abandon the policy of expectancy, whose aim it is to allow the fever to pursue its own course:

1. The annoyance to the patient is not in accordance with the expectant plan, whose object it is to avoid all disturbance of the patient for remedial purposes. So long as we had only an inefficient, if not injurious, medical treatment, it was wise to avoid disturbing sleep. But in a severe case of typhoid fever it is as important to disturb sleep when the rise of temperature indicates the necessity, as it is in opium-poisoning when stupor supervenes. Indeed, the treatment is somewhat analogous, inasmuch as the object is to arouse the nerve-centres, and keep them aroused (though not continuously as in the latter) until the toxæmia has passed away.

2. The nurses and friends of the patient will be reluctant to adopt so active a measure. If the physician is convinced that he is right, he must insist upon his directions being followed.

3. The idea that the reduction of temperature is the leading object of the cold bath, and the much greater facility of accomplishing this object by antipyrine and antifebrin, may deter many from adopting the former. The fallacy of this course has been demonstrated.

4. Timid persons may be alarmed by the patient's pallor, small pulse, and complaints of chilliness while in the cold bath. But if properly administered, with chafing of the body and limbs, these effects will be counteracted to some extent. Reaction after removal will soon reassure the attendant, and embolden him to order a regular repetition.

5. A slovenly application of the bath, or the substitution of some other method—packing, sponging, sprinkling, etc.—will fail and cause discouragement. It must be remembered this is not *cold bath*—

ing. A small experience, personal or from hearsay, which may have been unfavorable in one, two, or several cases, will deter some from adopting the energetic cold bathing. An intelligent hospital physician told me yesterday that he was discouraged from the cold bath treatment by witnessing, while an interne in one of our hospitals, the death of a patient after being placed on a Kibbe cot, wrapped in a sheet, and *sprinkled with ice-water* for a considerable time. This method is not recommended by any author whom I have quoted, nor is it even to be compared to Currie's cold affusion, in which the stimulus of impingement of a large mass of cold water upon the surface favors rapid reaction, with its resultant stimulating effect on the nerve-centers.

The only modification of the general cold bath admissible is the stimulating affusion advised by Brand in cases threatening heart failure and delirium. This is a warm half-bath, with cold affusions over the head, chest and back. (One important point is that the tub should always be brought to the bedside, to avoid unnecessary disturbance of the patient.)

6. The experience with cold bathing in England and America, where it has never found favor, has been too small to afford a proper estimate of its value. Dr. Bristowe, of St. Thomas's Hospital, opposes it; he says:

"My personal experience in this treatment is not extensive, and for some years I have rarely, if ever, resorted to it. I have undoubtedly seen patients apparently benefited and making a good recovery. But I have never felt satisfied that the benefit was real."

Dr. Austin Flint published, in 1882, a lecture which exercised a potent influence in the country. He treated seventeen cases in Bellevue Hospital. "In a few cases the cold bath of 80 degrees F.,

gradually reduced to 65 degrees, was employed, but was discontinued on account of the inconvenience." His conclusion was that the antipyretic treatment neither increased nor diminished the mortality, which was four out of these seventeen cases.

Compare these statistics with those offered by Brand, and their utter insignificance for purposes of deduction is apparent. The prejudice existing against the cold-bath treatment is illustrated by a passage in *Strumpell's Practice*, a translation of which is now used as a text-book in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York. Strumpell says, with his usual fairness:

"There is at present no other single method of treating typhoid fever which has so numerous and evident advantages for the patient. We regard it as the duty of every physician who undertakes to treat a severe case of typhoid fever to try his best to have the bath employed."

The editor and translator (a noted hospital physician) endeavors to neutralize this recommendation by stating that, "notwithstanding the high praise bestowed on the cold-bath treatment in Germany, it has never become popular," and quotes Senator's statistics in support of his position. This is a serious misstatement, because Senator distinctly says (*Berl. klin. Wochensch.*, 1885, p. 758): "If my essay has made the impression that I oppose cold baths, I must have expressed myself very badly."

7. One objection to the strict execution of Brand's method is doubtless the difficulty, if not impossibility, of treating patients before the fifth day. Indeed, this can only be done in military hospitals or in epidemics. Every suspicious case should be subjected to the bath. At any rate, the more nearly we approach the high standard of strict bathing, the more nearly we will approach the low mortality. Hence the earlier the baths are resorted to, the more

strictly in accordance with the directions regarding their temperature and frequency, the more completely will the toxic process be controlled and the more mortality be reduced.

In conclusion, let me urge upon you to weigh carefully the evidencce I have so imperfectly presented, and to seek in the literature of the past two years further information ere you decide to reject it and to continue the present fatal expectant-antipyretic course of treatment. As I have elsewhere said: The history of medicine does not present a parrallel to the application of statistics for the elucidation of a question of therapeutics which Brand has presented and which I have amplified. The evidence is before us, clear and incontrovertible. Upon our conscientious, unbiassed, and fearless judgment and action rests the weal or woe of those who commit their lives into our keeping.

THE HYDRO-THERAPEUTIC TREATMENT OF TYPHOID FEVER.

BY G. C. SMYTHE, A. M., M. D., GREENCASTLE, IND.

In 1870 I began the treatment of typhoid fever by a systematic application of cold baths and the administration of antipyretic doses of quinine after the German method, keeping a careful record of my cases, and the result was communicated to the profession in a paper read in December, 1878, before the District Medical Society of Western Indiana, which paper was published in the *American Practitioner* in January, 1879. This paper was the first one published in the United States giving a detailed

account of this treatment in any considerable number of cases, and it met with a great deal of adverse criticism.

In 1883, before the Mississippi Valley Medical Society, at its session in this city, I read a supplemental paper upon the same subject, in which I gave my observations up to that time, and tabulated one hundred and fifty-seven cases treated upon this plan, by myself and two or three professional friends, with three deaths—a mortality of 1.9 per cent. This paper was published in the Cincinnati *Lancet and Clinic*.

This plan of treatment has never been popular with the profession in this country or England. It has not been regarded with that degree of favor or received the attention which its importance demands. The apparent neglect or indifference with which the brilliant results of this treatment have been received by the profession, together with the severe and unjust criticisms which it has received by those opposed to it, is my apology—if any were needed—for bringing it before the society. I expect to be able in this discussion to convince the most skeptical, by an array of facts and figures from sources, the correctness and trustworthiness of which can not be questioned, that the hydro-therapeutic treatment of typhoid fever is the most rational, as well as the most successful, of any that has ever been proposed. All preconceived opinions and prejudices should be laid aside in scientific investigations. We should seek the truth and the truth only; and when we once strike its trail it should be scrupulously and honestly followed, even if it plunges us over the falls of Niagara.

Brand, although not the originator of this plan of treatment, is certainly entitled to the honor of its revival. After the publication of his marvelous successes, in 1861, he found many imitators; and sev-

eral theories were advanced in explanation of its *modus operandi*. Brand never claimed for this treatment that it owed its beneficial results to the abstraction of heat exclusively, but that it derived its benefits from the powerful and healthy reaction which followed the cold bath; that the overburdened and stupefied nervous system was simulated into action, and that by lowering the temperature and restoring the secretions, the broken-down products caused by the oxidation of the tissues were eliminated from the system, and parenchymatous and fatty degenerations—which are known to be so fatal in this disease—were prevented,

Liebermeister advanced the plausible theory, based upon the success of Brand in the treatment of typhoid fever by the abstraction of the heat, that the secondary lesions of this fever, which consist of congestions, inflammations and degenerations of important organs, were caused by the persistent elevation of temperature, which is a characteristic of this fever. This view of the matter advocated by Liebermeister has resulted disastrously in the extreme, and has been the cause of many deaths from this disease. Nervous and timid doctors have abandoned the cold bath and resorted to antipyretic medicines, which, although they will lower the temperature, lack the essential element of exciting a booming reaction, and the patient is lost. Yet even this is better than the purely expectant plan. The statistics gathered from the health office of New York City by Dr. Baruch show a mortality of 41.28 per cent. in 7,712 cases, while Delafield's reports, gathered from the New York City hospitals, under a mixed expectant and antipyretic treatment by antipyretic medicines, show a reduction of 24.66 in the mortality—a gain of over 15 per cent.

Liebermeister's theory had excited considerable controversy among the experimental pathologists,

which has added something to our knowledge of this subject, although their work has not been altogether free from partisanship. These experiments were performed upon rabbits, dogs, and guinea-pigs, by subjecting them to artificial heat, applied externally, in hot boxes constructed for that purpose. In Dr. Welch's experiments, as detailed in his Cartwright lectures, he kept two black rabbits in a hot box for three weeks, with an average temperature in the rectum, in one case, of 106.6 degrees, Fahrenheit, and in the other case of 107.3 degrees. At the end of the experiment, the rabbit whose temperature had reached 106.6 degrees was killed, and a well-marked fatty degeneration of the heart, liver, and kidneys was found. In other experiments he found fatty degeneration at the end of a week in rabbits whose temperature had been kept at 106 degrees. Wickham, Legg and Litten found fatty and parenchymatous degeneration in all of their experiments in from thirty-six to forty-eight hours. The opponents of Liebermeister's theory, that persistent elevation of temperature was the cause of death in typhoid fever, took great comfort from the result of Dr. Welch's experiments, and claimed that they were unanswerable; but a careful examination and analysis of these experiments produces a confirmation as strong as Holy Writ that Liebermeister's explanation is the correct one, at least so far as any experiment upon the lower animals can be applied to explanations of physiological and pathological processes in man. The normal temperature of a rabbit is about 103 degrees, Fahrenheit. The normal temperature of a man is about 98.5 degrees. An elevation to 106 degrees in the rabbit is equal to 101.5 degrees in man, while 107 degrees in the rabbit would equal 102.5 in man. No advocate of antipyrexia claims any particular danger in a temperature of 102.5 degrees. In fact the treatment is not recom-

mended for a temperature of less than 103 degrees. Dr. Welch did not fail to find degeneration in from five to ten days, with an elevation of three to four degrees above the normal, by heat applied externally, while Litten found it by the second or third day, none of his animals living longer than five or six days. There is a vast difference between the effect of an elevation of temperature from external sources and the intense internal chemical fire kindled by infection when the blood and tissues are loaded with the debris of oxidized tissue and the poisonous ptomaines caused by the propagation and growth of millions of bacteria. However valuable experiments upon lower animals may be in determining the problems of the nervous system, the circulation, digestion, secretion and the pathology of inflammatory diseases, little or nothing can be learned by them in studying the pathology or therapeutics of fever. In man, the heat-eliminating apparatus is arranged upon an entirely different and much superior plan from what it is in the hairy animals. Seventy-seven and one-half per cent. of his heat is dissipated by the skin, and $22\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. by the other organs. In the animals subjected to these experiments these proportions are reversed; and candor compels me to concede that the application of an external heat sufficient to cause degeneration of the organs and death in a rabbit would have little or no deleterious effect upon a healthy human being. Man is the only truly cosmopolitan animal which nature has ever produced. With his splendid heat-regulating machinery, he can accommodate himself to forty, fifty or sixty degrees below zero in the Arctic regions, and can exist with comparative comfort upon the sandy deserts of the Tropics, with a temperature of two hundred degrees in the sunshine and one hundred and twenty-five in the shade. More than a century ago, Doctors Fordyce and Blagden demon-

strated their ability to withstand with impunity the heat in a furnace the temperature of which was two hundred and sixty degrees, Fahrenheit. It is perfectly plain to my mind that no valuable corollaries can be drawn from experiments with hirsute animals confined in hot boxes that will enlighten us upon the effects of long-continued elevation of temperature which is caused by fires kindled by infection in the human species. Neither can much information be gained by experimenting with drugs upon these animals. Less than one-twentieth of a grain of strychnine will kill a good-sized dog, while it requires six grains of morphine to kill a rabbit which weighs less than two pounds. I have fed with my own hand to a goat 1.75 pounds of fine-cut tobacco, and his appetite for the pernicious weed was unsatisfied at the end of the seance, while a small pig, in one of my experiments, enjoyed excellent health for months after concealing somewhere about his anatomy sufficient quantity of arsenic to kill twenty men.

Theories come and go, and I regret to say that our knowledge of the real pathology of fever is still unsatisfactory. The ancients believed that fever was a conservative process, and ought to be encouraged, and hence their treatment consisted of a process called coction, which was supposed to favor a crisis by which the morbid material was to be eliminated. The pendulum is again swinging in that direction, and Dr. Welch suggests, in his Cartwright lectures, that fever may be an effort of the system to destroy the bacteria with which the body is infected. Nature will remove a splinter from the cornea, but the process of suppuration by which it is accomplished destroys vision. So will a sufficient elevation of temperature kill bacteria, but it is certain death to the individual whose body is used for the bake-oven, in which it is done. One well-established fact is worth a thousand theories, however plausible they

may appear. The normal temperature of man under varying circumstances is about 98.5, while the temperature of birds in their normal condition, in some species, is as high as 112 degrees. So it will be seen that a temperature which is normal for some forms of life would be certainly and quickly fatal to others. Any considerable elevation of temperature which is more than transient demands the attention of the physician. The condition known as fever may be present and caused by an excess of heat production with an increased heat elimination, or an excess of heat production with a diminished elimination, or a diminished heat elimination without any increase in heat production. Practically it matters not how this disturbance is brought about. We have to deal with a condition, and not a theory. It may be caused by the disturbance of a heat center in the brain, by which the correlation existing between heat production and heat elimination is disturbed, or it may be caused by the oxidation of the tissues, arising from the propagation and growth of the infecting bacteria, with the poisonous ptomaines thereby engendered: and the disturbance in the nervous system may be of secondary importance.

Time forbids the discussion of the pathology and symptomology of typhoid fever in this paper any further than is absolutely necessary to explain the rationale of the treatment. The specific, or primary lesions of typhoid fever, consist of the hyperemia of the mucous membrane of the small intestine, together with the infiltration, and sloughing of the solitary and agminated glands, with their subsequent ulceration. These and some changes of minor importance which take place in the mesenteric glands, spleen, etc., are as characteristic of typhoid fever and are as necessary to the existence of a typical case as are the eruptions in the exanthematic or specific lesions which take place in any of the acute infec-

tious diseases. Death may take place from these lesions. The necrobiotic process in Peyer's patches may open blood vessels sufficiently large to cause death from hemorrhage, or perforation may result, followed by a fatal peritonitis. Only a small percentage of the mortality in this disease, however, is caused by the specific lesions. I find in examining a large number of statistics that less than 6 per cent. have hemorrhage, and about 38 per cent. of these die, and about 1 per cent. of the totality of cases have perforation of the bowel, and a small portion of these recover, so that the entire mortality of this disease arising from the specific lesions is not over 3 per cent. It is plain, then, that we must look to the group of secondary lesions, or those caused by the general disease, for the cause of the heavy mortality in typhoid fever. These structural changes consist of congestions, inflammations, and fatty and parenchymatous degenerations of important organs, and may affect any organ or tissue in the body. They are found present in post mortems where death occurred from any of the acute infectious diseases which are caused by persistent hyperpyrexia. These changes depend either upon the long-continued elevation of temperature which is present in this fever, or are due to the infection, or, what is more probable, to both. The argument that these secondary lesions are the result of persistent elevation of temperature is a strong one. Statistics show that with a purely expectant plan of treatment, where the temperature did not reach 104 degrees, Fahrenheit, the mortality was about 9 per cent.; where it passed 104 degrees but did not reach 105 degrees, the mortality was 29 per cent.; where it passed 105 degrees but did not reach 106 degrees, the mortality exceeded 50 per cent., and when it passed 107 degrees, recovery was rare. The brain is one of the first organs to suffer from this fever. In cases running a mild

course, where the elevation of temperature is not sufficiently high to cause delirium, the mortality is about 3 or 4 per cent. Slight delirium, with excitement of a low grade lasting but a short time or appearing only at night, results in a death rate of 20 per cent. Well marked delirium gives a mortality of about 50 per cent. Where profound stupor or coma is present, over 70 per cent. die.

The mortality in typhoid fever varies greatly in different epidemics and in different countries. It is a difficult matter to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion in regard to the exact death rate. In the French Army from 1875 to 1880 inclusive, in 26,090 cases, the death rate was 36 per cent. German statistics, under the expectant plan of treatment which was used prior to 1871, gave a mortality of about 28 per cent. In the Italian Army the mortality was 28.6 per cent., in the Austrian Army 24.7 per cent., and in the English Army, about 24 per cent. The death rate, taken from the reports of our health boards in this country, is still more alarming, New York City alone showing from 1876 to 1885, in 7,712 cases, a mortality of 41.28 per cent., while in the New York City hospitals, in 1,305 cases, under a mixed treatment, 24.66 per cent. was the death rate. In comparison with this heavy mortality, I wish to quote some statistics, the authenticity and correctness of which can not be questioned or doubted, coming as they do from official sources, hospital records, army surgeons, and university clinics, and being the result of the observations of men whose skill and ability will permit no doubt of the correctness of the diagnoses. The analysis of the statistics of the German Army are valuable and convincing. From 1820 to 1844 the death rate exceeded 25 per cent. From 1868 to 1874, under a partial and imperfect antipyretic treatment, the mortality was reduced to 15 per cent. From 1874 to 1880 this treatment was more

general, and the death rate was further reduced to 8 per cent. In the Second Army Corps, where the plan was more vigorously pushed, the mortality fell to 5 per cent. Still more striking is the confirmation afforded by the five general hospitals of this corps, which were under the immediate and personal supervision of Dr. Abel, who is a strenuous upholder of this plan of treatment. In 1860 the mortality was 25 per cent. By 1877 it was lowered to 7 per cent., and during the five years immediately following the coming of Dr. Abel it fell to 14 deaths in 764 cases, or 1.8 per cent. In the Red Cross Hospital, at Lyons, France, under a purely expectant treatment, the death rate was 26.2 per cent. Intermediate treatment gave a death rate of 16.5 per cent. Strictly cold baths reduced this mortality to 5 per cent. Ziemssen's statistics at Tübingen University Clinic, treated with the graduated cold bath, with antipyretic medicines, in 2,000 cases, gives a mortality of 9.6 per cent. The Königsberg Clinic, under strictly cold baths, gives a mortality of 6.9 per cent. Brand has recently published statistics which are more convincing still. He tabulates 19,017 cases which have been treated, many of them in a very imperfect manner, in which he shows that by this treatment, even thus imperfectly enforced, the mortality has been reduced from 22 per cent. to 7.8 per cent. He goes still further, and publishes a series of cases obtained from French and German sources, which have not been questioned, of 5,573 cases, in which the treatment was more rigidly enforced, with a still further reduction in the death rate of 3.9 per cent. Still, many of the cases were treated imperfectly. Eliminating these, and taking 1,223 cases treated by himself partly in private practice, and partly by Juergeson, at Tübingen and Vogel, at Munich, and the military hospitals at Stralsund and Stettin, the number of deaths was 12, less than 1

per cent. But still further, taking 2,150 cases, where the treatment was strictly enforced and where it was begun before the fifth day, not a single death occurred.

These statistics, coming from the sources which they do, claim our serious and careful consideration. No one has any right to oppose this treatment upon purely theoretical grounds. He who does so, and refuses to adopt it, signs the death warrant of twenty individuals out of every hundred with this disease which he treats, and a discriminating public will hold him responsible. This plan of treatment is not an idle tale, to be whistled down by a breath of wind. It is a genuine Banquo's ghost, which will not down at anybody's bidding. The "antipyretic craze," as it is called, has come to stay. This treatment prevents death from hyperpyrexia by a sudden failure of the heart's action or paralysis of the brain, including the respiratory centers. It prevents death from the secondary lesions, from whatever cause they may arise—thus reducing and confining the fatal cases to those caused by the specific lesions, which statistics show to be less than 3 per cent. But even this small per cent. may be further reduced, for Brand has shown conclusively that the lesion in the bowel does not proceed farther than the infiltration, when this treatment is begun early. All observers are agreed that to get the best results from this treatment it must be begun early, before the secondary lesions have been developed or the primary lesions have progressed farther than infiltration. After the group of symptoms known as the typhoid condition has appeared—which is contemporaneous with the secondary lesions—it is too late for the treatment to achieve the brilliant results which follow its early administration. It matters not how the *modus operandi* of this treatment is explained, whether its benefits are derived from the abstraction

of heat or from the reaction which follows the shock of the bath, the fact remains the same, that it is the most successful treatment which has ever been proposed for typhoid fever and is equally successful in all forms of fever. Dr. Currie demonstrated clearly, over one hundred years ago, that typhus fever could be absorbed by it, that smallpox and scarlet fever were rendered mild and tractable diseases by its early adoption. His method of using cold water was by effusion. Five or six gallons of cold water (44 degrees) were dashed upon the body of the patient, while seated in a bath tub. Brand, Liebermeister and others immerse the patient in cold water the temperature of which is not less than sixty-five degrees, Farenheit, repeating it as often as the temperature reaches 103 degrees. Ziemssen uses water the temperature of which is at first about ten degrees lower than the temperature of the patient's body, cold water added until it is gradually cooled to the required degree. This does not shock the patient, as does the strictly cold bath. But Ziemssen's statistics are not so favorable as Brand's, he having lost 9.6 per cent. in 2,000 cases.

It has been customary to supplement the cold bath treatment, in recent years, with antipyretic medicines, consisting of quinine, antipyrine, etc., under the supposition that the benefits derived from the treatment are due to abstraction of heat, and gradually the attempt has been made to substitute the antipyretic medicine for the baths. Brand opposes the use of this class of medicines, and claims that they reduce the mortality but little from the expectant plan. Quinine stands at the head of the list of antipyretic medicines, but neither quinine, antipyrine, antifebrin, or any other medicine should be used to the exclusion of the bath. For, while they can be used as supplemental to bathing, having the effect of prolonging the intermission produced

thereby, they can not be used successfully alone. All cases coming under treatment early—say before the close of the first week—should have two or three cathartic doses of calomel administered, consisting of eight or ten grains each, and if perfect results are to be expected from cold baths they must be begun at once. As soon as the temperature reaches 103 degrees, water should be applied, either by immersion in the cold bath of 65 or 70 degrees, or the graduated bath of Ziemssen, or by Currie's method of affusion, I have used Kibbie's cot with good results. The application must be repeated as often as the temperature rises to 103 degrees, until all danger is passed. Quinine administered in doses of from 25 to 45 grains, in the evening, will prolong the remission so that few baths will be required on the succeeding day. Antipyrine and antifebrin lower the temperature more rapidly than quinine, but the remission is much shorter, and they certainly have no influence in shortening the disease. Besides, they are not free from danger, for by their long-continued use they are said to destroy the red corpuscles of the blood. No deleterious effect, however, can be charged to the use of the quinine. Unpleasant cinchonism is not produced as often by large doses as is common in smaller doses, where it is continued from day to day. It should not be administered in antipyretic doses oftener than each alternate day.

This plan of treatment has been so successful in my hands that I shall continue its use at least until something better is offered. Let us hope that some specioc germicide may be discovered soon. Since publishing my last report I have treated 51 additional cases, with two deaths, which added to the 157 already reported, with three deaths, give a total of 208 cases, with five deaths. Of the two deaths reported in this series, both were treated by antipyretic

medicines and no baths. In every case where the bathing was energetically used, the patient recovered.

VARIOUS WAYS OF USING COLD WATER IN
FEVERS, AND HOT WATER IN CHILLS,
AS I HAVE USED IT FOR MORE
THAN THIRTY YEARS.

For Cold or Hot Pack.—Double a comfort, lay it on the bed or cot; then double a blanket or quilt, lay it on that; then double a blanket or sheet, dip it in cold water—the higher the fever the colder the water, temperature of 50 to 60 does very well. Then the patient (naked) should be laid on that, when it should be drawn over him from feet to neck, tucked down tight; then the blanket and comfort the same way. It will be disagreeable to the patient for a moment, then it will be pleasant, while the painful sensation from the fever will gradually cease, until he comes into a perspiration, which will be very copious, sometimes; and when that is the case the cause of the fever is entirely removed. After the patient remains in the sheet two or three hours, or until he awakens—as he is very likely to fall into a sweet slumber while in that copious sweat—he should be well rubbed off with a coarse linen towel, and placed in a warm bed, to remain until he feels like arising and dressing; but should keep very quiet and from any cold air, or draughts of air, until entirely recovered. His feeling, and the judgment of the well ones of the family, should dictate just how long he should remain indoors, and quiet. The length of time required will depend upon the usual

health of the patient, as well as the violence of the attack.

Every family should have a bath tub, which is much handier than a pack, while it may also be better where the fever is stubborn, when it may require additions to the water until the fever is gone. I have used both ways to perfect satisfaction—never had a failure in applying both hot and cold baths, in pack or tub. We generally used a wash tub for children with chill; set them in a full tub, so the water would come up to the neck, putting a heavy comfort doubled over the tub, leaving the head uncovered, and having the water as hot as the child would bear it. Any father or mother can apply the pack or bath without the aid of a doctor. A doctor should never be trusted to apply cold or hot water, in any way, unless he is in full sympathy with it. If he is not, he would be more than likely to apply it in such a way, or do something else, as to cause the patient's death. Any one who would allow a patient to linger in their code treatment, and die, rather than use the cold bath, would so use that, or do something else to cause the patient to die, for a warning to people to let it alone, and trust him. I would trust my life to a highwayman just as soon as I would in such a doctor's hands.

The reader will note where I laid down in a bath tub full of water from a thirty-foot well, while in a high fever, after a severe chill, and in three hours after went to the stable and milked sixteen cows. Here is a verification of the saving effect of a cold bath for fever: The particulars of the case were related to me a few years ago by my then venerable, but since deceased, Aunt Dean, widow of Ephraim Dean, of Milan, Ripley County: In December, 1818, my father and Grandfather Abbot, with their families, including her and her husband, Noah Knapp, who was sick with a fever at the time, were

floating down the river from Pittsburg, on a raft. The river was so full of ice as to prevent their touching shore until they reached Limestone, where they were able to touch shore, when my father and grandfather attempted to lead the sick man, on a walk-plank to shore, and up into town to a doctor, but the ice caused the raft to move, and the plank to drop, throwing them into the water—the sick man up to his neck. They were rescued, he returned to bed, and the doctor came down to see him; when he assured them, against their fears that the wetting in the ice water would cause his death, that that “cold bath” was the very best that could have happened him. “And,” she said, with emphasis, “he did get well right away.”

Here is a little clipping that vindicates my theory and practice in sore throat, or so-called diphtheria: “Kerosene poured on red flannel and bound on the throat will greatly ease a sore throat.” Then would it not be still better to rub it on the throat, and, too, in severe cases, as it has proved with me, still better with camphor gum mixed with it, and still better yet with croton oil enough with it to create an irritation, and which draws the inflammation to the surface? This application will cure any case of “diphtheria,” which causes the doctors to so shake in their boots, in their futile effort to cure it.

In using a hot pack it is sometimes necessary, before the chill is off, to apply a second blanket or sheet, dipped in hot water; in that case the dry covering should be removed and the hot one laid on the other, well tucked up to the patient. In case of a chill, or general achings of the limbs, a foot bath is often sufficient to remove all such ails. It should be taken before retiring, or, whenever taken, the person should go right into a warm bed—if the bed clothes are not warm they should be warmed. The vessel should be so deep as, possibly, to come up to the

knees, and filled with water as warm as can be borne, and made strong with salt, and soft with lye or soda, the patient well wrapped in thick covering, and vessel also covered. I have taken such a foot bath three times since the terrible—the doctor's "la grippe"—has been causing such a panic among the people, and filling the *very disinterested* doctors' pockets so full, while all the time *manifesting* so much *alarm* for their *dear* dupes. I took them before retiring, and then had a good night's rest, feeling also very much better the next day. The first day, after taking the first bath, I walked three miles without any fatigue, when before, for several days, I could only walk a short distance, and with much pain in my limbs, all the time. From what I had read of the symptoms of the approaching grippe, I was satisfied that, should I mention my feelings to a doctor, he would pronounce it grippe, with the announcement that "You should be treated at once." And, of course, had I allowed him to treat me, I should have fared the same fate that so many of their patients did share—in long suffering, and many going to their graves. All that suffering and all of those deaths would not have occurred had the people taken the matter as coolly as I did, and had *done* as I did.

This opinion of mine agrees exactly with the opinion of some "of the most eminent physicians of New York," as published in the New York *Graphic*. "That had the epidemic of yellow fever in Jacksonville, Fla., been met coolly by the people," and doctors alike, of course, "the suffering and death would have been reduced nine-tenths." But, like the doctors there, who called every ail of the people yellow fever, so as to get the \$12 from the Government, so with the doctors everywhere, who, in hopes of a good harvest of fees, raised the alarm about the "coming" la grippe, and kept it up, after it had

come, thereby making the "epidemic" (?) nine-tenths greater than it would have been had the people taken it "coolly," and treated the doctors as I do, and advise them to do—let them most severely alone.

Many times, when I have suggested to people to put their fevered patients into cold water, they would shake themselves and exclaim: "O, I would be afraid to do that; he might catch cold." And while, also, doctors encourage just such a feeling, yet the thousands of cases which Dr. Baruch mentions, and also of Dr. Smythe's cases, every one recovered. There can be no danger, but all the danger comes from omitting it, in a case of fever of any kind, or in allowing a pretended faithless doctor to apply it. But great care should be taken in having a patient, who has been in either a hot or cold bath, put into a warm bed, or warm clothing, and entirely free from cold draughts of air coming upon him, until he is perfectly free from perspiration, and returned to his usual healthy condition, and also should abstain from hearty eating, until that is reached gradually, and his strength justifies it. Abstinence from hearty food has much to do in restoring to health.





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